

EMBER

GERMANY'S EPISTOLARY SURRENDER

CURRENT OPINION

25 CENTS

EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

BALKAN DEVELOPMENTS AND THE MAN
AROUND WHOM THEY REVOLVE

Kitchin, The Radical: Next Leader of the House

The Lunatic Who Became A Great
Lexicographer

Rising of the Woman Suffrage Tide

The Dazzling Lure of Constantinople

A Crisis in England Over Conscription

THE BIG LOAN—DISPLACING THE £
WITH THE \$ IN WORLD TRADE

THE CURRENT LITERATURE PUBLISHING CO., 134 West 29 St. N.Y.



"EMPTY, BY HECK!"

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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ALEXANDER HARVEY

FRANK CHAPIN BRAY

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

EASTWARD THE TIDE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE TAKES ITS WAY

TALK about the "yellow peril"! The one seen a few years ago by the Kaiser is nothing in comparison with the one seen to-day by the anti woman suffragists. For the woman suffragists are already carrying their yellow bows and banners around the more or less civilized world. A year ago it was announced that, aside from the Spanish-American republics, there were but seven nations constitutionally organized that did not have a woman suffrage movement in progress. In Europe there were only three such nations—Greece, Spain and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The other four of the seven immune nations were Turkey, Persia, Japan and Liberia. China has a National Woman Suffrage Association. Java, Sumatra, the Philippines and Hawaii are all lined up for conquest in the near future. Finland two years ago elected twenty-one women to Parliament. Copenhagen had a year ago thirteen city councilors who were women. The municipal council of Paris, France, voted a little over a year ago to give women the right to vote at municipal elections. In Norway last month the women voted on the same terms as men. This is a "yellow peril," in other words, to which the whole race is exposed. And what about America? Here least of all is there immunity from it. Two States—Montana and Nevada—were annexed by the woman suffragists last year. This year, as we are writing these words, the battle at the polls has closed in New Jersey and is roaring on to a climax in New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. The West has been captured. The phalanx of the middle States was broken into when Illinois capitulated. The East is now invaded. Even the South is being undermined. And the most momentous thing about it all is, as one woman suffrage leader puts it, that this war is one in which, no matter how the battles go, the victories are all on

one side. Last year Ohio defeated the cause by 182,905 majority, Missouri did the same by 140,206, Nebraska by 10,000, South Dakota by 11,914, North Dakota by 9,401. But the woman suffragists did not lose any of these States. They never had them to lose. They simply failed to win them. So, if they lose all the eastern States for which they are striving this year as they have lost New Jersey, they do not really lose them; they simply do not win them. They are playing a sort of heads-we-win-and-tails-we-don't-lose game.

A Poll of American Editors
on Woman Suffrage.

WINNING but two out of seven States last year, and these the two least important politically, one might have looked for at least a temporary sagging in the crusade. Instead, the fight was carried with new vim into the national field. President Wilson's inauguration was preceded by a suffrage parade in Washington. Since then seven different delegations have invaded the White House, strenuous battle has been waged in the halls of Congress for a suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution, and at least five members of Congress have been defeated for reelection because of their opposition to woman suffrage. "Every student of the movement," says the *Detroit Journal*, "has reported sentiment rising, rising, by States, by sections, and nationally. . . . The suffrage battle may be won already in the minds of the needed voters. All such battles are fought and fought for years and generations, but at last they are won in a day." The *Literary Digest* gave last month the results of a canvass made by it among the editors of the country. It sent letters to one thousand newspapers distributed among all the States, asking (1) for the editor's personal

WOMEN AND WAR.

Some people say that women should not be allowed to vote because they cannot fight. New York exempts from military duty the President of the United States (if a New Yorker) the Vice-President of the United States, judicial and executive officers of the United States, members of Congress, Custom House officials and clerks, postmasters, mail carriers, ferrymen at post-road ferries, workmen in armories and arsenals.

Why are these men not deprived of their franchises? Because they render other service to the state.

Women render the State the greatest of military services. They bear soldiers. It is unreasonable and unjust to deprive them of the franchise because they do not also bear arms, as it would be to deprive the President of his franchise because he is exempted from military service in order to give other service to the state.

If government rested upon force, we should have a government by blacksmiths, prize-fighters, porters, football players, draymen and other physically powerful types, to the exclusion of most clergymen, scientists, doctors, lawyers, clerks, salesmen, inventors and the like.

"Capacity to fight is not a condition precedent to citizenship, nor is the ability to become a soldier essential to the making of a competent and useful voter. No one ever proposed such a rule of eligibility for male voters." — (William Howard Taft, Ex-President of the United States).

VOTE FOR THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT NOV. 2

EMPIRE STATE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, 302 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

DOES THE WORKING WOMAN NEED THE VOTE?

"RESOLVED, that we solemnly protest against the action of these groups of women, who, never having been forced themselves into the world of competitive work, fail to appreciate the position of self-supporting women, and now their great influence is blinder to the attacking political oligarchy, the women are in most need."

From the suffrage resolutions adopted by the National Women's Trade Union League.

VOTE FOR THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT NOV. 2

EMPIRE STATE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, 302 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME, BUT—

The number of women in New York State of voting age is - - 2,757,521
The number of wage-earning women in New York State is - - 983,686

This means that over one-third of all the women in New York State have no home except as they work outside of the home to make one.

One-third of all the women in New Jersey have to work outside of the home for a living.

Forty out of every 100 women in Massachusetts have to work for a living.

Nearly 30 per cent of the women in Pennsylvania work for a living.

The total number of women of voting age in the four states where women are fighting for suffrage in 1915 is - - 6,682,673
The total number of wage-earning women in these four states is - - 2,272,928

This means that approximately 35% three and one-half in every ten, of all the women in these four states have to work for a home before they can have one.

VOTE FOR THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT NOV. 2

EMPIRE STATE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, 302 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

attitude toward woman suffrage, and (2) for the sentiment of the community. Of these, 391 editors declared in favor, 97 against, 38 were undecided, and 474 did not answer. The sentiment of the communities reported on were given as favorable in 237 cases, unfavorable in 156, uncertain in 133. The preponderance of editorial sentiment thus indicated in favor of woman suffrage must come as a surprise even to the woman suffragists themselves who remember the attitude of hostility and ridicule shown by most of the dailies even a few years ago. Now in New York City the only dailies that we find clearly hostile to the suffrage amendment are the *Times* and the *Journal of Commerce*. The *Sun* is a little uncertain in its utterances and the *Herald* colorless; but the other dailies—the *World*, *American*, *Tribune*, *Mail*, *Globe*, *Press*, *Evening Sun*, *Evening World*, *Evening Journal*, and even the Tammany mouthpiece, the *Morning Telegraph*—are all outspoken in favor. A still more conspicuous change visible in the newspapers in recent years is in the character of the cartoons. A few years ago the woman suffrage advocate was presented as a spinster lady of advanced age and forbidding looks, brandishing a cotton umbrella and flinging defiance at all the male sex. To-day the cartoonist is more apt to give us a bewitching damsel of the chorus girl type, modishly arrayed and openly inviting admiration.

Woodrow Wilson Declares His Position.

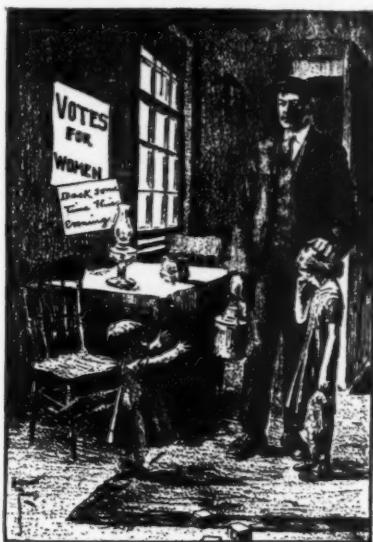
NO PREVIOUS single event seems to have given to the woman suffragists such fervor of joy as that which was evoked by the accession to their cause of Woodrow Wilson last month. The President was careful to state that he was speaking in a personal not an official capacity. He said:

"I intend to vote for woman suffrage in New Jersey, because I believe that the time has come to extend that privilege and responsibility to the women of the State; but I shall vote, not as the leader of my party in the nation, but only upon my private conviction as a citizen of New Jersey, called upon by the legislature of the state to express his conviction at the polls. I think that New Jersey will be greatly benefited by the change."

The Baltimore *Sun*, tho agreeing with Mr. Taft that it is the part of wisdom to wait and see what effect woman suffrage will have in States where it has already been adopted before adopting it elsewhere, admits that Mr. Wilson's accession will give the cause a standing and a dignity in the East which it has never had before. The Charleston *News and Courier*, published in perhaps the most conservative city in the country on this subject, thinks that the antis who assert that Mr. Wilson's statement will make little difference "have some unpleasant surprises in store." The N. Y. *Morning Telegraph* declared, after Mr. Wilson's utterance, that the politicians of this State who had a month before regarded the suffrage amendment as sure to be beaten, now believe that a majority of the voters favor it. The Newark *Evening News* took the same view of the effect in New Jersey. It said: "Woman suffrage in New Jersey looked like a very dubious matter until the chief executive of the nation and his ablest and most popular cabinet officer, both citizens and voters of this State, came to its rescue. The announcement of their stand means tens of thousands of votes for woman suffrage." Almost at the same time with the President, Mr. Garrison, Secretary of War, Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, and Mr. Tumulty, the President's Secretary, announced their purpose also to vote for woman suffrage. Secretary Garrison expressed himself as doubtful about the reforms that are expected to flow from it, but the possible harm it can do in his opinion is limited to a negligible increase in the cost of elections. He says: "If on the whole it turns out that the ballot in the hands of men produces just about the same results as when women also participate, no harm will come from it, and a great subject which is now diverting the attention of the people from other vital public questions will have been removed from the arena of discussion."

The Antis Point to Colorado as a Terrible Example.

IT MUST not be supposed, however, that all these developments have daunted the antis. If they have President Wilson, ex-President Roosevelt and ex-Sec-



HOME AS THE ANTIS SEE IT UNDER WOMAN SUFFRAGE



retary Bryan against them, they are able to make use of letters and articles on their side by ex-President Taft, ex-Secretary Root and Cardinal Gibbons. In New Jersey alone they have thirty-three organizations scattered throughout the State, with an enrollment of more than 25,000 women of voting age, among them Mrs. Preston, formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Their campaign policy does not include the holding of open-air meetings, and parades of women they look upon with hearty disfavor. The principal development in their opposition this year consists in a greater emphasis upon the results or lack of results in States in which

woman suffrage is now in force. There is a special tendency to dwell upon the troubles of Colorado, and one of their most effective campaign documents is a letter from W. T. Hickey, secretary-treasurer of the Colorado State Federation of Labor, which was posted in factories and spread broadcast in New Jersey just at the close of the campaign, and which had much to do probably with the majority of more than 50,000 against woman suffrage. Here is a part of it:

"There has never been a measure enacted into law for the protection of women and children of this State that was not initiated, campaigned, and paid for by organized labor.

"The Women's Eight-Hour Law was defeated at two sessions of the legislature through factional fights among the women representatives; the Child Labor Law and Woman's Minimum Wage Law would never have been enacted if left to the women to champion.

"There are many reasons why suffrage has been a failure and I fail to see one act on the part of the women that has been to their benefit during the twenty years of suffrage in Colorado."

Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, a prominent lawyer of New York City, also holds Colorado up as an alarming example, with its recall of judicial decisions, its recent lawlessness requiring the presence of Federal troops for more than eight months, and the apparent inability of its Governor to quell the disorder. He attributes these things in large part to "the constant interference of women politicians" and their "hysterical appeals." Mrs. Alice N. George, leader of the antis in Massachusetts, points to the record in Colorado as well as elsewhere to show that "the enfranchisement of women has increased taxes, magnified the menace of an indifferent electorate and swelled the body of unenforceable laws." She contends that women obtain the best results by remaining non-partisan and "working outside the realms of political strife," and she points to what they have done without the ballot and, in contrast, to what they have failed to do with the ballot. Writing in *The Independent*, she says: "The woman suffrage movement is an imitation-of-man movement, and as such merits the condemnation of every normal man and woman."



"LOOK WHO'S HERE!"

—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*

CARRANZA WINS RECOGNITION AT LAST AS THE RULER OF MEXICO

ONCE again the Mexican kaleidoscope is shifted. Carranza wins the recognition which for two years he has been struggling to obtain. Seven American republics, including our own, recognize the "Constitutional Government," of which Carranza is the head, as the *de facto* government of Mexico. When two months ago the seven republics called upon the factions of Mexico to get together and compose their differences, it was Carranza who balked. He would neither stop

held in at least temporary check, no better course seemed to the Pan-American conferees to be in sight than to take these promises and guarantees at their face value. Carranza is given his chance to make good.

The Load Carranza Will Have to Stagger Under.

NOT much confidence is shown in this country in Carranza's ability to restore peace and order to Mexico. Even if he surmounts all the military difficulties before him, the economic and financial difficulties, it is pointed out, are appalling. In her palmiest days Mexico's trade balance has never been sufficient to take care of her foreign obligations, and she has had to depend upon the investments of foreign money to make up the difference. Now her trade has been badly injured and her sources of revenue badly impaired. The war in Europe will reduce the flow of capital from that source to a vanishing point for years to come, and distrust of Mexico's stability will render American capital timid in the extreme. In addition to this drying up of resources, the national debt of Mexico has vastly increased. The debt at the end of the Diaz régime was nearly 440,000,000 pesos, which, according to the estimates of a special correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, has been swelled by accumulated interest to at least 500,000,000 pesos. The estimate of foreign indemnities that have been incurred as a result of the different revolutions is as high as 500,000,000 pesos more. In addition, there have been issues of paper money by Carranza and Villa and Carvajal and the other leaders to the amount of about 1,000,000,000 pesos, making a total financial burden of two billion pesos, or one billion dollars—more than four times the amount of the national debt left by Diaz. So far from recognition being a benefit to Carranza, according to the *Times* correspondent, his real difficulties are just beginning when he gets it. The situation would be a difficult one for the ablest of administrators, and confidence in Carranza's ability to handle it does not abound.

Hope for Brighter Days in Mexico.

IT IS difficult to discover any appreciable number of United States editors who express confidence in Carranza as Mexico's savior. His recognition is a disappointment, remarks the *Columbus Dispatch*, "but it is, no doubt, the proper thing." Carranza may turn out to be a reprobate, admits the *N. Y. Evening World*, but at least he is, so to speak, the family choice of the Continent. "Instead of forcing Mexico to take what we thought good for her, we have in general council singled out the man and the party who seem nearest to expressing her somewhat muddled-up ideals." Better Carranza than intervention, asserts the *Springfield Republican*. Other papers say that Carranza must have money from the United States to go on, and our ultimate responsibility for Mexico in the eyes of other nations is not so easily shunted to Pan-American shoulders. The *Houston (Texas) Post* is disappointed and expects no cessation of border troubles. The *N. Y. Sun* insists that a bargain has been struck to meet the extremities of politics here, to facilitate escape from an



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT IF HE GETS IT?
—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

the fighting of his generals nor acknowledge the right of any power outside of Mexico, no matter how friendly its tone, to interfere with Mexican internal affairs. Whatever may be the old gentleman's infirmities as an administrator, as a diplomatist he has certainly exhibited wonderful pertinacity and consistency in insisting that Mexico be allowed to fight out her own battles. He was as stiff with Great Britain at the time of Benton's murder, and with the United States at the time of the Vera Cruz invasion, as he was last month with the seven republics. He claimed to have control of twenty-four of the twenty-seven States of Mexico, as well as the federal district in which Mexico City is located. He guaranteed the protection of the lives and property of foreigners and the payment of just indemnities for damages incurred during the recent troubles. He guaranteed also individual freedom of worship and the observance of the laws and the Constitution of Mexico. All treaties with other nations are to be carried out. In addition, Carranza promises land reforms, liberal amnesty provisions, the development of education and an effective elective system. With Villa driven back to the border in a succession of defeats, and with Zapata

embarrassing inquisition into the relations of the Wilson Administration with Mexico, and so to reduce the incoming Congress to silence. The *Evening Sun* is especially bitter. It regards the recognition of Carranza as bringing the fiasco of our Mexican policy to a climax. It speaks of his "inflated ambition and egregious vanity," and declares that his system of government "has been marked by tyranny, cruelty and plunder in a degree which not even the bandit Villa or the brigand Zapata and their wild bands have been able to surpass." The N. Y. *Evening Post*, however, sees many compensations. It is only too easy, it admits, to point out errors, inconsistencies and disappointments in our Mexican policy, and it winces whenever it speaks of the Vera Cruz expedition. But it consoles itself as follows:

"Looking back over these five years we cannot but feel a

Encouraged by his remarkable success in the negotiations with Germany and a certain charming Washington widow, President Wilson will now take up that little discussion with Great Britain.—Chicago *Herald*.

Matrimonially the President isn't averse to a second term.—Boston *Traveler*.

great pride in the faithfulness of our people to a fine sentiment. We had much provocation. But in spite of the injuries inflicted on American interests, in spite of the loss of American lives, in spite of affronts to our national dignity, the democratic instincts, the moral sense of a great nation, and the spirit of fair play have spoken out unmistakably for giving the people of Mexico a chance."

The word resignation best expresses the feeling of the American press in general. But it can not be said that the recognition of Carranza has visibly lessened the belief that intervention will yet be necessary. The Detroit *Free Press* voices the sentiments of many editors when it says: "We do not say Carranza should not be recognized; that is a question by itself; but we do confidently believe that recognition alone will not permanently better the Mexican situation nor lessen the likelihood that ultimately this nation will be obliged to intervene below the Rio Grande."

Mr. Rockefeller has been digging coal in one of his Colorado mines. To even things up he ought to let one of his coal miners cut a few Rockefeller coupons in New York.—Charleston *News and Courier*.

Now that the Panama Canal is closed, New York is safe from a Japanese bombardment, anyhow.—*Washington Post*.

GERMANY YIELDS TO OUR PROTEST AND REVERSES HER SUBMARINE POLICY

GERMANY'S back-down in the submarine controversy seems to be complete and undisguised. Count von Bernstorff makes no bones about it. He calls it "a diplomatic victory for the United States." Count Reventlow's views are not fit for publication apparently. When the news reached Germany the paper in which he expresses his views was again suspended from publication by the Government. Regret, disavowal and indemnity are all conceded, and the Emperor's order to submarines, we are assured, "has been made so stringent that the recurrence of incidents similar to the *Arabic* case is considered out of the question." The extent of

Germany's back-down, under the skilful and persistent persuasions of Count von Bernstorff, is seen from a comparison of notes only one month apart. "The German Government is unable," so ran the first note on the *Arabic* case, "to acknowledge any obligation to grant indemnity in the matter even if the commander [of the submarine] should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the *Arabic*." In the note one month later we are informed that Count von Bernstorff is authorized to negotiate concerning the amount of the indemnity; that while the submarine commander was convinced that the *Arabic* intended to ram him, the tes-



THE KAISER: "I APOLOGIZE FOR EVERYTHING—psychologically."
—Carter in N. Y. *Evening Sun*



"BETTER SEND EXCUSE NO. 97—THIS TIME!"
—Starrett in N. Y. *Tribune*

How that German managed to spot us without showing her periscope amazes me, but she did and did it, too, when within less than 300 feet from us.

I WAS looking at the very spot where he must have been laying under the surface, for I saw the greenish white wake of the torpedo instantly it shot out its tube.

"I yelled to the man at the wheel to port the helm in a forlorn hope the old *Arabic* might answer quickly enough to dodge, but it was absolutely impossible. That torpedo was coming fifty miles an hour and had only 300 feet to travel.

"In the few seconds that elapsed a great many things happened. Almost all the passengers were on deck—another stroke of luck—looking at the *Dunsley*. Almost all of them saw the torpedo and their shouts told the operator in the Marconi house what had happened.

"The operator actually got off two

'S. O. S.' messages in that one second. When the torpedo hit us a glancing blow, about ninety feet from the stern, directly under the Marconi house, the operator was hurled out of his seat and his instrument was smashed.

"From the bridge I watched each boat fill up, in the meantime shouting to the engine room to go full speed astern. That engine-room force was wonderful. The third engineer, who took the orders, responded with never a quiver in his voice. Not one man left his post, and, mind you, they all knew what sticking at their posts meant, for when the torpedo hit us the poor old *Arabic* staggered like a drunken man. The great mass of almost 16,000 tons was actually slewed around by the force of the impact.

"As soon as way was off the ship I ordered the engines stopped and again my order was repeated in absolutely level tones. At the same moment I shouted to the men at the falls in the boats to lower

away. Every boat landed in the water on a level keel, perfectly.

"It looked like a case of 'Good-by, William,' because in the last five seconds the old *Arabic* slid downwards. She dropped like a shot. Down I went, down, down, down. I never expected to come up alive, but the next thing I knew my head came up against the bottom of a raft with awful force. The shock served to cheer me enough to make my way from beneath it.

"That raft saved my life, for all the strength I had was just enough to hang to it. Soon afterward a life-boat came along and took us aboard."

"ARCHIBALD" POTS AERO-PLANES SKY-HIGH

[Frederick Palmer sends from France to the New York *Sun* this sporting story of a British anti-aircraft gun dubbed "Archibald," attempting to bring down a German scout Taube six or seven thousand feet above the British trenches.]

OTHER features of life at the front may grow commonplace, but never the work of the planes, these wings of the army's intelligence. In the hide and seek digging and dodging and countering of siege warfare the sight of a plane under shell fire never loses its thrill.

If the planes might fly as low as they pleased they might know all that was going on over the lines. They must keep up so high that through the aviator's glasses a man on the road is the size of a pin head. To descend low is as certain death as to put your head over a parapet of a trench when the enemy's trench is only a hundred yards away. There are dead lines in the air no less than on the earth.

"Archibald," the anti-aircraft gun, sets the dead line. He watches over it as a cat watches a mouse. The trick of sneaking up under the cover of a noonday cloud and all the other man-bird tricks he knows.

A couple of seconds after that crack a tiny puff of smoke breaks about a hundred yards behind the Taube. A soft thistle blow against the blue it seems at that altitude, but it wouldn't if it were about your ears. Then it would sound like a bit of dynamite on an anvil struck by a hammer and you would hear the whizz of scores of bullets and fragments.

The smoking brass shell case is out of "Archibald's" steel throat and another shell case with its charge slipped in its place and started on its way before the first puff breaks. The aviator knows what is coming. He knows that one means many once he is in range.

ARCHIBALD" rushes the fighting; it is the business of the Taube to sidestep. The aviator cannot hit back except through its allies, the German batteries on the earth. They would take care of "Archibald" if they knew where

The Hardest Part of the Week's Work Now Done by Electricity

Electricity is being put to work in the home to reduce labor, increase efficiency and shorten hours of work, just as it has done in business and in manufacturing. Women have for some time been familiar with the electric iron, but perhaps have not realized the idea of the electric laundry. Washing—the biggest bugaboo of housework—becomes a simple, easy task with a

Western Electric Washer and Wringer

Whether the work is done by the housewife, by the maid, or by a laundress employed by the day—the saving is remarkable in labor, in time and money. The washing is done in half the time, permitting, in most cases, the completion of the ironing the same day. The clothes are saved wear and tear and are as well laundered as by the most careful hand rubbing. The most delicate fabrics are uninjured.

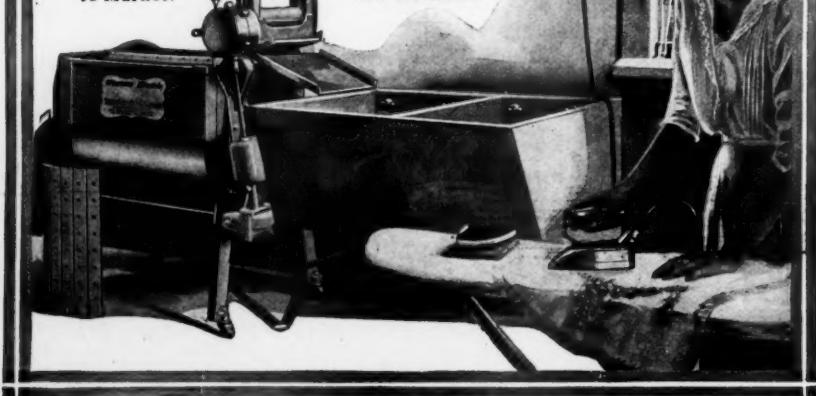
Learn All About It Without Obligation

This machine is perfection in construction and simplicity. We can not tell you all about it in this advertisement, but we will send illustrated literature on request, and you can arrange to have a washer sent to your home for two weeks' trial. Take advantage of this opportunity to test this wonderful machine. Write our nearest house for booklet No. 89-AB.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Send 10c in stamps for new card Game "Going to Market."

463 West Street
New York City
Houses in All Principal Cities of the U. S. and Canada.



he was. But all that the aviator can see is mottled landscape. From his side "Archibald" flies no goal flag. He is one of ten thousand tiny objects under the aviator's eye.

"Archibald's" propensities are entirely peripatetic. He is the vagabond of the army lines. Locate him, and he is gone. His home is where night finds him and the day's duties take him. He is the only gun which keeps regular hours like a Christian gentleman. All the others, great and small, raucous voiced and shrill voiced, fire at any hour night or day. Aeroplanes do not go up at night, and when no aeroplanes are up "Archibald" has no interest in the war. But he is on the alert at the first flush of dawn, on the lookout for game with the avidity of a pointer dog; for the aviators are also up early.

Why he was named "Archibald" nobody knows. As his full name is "Archibald the Archer," possibly it comes from some association with the idea of archery. If there were ten thousand anti-aircraft guns in the British army every one would be known as "Archibald." When the British expeditionary force went to France it had none. All the British could do was to bang away at Taubes with thousands of rounds of rifle bullets which might fall in their own lines and with the field guns.

It was pie in those days for the Taubes. It was easy to keep out of the range of both rifles and guns and observe well. If the Germans did not know the progress of the British retreat from on high it was their own fault. Now the business of firing at Taubes is left entirely to "Archibald." When you see how hard it is for "Archibald" after all his practice to get a Taube you understand how foolish it was for the field guns to try to get one.

"Archibald," who is quite the swellest thing in the army, has his own private car built especially for him. While the cavalry horses back of the lines grow sleek from inaction the aeroplanes have taken their place.

ALL the romance and risk of scouting are theirs. They get most of the fun there is in this kind of warfare. If a British aviator gets a day's leave he does not take a train and steamer. He rises from the aviation grounds about half-past 4 and is at home in England for dinner and returns after lunch the next day.

All the action the cavalry see is when they go into the trenches as infantry. Such of the cavalry's former part as the 'planes do not play "Archibald" plays. He keeps off the enemy's scouts. Do you seek teamwork, spirit of corps and smartness in this threat of France, where all the old glamour of war is lacking? You will find it in the attendants of "Archibald."

KEWANEE Smokeless Boilers Save 21 to 35% of Your Fuel Bill!

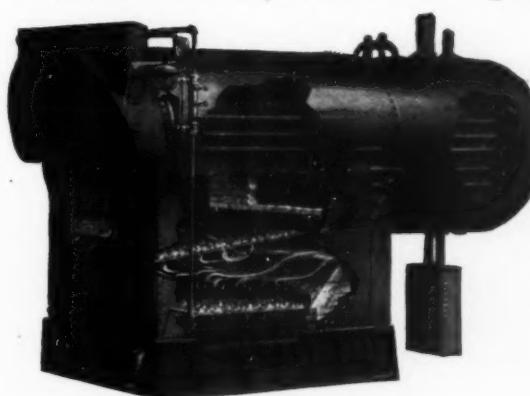
Engineers have always agreed that a heating boiler of 75% efficiency—that is, a boiler that uses 75% of the heat in the coal—was as near perfect as is commercially possible.

Recent tests of KEWANEE Smokeless Boilers; made by Lewis M. Ellison, a recognized boiler authority; prove that when burning cheap soft coal, under conditions similar to those prevailing in most large buildings, the efficiency of KEWANEE Smokeless Boilers ranges from 73 to 81%. And it is a well-known fact that the ordinary type of heating boiler seldom averages better than 60%.

That means a KEWANEE Smokeless Boiler gets from the same amount of coal, 21 to 35% more heat than ordinary boilers. And savings of fully that much are being made in buildings all over the country.

And this is how they do it: The double grate, down-draft construction of KEWANEE Smokeless Boilers prevents any of the heat-giving gases from getting up the stack unburned. It cuts coal costs because it uses practically all of the coal for making heat. None of the fuel is wasted. And it eliminates smoke because smoke is nothing but gases, rich in fuel matter, going up the stack unburned.

KEWANEE Smokeless Boilers are not new nor untried. In thousands of the best buildings of all kinds, in all parts of the country, they are cutting coal costs by burning cheap soft coal smokelessly.



Kewanee Smokeless Boiler (Portable type)
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bald." They have pride, elan, alertness, pepper and all the other appetizers and condiments. They are as neat as a private yacht's crew and as lively as an infield of a major league team. The Archibaldians are naturally bound to think rather well of themselves.

Watch them there, every man knowing his part, as they send their shells after the Taube. There isn't enough waste motion among the lot to tip over the range finder or the telescope or the scoreboard or any of the other paraphernalia assisting the man who is looking through the sight in knowing where to aim next as a screw answers softly to his touch.

Is the sport of war dead? Not for "Archibald." Here you see your target, which is so rare these days when British

infantrymen have stormed and taken trenches without ever seeing a German, and the target is a bird, a man bird. Puffs of smoke with bursting hearts of death are clustered around the Taube. They hang where they broke in the still air. One follows another in quick succession, for more than one "Archibald" is firing, before your entranced eye.

You are staring like the crowd of a county fair at a parachute act, for the next puff may get him. Who knows this better than the aviator? He is likely an old hand at the game, or if he isn't he has all the experience of other veterans to go by. His sense is the same as that of the escaped prisoner who runs from the fire of a guard in a zigzag course, and more than that. If a puff comes near to

the right he turns to the left; if one comes near on the left he turns to the right; if one comes under he rises; over, he dips, that the next shell fired at the same point will be wide of the target.

LOOKING through the sight it seems easy to hit a plane. But here's the difficulty. It takes two seconds, say, for the shell to travel to the range of the plane. The gunner must wait for its burst before he can spot his shot. Ninety miles an hour is a mile and a half a minute. Divide that by thirty and you have about a hundred yards the plane has traveled from the time the shell left the gun muzzle till it burst. It becomes a matter of discounting the aviator's speed and guessing from experience which way he will turn next.

That ought to have got him, the burst was right under him. No! He rises. Surely that one got him, anyway. The puff is right in front of the Taube, partly hiding it from view. You see the plane tremble as if struck by a violent gust of wind.

"Close!" Within thirty or forty yards the telescope says. But at that range the naked eye is easily deceived about distances. Probably some of the bullets have cut his plane. But you must hit the man or the machine in a vital spot in order to bring down your bird.

A British aviator the other day had a piece of shrapnel jacket hit his coat, its force spent, and roll into his lap. The explosions must be very close to count. It is amazing how much shell fire an aeroplane can stand. Aviators are accustomed to the whizz of shell fragments and bullets and to have their planes punctured and ripped. Tho their engines are put out of commission and tho frequently wounded, they are able to volplane back to the cover of their own lines.

To make a proper story we ought to have brought down this particular bird. But it had the luck which most planes, British or German, have in escaping anti-aircraft gun fire. It had begun edging away after the first shot and soon was out of range.

"Archibald" had served the purpose of his existence. He had sent the prying aerial eye home.



Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

Used for Navigation—"Far more accurate than the average chronometer," says Captain in U. S. N.

The following letter, recently received from an officer of the Navy, speaks for itself. The signer's name is omitted for reasons of Naval etiquette.

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Gentlemen:—The watch purchased from you in December, 1913, is a marvel of accuracy. On January 1, 1914, it was set 22 seconds fast, on standard mean time, and throughout the year frequent comparisons were made which showed a steady and regular gain. On January 1, 1915, it was again compared and was found to be 1 minute 35 seconds fast, or a gain of 1 minute 13 seconds in 365 days, which is equivalent to a gaining rate of 0.2 seconds a day, or 6 seconds a month.

Had the rate of gain been variable, it would have been very different, but running as steadily and uniformly as it did, I would have no hesitancy whatever in using it for navigational purposes, as it is far more accurate than the average chronometer used for this purpose, and much more convenient. (Signed)

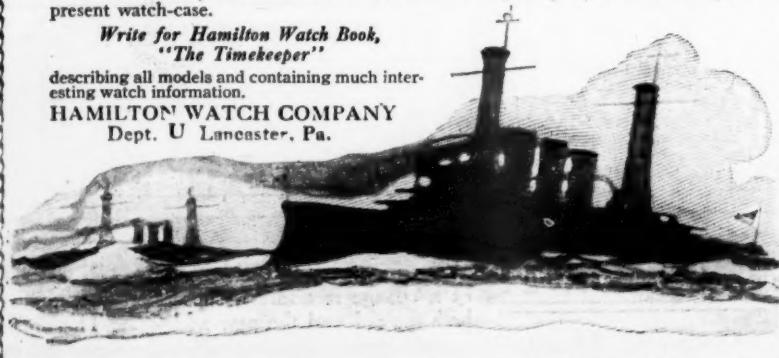
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Prices of Hamiltons: The lowest-priced Hamilton is a movement alone for \$12.25 (\$13.00 in Canada). The highest-priced Hamilton is our Masterpiece at \$150.00 in 18k heavy gold case. Other Hamiltons at \$15.00, \$25.00, \$28.00, \$40.00, \$55.00, \$80.00, \$110.00, etc. Hamiltons are made in many models—in cased watches; also in movements alone which your jeweler can fit to your present watch-case.

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SHEAR NONSENSE

Fishing in the Park.

A fish story, told at a banquet in Milwaukee by Representative Bartholdt of Missouri, has been started on a successful tour of the east by the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. It goes further here:

"Those people," said Bartholdt, "remind me of the old man. Yes, they remind me very much of the old man."

"He had a soft, daft look, the old man I'm speaking of, and he sat on a park bench in the sun, with rod and line, as if he were fishing; but the line, with a worm on the hook, dangled over a bed of bright primroses."

"Daft!" said a passer-by to himself. "Daft! Bughouse! Nice-looking old fellow, too. It's a pity."

"Then, with a gentle smile, the passer-by approached the old man and said:

"What are you doing, uncle?"

"Fishing, sir," answered the old man, solemnly.

"Fishing, eh? Well, uncle, come and have a drink."

"The old man shouldered his rod and followed the kindly stranger to the corner saloon. There he regaled himself with a large glass of dark beer and a good five-cent cigar. His host, contemplating him in a friendly, protecting way, as he sipped and smoked, said:

"So you were fishing, uncle? And how many have you caught this morning?"

"The old man blew a smoke cloud toward the ceiling. Then, after a pause, he said:

"You are the seventh, sir."

The Helpless Ultimate Consumer.

The idea that everybody is virtually defenseless against the gas company and the ice man appears to be taken as a universal joke. It crops out in unexpected places.

In a Western town, according to the *N. Y. Times*, the attorney for the gas company was making a popular address.

"Think of the good the gas company has done!" he cried. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the Light Brigade!'"

Whereupon a shrill voice came from the rear: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

"When water becomes ice" asked the (*Ladies' Home Journal*) teacher, "what is the great change that takes place?"

"The greatest change, ma'am," said the little boy, "is the change in price."

Limited Knowledge in the Klondike.

The late Congressman W. W. Wedemeyer used to tell a story of rain in the Klondike, says the *Denver Post*. He was going up the Yukon on a Government junket, and the sky drizzled all the way. At one landing a dejected-looking "sourdough" stood on the wharf awaiting the boat.

"I say, partner," asked Wedemeyer, "how long has it been raining?"

"Dunno," was the reply, "I've only been here seventeen years."

Little Brother.

"Sis won't be able to see you to-night, Mr. Jones," said her little brother. "She's had a 'turble accident'" (*Lippincott's* details the conversation).

"Is that so? What happened?"

"All her hair got burned up."

"Good heavens! Was she burned?"

"Naw; she wasn't there. She don't know about it yet."

Made in U. S. A."

An American and a Scotsman, according to the *Bristol Times*, were walking in the highlands and the Scot produced a famous echo. When the echo returned clearly after nearly four minutes, the proud native, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed: "There, mon,

ye canna show anything like that in your country."

"Oh, I don't know," said the American. "I guess we can better that. Why, in my camp in the Rockies, when I go to bed, I just lean out of my window and call out, 'Time to get up! Wake up!' and eight hours afterward the echo comes back and wakes me."

Worth Trying.

In San Francisco, the *N. Y. Times* says, they tell of a resourceful clergyman never at a loss for a retort.

He was once called to the bedside of a very wealthy but stingy man, who thought at the time he was dying.

"If," he gasped to the clergyman, "if I

leave several thousand to the church, will my salvation be assured?"

Whereupon the divine responded:

"I wouldn't like to be too positive, but it's well worth trying."

Woman's Dress and Address.

What the *Louisville Courier-Journal* styles "the main matter," in this era of women's clubs, is phrased as follows:

"Your wife seems busy these days."

"Yes; she is to address a woman's club."

"Ah, working on her address?"

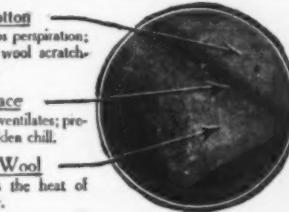
"No; on her dress."

The Same Old Story.

They were all sitting around, telling funny anecdotes, says the *San Francisco Argonaut*. And they were all good friends but two—the cleverest girl in the crowd and the runner-up for those honors. Those two hated each other naturally. The cleverest girl told a humorous story, and it was received with great applause. When the laughter had ceased the deadly rival said: "My goodness! That story is at least forty years old!" The other one didn't blink.



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Soft Cotton — absorbs perspiration; prevents wool scratching skin.
Air Space — dries; ventilates; prevents sudden chill.
Warm Wool — retains the heat of the body.

Most colds come from getting overheated, underwear damp; then getting a chill.

The way to avoid such colds is to get underwear that doesn't overheat, doesn't get damp, but cools off and dries as fast as excessive heat and moisture are created.

Dr. Alfred Walton, the eminent physician and surgeon, says:

"The ideal garment would be a thin absorbent fabric next to the skin, then a layer of air, and then a woolen fabric to turn the cold—a thin fabric drying quickly, with the heat of the body, driving the moisture into the wool."

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She smiled sweetly and answered: "What a memory you have, dear! Fancy remembering that little story ever since you heard it the first time!"

The Artist and the Rustic.

The artist, says *Tidbits*, was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots. The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."

A Passionate Tale.

Her face was flushed. (The N. Y. *American* discovers a story in it.) The breath came from between her moist, parted lips in short, tremulous gasps. Her lips and slightly distended nostrils quivered passionately. Her whole body trembled with emotion. Slowly, caressing, tenderly yielding,

she surrendered herself to the strong outstretched arms. How strong and protecting the broad back! How sturdy the legs which supported it! Breathing softly, she closed her eyelids, her mind soaring into the great realm of the sublime. How restful was this seat after a long, hard run for her eight-fifteen!

Fifly Celebrated.

The other day a clerk in a Jewish mercantile house, according to *Tidbits*, celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of his first day's connection with the firm. Schmidt, the senior partner, handed him in the morning a sealed envelope inscribed, "In memory of this eventful day."

The clerk gratefully received the envelope without opening it, but on a gracious hint from his chief he broke the seal, and found the photograph of his employer.

"Well, what do you think of it?" inquired Schmidt, with a grin.

"It's just like you," was the reply.

Real Cow's Milk.

Wayne MacVeagh, the lawyer and diplomat, has on the outskirts of Philadelphia an admirable stock farm. The Baltimore *Sun* reports that one day last summer some poor children were permitted to go over his farm,

and when their inspection was done, to each of them was given a glass of milk.

The milk was excellent. It came, in fact, from a \$2000 cow.

"Well, boys, how do you like it?" the farmer said, when they had drained their glasses.

"Gee! Fine!" said one little fellow. Then, after a pause, he added: "I wish our milkman kep' a cow."

Safe Fortune Telling.

One of the attractions of the church fête, reports the Knoxville *Sentinel*, was a fortune teller's tent.

A lady took her 10-year-old, red-haired, freckled son inside. The woman of wisdom bent over the crystal ball.

"Your son will be a very distinguished man if he lives long enough!" she murmured in deep, mysterious tones.

"Oh, how nice," gushed the proud mother. "And what will he be distinguished for?"

"For old age if he lives long enough," replied the fortune teller slowly.

Funeral Reactions.

"Hum, ho!" sighed the New Hampshire farmer, discovered by the *Western Christian Advocate*, as he came in from downtown. "Deacon Jones wants me to be pall-bearer again to his wife's funeral."

"Wal, you're goin' to be, ain't ye?" asked the farmer's better half.

"I dunno. Y' know, when Deacon Jones's first wife died, he asked me to be a pall-bearer, an' I did; and then his second wife died, an' I was the same again. An' then he married that Perkins gal, and she died, and I was pallbearer to that funeral. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em."

The San Francisco *Argonaut* reports that during the last G. A. R. encampment there was one woman amid the crowd of spectators on the day of the parade who made herself conspicuous by her noisy hurrahs and excited waving of a flag as the old veterans marched past. One of the bystanders told her sharply to shut up. "Shut up, yourself!" she retorted. "If you had buried two husbands who had served in the war, you would be hurrahing too."

That Incurable Chicken Stealing Tendency.

The inherent right to steal chickens is hard to deny the negro even in the courts of justice. The colored man's defense on most occasions is a never failing source of material for the joke-smiths. Here are two cases, the first from the *Ladies' Home Journal*:

An old negro was charged with chicken stealing, and the judge said:

"Where's your lawyer, uncle?"

"Ain't got none, Jedge."

"But you ought to have one," returned the court. "I'll assign one to defend you."

"No, sah, no sah, please don't do dat," begged the defendant.

"Why not?" persisted the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell yo', Jedge," said the old man confidentially. "Ah wants ter enjy dem chickens mahself."

Harper's Weekly tells of a certain negro lad who had been brought into an Alabama police court for the fifth time, charged with stealing chickens.

The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken-stealing that I'm tired of seeing him here."

"I doesn't blame you, Jedge," said the parent, "an' I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him the right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, Jedge, he always gets caught."

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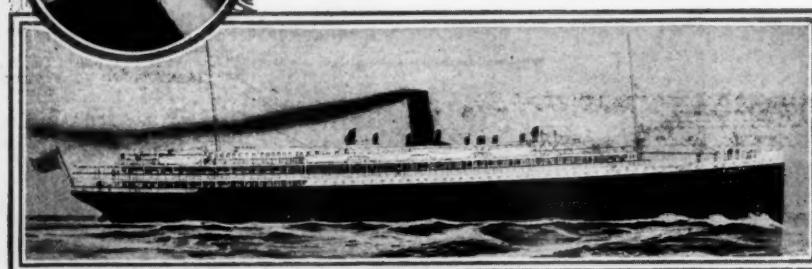
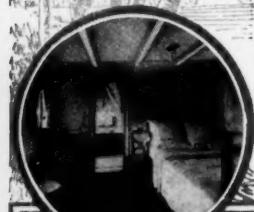
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This shows the handsome grain of the Cover. Color is rich dark olive green



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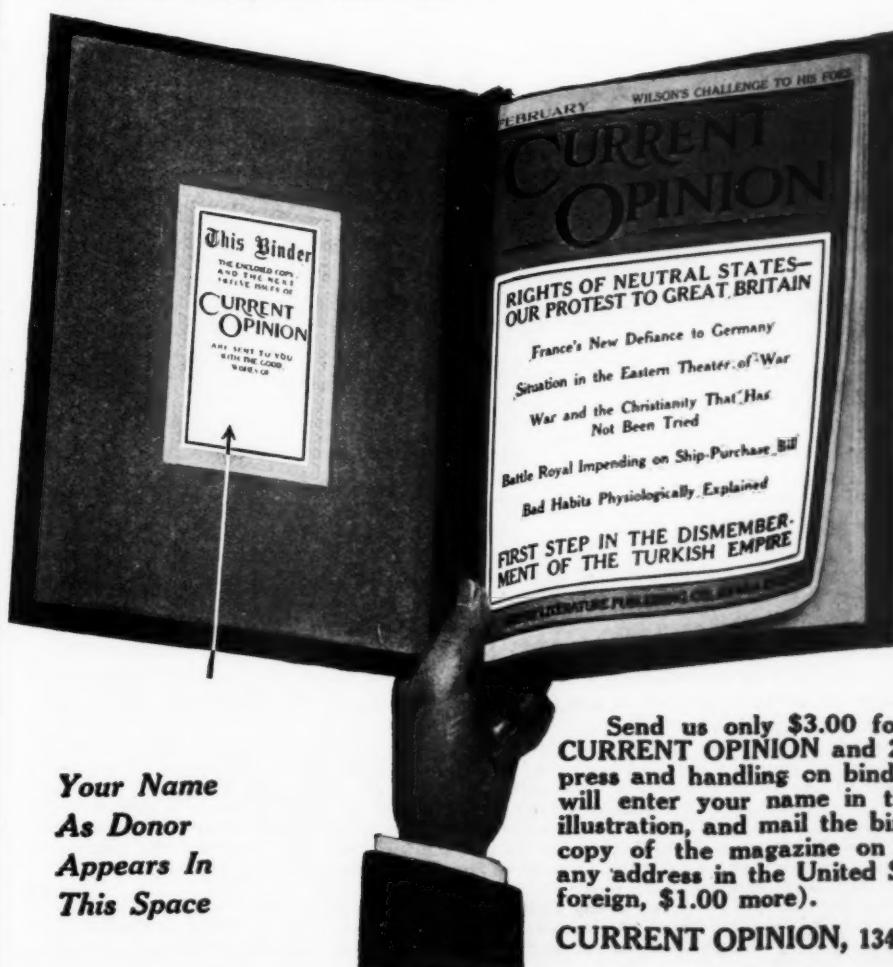
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(Signed)
AMOS L. HORST.

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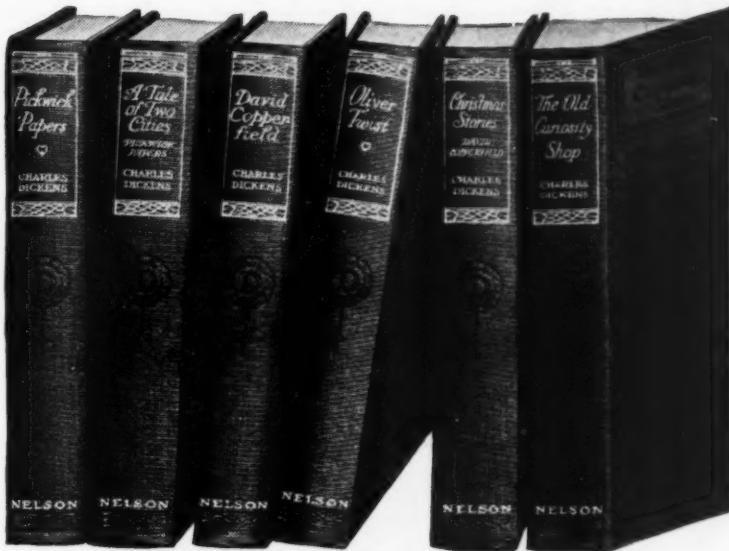
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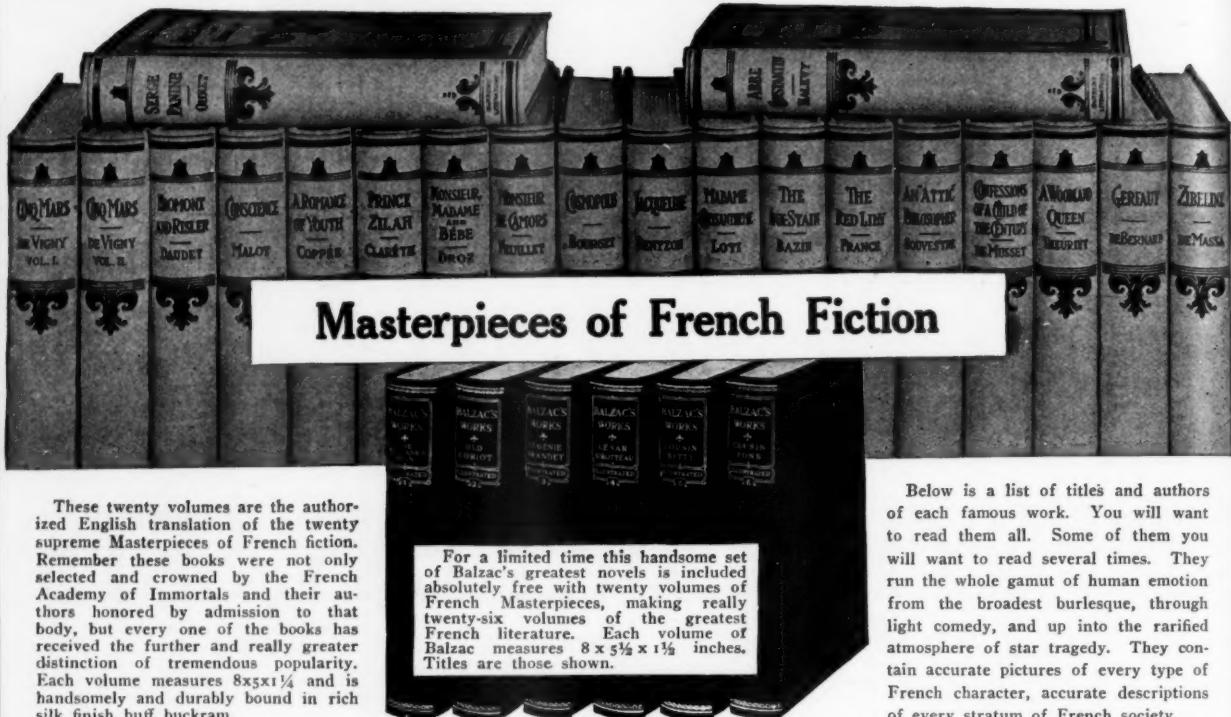


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CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

EASTWARD THE TIDE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE TAKES ITS WAY

TALK about the "yellow peril"! The one seen a few years ago by the Kaiser is nothing in comparison with the one seen to-day by the anti woman suffragists. For the woman suffragists are already carrying their yellow bows and banners around the more or less civilized world. A year ago it was announced that, aside from the Spanish-American republics, there were but seven nations constitutionally organized that did not have a woman suffrage movement in progress. In Europe there were only three such nations — Greece, Spain and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. The other four of the seven immune nations were Turkey, Persia, Japan and Liberia. China has a National Woman Suffrage Association. Java, Sumatra, the Philippines and Hawaii are all lined up for conquest in the near future. Finland two years ago elected twenty-one women to Parliament. Copenhagen had a year ago thirteen city councilors who were women. The municipal council of Paris, France, voted a little over a year ago to give women the right to vote at municipal elections. In Norway last month the women voted on the same terms as men. This is a "yellow peril," in other words, to which the whole race is exposed. And what about America? Here least of all is there immunity from it. Two States — Montana and Nevada — were annexed by the woman suffragists last year. This year, as we are writing these words, the battle at the polls has closed in New Jersey and is roaring on to a climax in New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. The West has been captured. The phalanx of the middle States was broken into when Illinois capitulated. The East is now invaded. Even the South is being undermined. And the most momentous thing about it all is, as one woman suffrage leader puts it, that this war is one in which, no matter how the battles go, the victories are all on

one side. Last year Ohio defeated the cause by 182,905 majority, Missouri did the same by 140,206, Nebraska by 10,000, South Dakota by 11,914, North Dakota by 9,401. But the woman suffragists did not lose any of these States. They never had them to lose. They simply failed to win them. So, if they lose all the eastern States for which they are striving this year as they have lost New Jersey, they do not really lose them; they simply do not win them. They are playing a sort of heads-we-win-and-tails-we-don't-lose game.

A Poll of American Editors on Woman Suffrage.

WINNING but two out of seven States last year, and these the two least important politically, one might have looked for at least a temporary sagging in the crusade. Instead, the fight was carried with new vim into the national field. President Wilson's inauguration was preceded by a suffrage parade in Washington. Since then seven different delegations have invaded the White House, strenuous battle has been waged in the halls of Congress for a suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution, and at least five members of Congress have been defeated for reelection because of their opposition to woman suffrage. "Every student of the movement," says the *Detroit Journal*, "has reported sentiment rising, rising, by States, by sections, and nationally. . . . The suffrage battle may be won already in the minds of the needed voters. All such battles are fought and fought for years and generations, but at last they are won in a day." The *Literary Digest* gave last month the results of a canvass made by it among the editors of the country. It sent letters to one thousand newspapers distributed among all the States, asking (1) for the editor's personal

WOMEN AND WAR.

Some people say that women should not be allowed to vote because they cannot fight. New York exempts from military duty the President of the United States (if a New Yorker) the Vice-President of the United States, judicial and executive officers of the United States, members of Congress, Custom House officials and clerks, postmasters, mail carriers, ferrymen at post-road ferries, workmen in armories and arsenals.

Why are these men not deprived of their franchises? Because they render other service to the state.

Women render the State the greatest of military services. They bear soldiers. It is as unreasonable and unjust to deprive them of the franchise because they do not also bear arms, as it would be to deprive the President of his franchise because he is exempted from military service in order to give other service to the state.

If government rested upon force, we should have a government by blacksmiths, prize-fighters, porters, football players, draymen and other physically powerful types, to the exclusion of most clergymen, scientists, doctors, lawyers, clerks, salesmen, inventors and the like.

"Capacity to fight is not a condition precedent to citizenship, nor is the ability to become a soldier essential to the making of a competent and useful voter. No one ever proposed such a rule of eligibility for male voters." - (William Howard Taft, Ex-President of the United States).

VOTE FOR THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT NOV. 2

EMPIRE STATE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, 303 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

DOES THE WORKING WOMAN NEED THE VOTE?

"RESOLVED, that we solemnly protest against the action of those groups of informed women, who, never having been forced themselves into the world of competitive work, fail to appreciate the position of self-supporting women, and use their great influence to hinder us in obtaining the political recognition we, the women workers so much need."

From the suffrage resolutions adopted by the National Women's Trade Union League.

POLITICS IS POLITICS

"How many voters in this place? Just one—That's me!"

VOTE FOR THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT NOV. 2

EMPIRE STATE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, 303 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME, BUT—

The number of women in New York State of voting age is - - 2,757,521

The number of wage-earning women in New York State is - - 983,656

This means that over one-third of all the women in New York State have no home except as they work outside of the home to make one.

One-third of all the women in New Jersey have to work outside of the home for a living.

Forty out of every 100 women in Massachusetts have to work for a living.

Nearly 30 per cent of the women in Pennsylvania work for a living.

The total number of women of voting age in the four states where women are fighting for suffrage in 1915 is - - 6,682,673

The total number of wage-earning women in these four states is - - 2,272,928

This means that approximately 35%, three and one-half in every ten, of all the women in these four states have to work for a home before they can have one.

VOTE FOR THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT NOV. 2

EMPIRE STATE CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE, 303 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

attitude toward woman suffrage, and (2) for the sentiment of the community. Of these, 391 editors declared in favor, 97 against, 38 were undecided, and 474 did not answer. The sentiment of the communities reported on were given as favorable in 237 cases, unfavorable in 156, uncertain in 133. The preponderance of editorial sentiment thus indicated in favor of woman suffrage must come as a surprise even to the woman suffragists themselves who remember the attitude of hostility and ridicule shown by most of the dailies even a few years ago. Now in New York City the only dailies that we find clearly hostile to the suffrage amendment are the *Times* and the *Journal of Commerce*. The *Sun* is a little uncertain in its utterances and the *Herald* colorless; but the other dailies—the *World*, *American*, *Tribune*, *Mail*, *Globe*, *Press*, *Evening Sun*, *Evening World*, *Evening Journal*, and even the Tammany mouthpiece, the *Morning Telegraph*—are all outspoken in favor. A still more conspicuous change visible in the newspapers in recent years is in the character of the cartoons. A few years ago the woman suffrage advocate was presented as a spinster lady of advanced age and forbidding looks, brandishing a cotton umbrella and flinging defiance at all the male sex. To-day the cartoonist is more apt to give us a bewitching damsel of the chorus girl type, modishly arrayed and openly inviting admiration.

Woodrow Wilson Declares His Position.

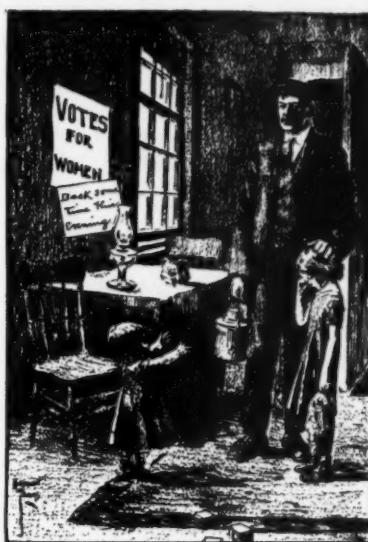
NO PREVIOUS single event seems to have given to the woman suffragists such fervor of joy as that which was evoked by the accession to their cause of Woodrow Wilson last month. The President was careful to state that he was speaking in a personal not an official capacity. He said:

"I intend to vote for woman suffrage in New Jersey, because I believe that the time has come to extend that privilege and responsibility to the women of the State; but I shall vote, not as the leader of my party in the nation, but only upon my private conviction as a citizen of New Jersey, called upon by the legislature of the state to express his conviction at the polls. I think that New Jersey will be greatly benefited by the change."

The Baltimore *Sun*, tho agreeing with Mr. Taft that it is the part of wisdom to wait and see what effect woman suffrage will have in States where it has already been adopted before adopting it elsewhere, admits that Mr. Wilson's accession will give the cause a standing and a dignity in the East which it has never had before. The Charleston *News and Courier*, published in perhaps the most conservative city in the country on this subject, thinks that the antis who assert that Mr. Wilson's statement will make little difference "have some unpleasant surprises in store." The N. Y. *Morning Telegraph* declared, after Mr. Wilson's utterance, that the politicians of this State who had a month before regarded the suffrage amendment as sure to be beaten, now believe that a majority of the voters favor it. The Newark *Evening News* took the same view of the effect in New Jersey. It said: "Woman suffrage in New Jersey looked like a very dubious matter until the chief executive of the nation and his ablest and most popular cabinet officer, both citizens and voters of this State, came to its rescue. The announcement of their stand means tens of thousands of votes for woman suffrage." Almost at the same time with the President, Mr. Garrison, Secretary of War, Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, and Mr. Tumulty, the President's Secretary, announced their purpose also to vote for woman suffrage. Secretary Garrison expressed himself as doubtful about the reforms that are expected to flow from it, but the possible harm it can do in his opinion is limited to a negligible increase in the cost of elections. He says: "If on the whole it turns out that the ballot in the hands of men produces just about the same results as when women also participate, no harm will come from it, and a great subject which is now diverting the attention of the people from other vital public questions will have been removed from the arena of discussion."

The Antis Point to Colorado as a Terrible Example.

IT MUST not be supposed, however, that all these developments have daunted the antis. If they have President Wilson, ex-President Roosevelt and ex-Sec-



HOME AS THE ANTIS SEE IT UNDER WOMAN SUFFRAGE

etary Bryan against them, they are able to make use of letters and articles on their side by ex-President Taft, ex-Secretary Root and Cardinal Gibbons. In New Jersey alone they have thirty-three organizations scattered throughout the State, with an enrollment of more than 25,000 women of voting age, among them Mrs. Preston, formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Their campaign policy does not include the holding of open-air meetings, and parades of women they look upon with hearty disfavor. The principal development in their opposition this year consists in a greater emphasis upon the results or lack of results in States in which

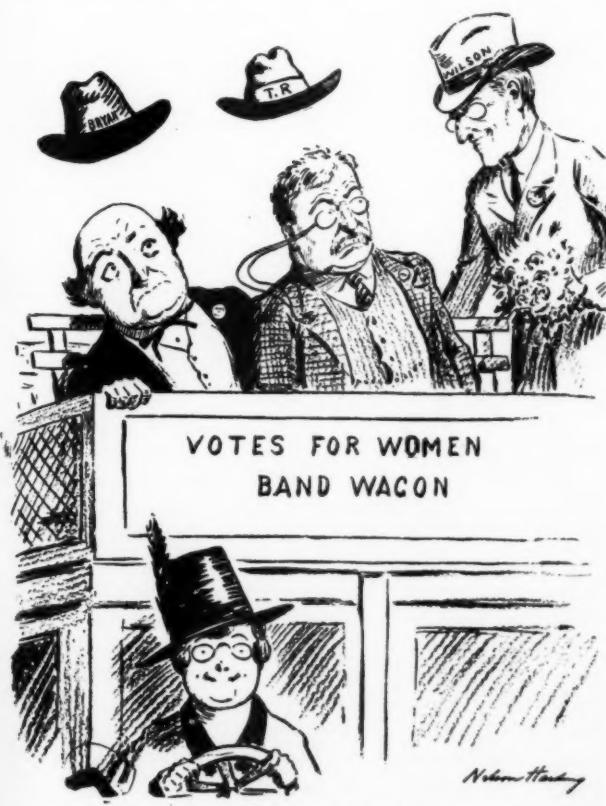
woman suffrage is now in force. There is a special tendency to dwell upon the troubles of Colorado, and one of their most effective campaign documents is a letter from W. T. Hickey, secretary-treasurer of the Colorado State Federation of Labor, which was posted in factories and spread broadcast in New Jersey just at the close of the campaign, and which had much to do probably with the majority of more than 50,000 against woman suffrage. Here is a part of it:

"There has never been a measure enacted into law for the protection of women and children of this State that was not initiated, campaigned, and paid for by organized labor.

"The Women's Eight-Hour Law was defeated at two sessions of the legislature through factional fights among the women representatives; the Child Labor Law and Woman's Minimum Wage Law would never have been enacted if left to the women to champion.

"There are many reasons why suffrage has been a failure and I fail to see one act on the part of the women that has been to their benefit during the twenty years of suffrage in Colorado."

Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, a prominent lawyer of New York City, also holds Colorado up as an alarming example, with its recall of judicial decisions, its recent lawlessness requiring the presence of Federal troops for more than eight months, and the apparent inability of its Governor to quell the disorder. He attributes these things in large part to "the constant interference of women politicians" and their "hysterical appeals." Mrs. Alice N. George, leader of the antis in Massachusetts, points to the record in Colorado as well as elsewhere to show that "the enfranchisement of women has increased taxes, magnified the menace of an indifferent electorate and swelled the body of unenforceable laws." She contends that women obtain the best results by remaining non-partisan and "working outside the realms of political strife," and she points to what they have done without the ballot and, in contrast, to what they have failed to do with the ballot. Writing in *The Independent*, she says: "The woman suffrage movement is an imitation-of-man movement, and as such merits the condemnation of every normal man and woman."



—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

CARRANZA WINS RECOGNITION AT LAST AS THE RULER OF MEXICO

ONCE again the Mexican kaleidoscope is shifted. Carranza wins the recognition which for two years he has been struggling to obtain. Seven American republics, including our own, recognize the "Constitutional Government," of which Carranza is the head, as the de facto government of Mexico. When two months ago the seven republics called upon the factions of Mexico to get together and compose their differences, it was Carranza who balked. He would neither stop

held in at least temporary check, no better course seemed to the Pan-American conferees to be in sight than to take these promises and guarantees at their face value. Carranza is given his chance to make good.

The Load Carranza Will Have to Stagger Under.

NOT much confidence is shown in this country in Carranza's ability to restore peace and order to Mexico. Even if he surmounts all the military difficulties before him, the economic and financial difficulties, it is pointed out, are appalling. In her palmiest days Mexico's trade balance has never been sufficient to take care of her foreign obligations, and she has had to depend upon the investments of foreign money to make up the difference. Now her trade has been badly injured and her sources of revenue badly impaired. The war in Europe will reduce the flow of capital from that source to a vanishing point for years to come, and distrust of Mexico's stability will render American capital timid in the extreme. In addition to this drying up of resources, the national debt of Mexico has vastly increased. The debt at the end of the Diaz régime was nearly 440,000,000 pesos, which, according to the estimates of a special correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, has been swelled by accumulated interest to at least 500,000,000 pesos. The estimate of foreign indemnities that have been incurred as a result of the different revolutions is as high as 500,000,000 pesos more. In addition, there have been issues of paper money by Carranza and Villa and Carvajal and the other leaders to the amount of about 1,000,000,000 pesos, making a total financial burden of two billion pesos, or one billion dollars—more than four times the amount of the national debt left by Diaz. So far from recognition being a benefit to Carranza, according to the *Times* correspondent, his real difficulties are just beginning when he gets it. The situation would be a difficult one for the ablest of administrators, and confidence in Carranza's ability to handle it does not abound.



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT IF HE GETS IT?
—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

the fighting of his generals nor acknowledge the right of any power outside of Mexico, no matter how friendly its tone, to interfere with Mexican internal affairs. Whatever may be the old gentleman's infirmities as an administrator, as a diplomatist he has certainly exhibited wonderful pertinacity and consistency in insisting that Mexico be allowed to fight out her own battles. He was as stiff with Great Britain at the time of Benton's murder, and with the United States at the time of the Vera Cruz invasion, as he was last month with the seven republics. He claimed to have control of twenty-four of the twenty-seven States of Mexico, as well as the federal district in which Mexico City is located. He guaranteed the protection of the lives and property of foreigners and the payment of just indemnities for damages incurred during the recent troubles. He guaranteed also individual freedom of worship and the observance of the laws and the Constitution of Mexico. All treaties with other nations are to be carried out. In addition, Carranza promises land reforms, liberal amnesty provisions, the development of education and an effective elective system. With Villa driven back to the border in a succession of defeats, and with Zapata

Hope for Brighter Days in Mexico.

IT IS difficult to discover any appreciable number of United States editors who express confidence in Carranza as Mexico's savior. His recognition is a disappointment, remarks the *Columbus Dispatch*, "but it is, no doubt, the proper thing." Carranza may turn out to be a reprobate, admits the *N. Y. Evening World*, but at least he is, so to speak, the family choice of the Continent. "Instead of forcing Mexico to take what we thought good for her, we have in general council singled out the man and the party who seem nearest to expressing her somewhat mussed-up ideals." Better Carranza than intervention, asserts the *Springfield Republican*. Other papers say that Carranza must have money from the United States to go on, and our ultimate responsibility for Mexico in the eyes of other nations is not so easily shunted to Pan-American shoulders. The *Houston (Texas) Post* is disappointed and expects no cessation of border troubles. The *N. Y. Sun* insists that a bargain has been struck to meet the extremities of politics here, to facilitate escape from an

embarrassing inquisition into the relations of the Wilson Administration with Mexico, and so to reduce the incoming Congress to silence. The *Evening Sun* is especially bitter. It regards the recognition of Carranza as bringing the fiasco of our Mexican policy to a climax. It speaks of his "inflated ambition and egregious vanity," and declares that his system of government "has been marked by tyranny, cruelty and plunder in a degree which not even the bandit Villa or the brigand Zapata and their wild bands have been able to surpass." The N. Y. *Evening Post*, however, sees many compensations. It is only too easy, it admits, to point out errors, inconsistencies and disappointments in our Mexican policy, and it winces whenever it speaks of the Vera Cruz expedition. But it consoles itself as follows:

"Looking back over these five years we cannot but feel a

Encouraged by his remarkable success in the negotiations with Germany and a certain charming Washington widow, President Wilson will now take up that little discussion with Great Britain.—*Chicago Herald*.

Matrimonially the President isn't averse to a second term.—*Boston Traveler*.

great pride in the faithfulness of our people to a fine sentiment. We had much provocation. But in spite of the injuries inflicted on American interests, in spite of the loss of American lives, in spite of affronts to our national dignity, the democratic instincts, the moral sense of a great nation, and the spirit of fair play have spoken out unmistakably for giving the people of Mexico a chance."

The word resignation best expresses the feeling of the American press in general. But it can not be said that the recognition of Carranza has visibly lessened the belief that intervention will yet be necessary. The Detroit *Free Press* voices the sentiments of many editors when it says: "We do not say Carranza should not be recognized; that is a question by itself; but we do confidently believe that recognition alone will not permanently better the Mexican situation nor lessen the likelihood that ultimately this nation will be obliged to intervene below the Rio Grande."

Mr. Rockefeller has been digging coal in one of his Colorado mines. To even things up he ought to let one of his coal miners cut a few Rockefeller coupons in New York.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

Now that the Panama Canal is closed, New York is safe from a Japanese bombardment, anyhow.—*Washington Post*.

GERMANY YIELDS TO OUR PROTEST AND REVERSES HER SUBMARINE POLICY

GERMANY'S back-down in the submarine controversy seems to be complete and undisguised. Count von Bernstorff makes no bones about it. He calls it "a diplomatic victory for the United States." Count Reventlow's views are not fit for publication apparently. When the news reached Germany the paper in which he expresses his views was again suspended from publication by the Government. Regret, disavowal and indemnity are all conceded, and the Emperor's order to submarines, we are assured, "has been made so stringent that the recurrence of incidents similar to the *Arabic* case is considered out of the question." The extent of

Germany's back-down, under the skilful and persistent persuasions of Count von Bernstorff, is seen from a comparison of notes only one month apart. "The German Government is unable," so ran the first note on the *Arabic* case, "to acknowledge any obligation to grant indemnity in the matter even if the commander [of the submarine] should have been mistaken as to the aggressive intentions of the *Arabic*." In the note one month later we are informed that Count von Bernstorff is authorized to negotiate concerning the amount of the indemnity; that while the submarine commander was convinced that the *Arabic* intended to ram him, the tes-



timony of the British officers to the contrary is accepted in good faith, and therefore "the attack of the submarine was undertaken against the instructions issued to the commander." Still further: "The Imperial Government regrets and disavows this act and has notified Com-



THE BUSY FIREMAN
—Stanley in Philadelphia Evening Star

mander Schneider accordingly." It now seems a far cry back to the original war-zone decree notifying neutral vessels and neutral passengers that they would enter the waters around the British Isles at their peril. The latest note is absolutely satisfying, says the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Only the ultra-suspicious will question it, say the Springfield *Republican* and the N. Y. *Sun*. It is a victory for the whole world, cries the Indianapolis *News* with elation, for the limits of submarine activity have been definitely established for all time. And the N. Y. *World*, which a short time ago was calling for a rupture of diplomatic relations with the Kaiser, now joins in the rejoicing over a "brilliant victory" and a "triumph of sanity." Mr. Bryan's direful apprehensions, that found expression in his resignation, are unfulfilled. What a chance for lasting glory his evil genius induced him to throw away!

A Notable Triumph for All Neutral Nations.

IT IS not merely an American victory that is chronicled in the opinion of many. In principle, so the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* reminds us, the United States has been defending the rights of all neutrals, and all other neutrals "will share the American rejoicing over the success of American diplomacy." The result will, in the opinion of the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, make it easier to broaden and strengthen the code of international rights

when the war is ended. A still wider victory is visioned by the Hartford *Times*. It says: "Force has bowed to rectitude. Morality has dominated power. The President of the United States has a subliminal gift of seeing clearly the right and a serenity of confidence that the right must unescapably be seen by others." Woodrow Wilson's statesmanship, inflexible will and lofty courage are praised by the Chattanooga *Times*. His patient but unalterable persistence in pressing for a principle, altho harassed at home by the impatient and heckled by Teutonic sympathizers, lead the N. Y. *Evening Mail* to believe that the American people, irrespective of partisanship or sympathies, will give the President the fullest measure of praise. The N. Y. *Evening Post* warns the belittlers of the President's success that the plain people can see a big achievement. They will dispose of the special pleading that while the result is good the way of reaching it has been wrong, and that Germany's self-interest rather than the President's resolute stand did the business.

Did Germany Yield Because Her Submarines Have Failed?

NEVERTHELESS the number of newspapers which are not satisfied with the substance or with the manner of the victory constitutes a considerable corps of critics. Papers which have most actively taken up the campaign for United States military and naval preparedness are foremost in maintaining a certain note of incredulity. It is not true that the result is a great diplomatic triumph for the United States, insists the Washington *Herald*. The triumph, "if there is a triumph," is naval rather than diplomatic. "Germany has abandoned her submarine warfare against merchant shipping because the waters were made too hot for her." Great Britain is to be given the credit also, asserts the Detroit *Free Press*, because she has made the submarine question a dead issue. Thus, too, speak the Boston *Transcript* and others. "We have had fair words before," says the N. Y. *Herald*, "now what about the *Lusitania*?" and this question is repeated by the Philadelphia *Telegraph* and



EVERYTHING BOILING AT ONCE
—Ireland in Columbus Evening Dispatch

the Providence *Journal*. Germany has won a moral victory over herself, according to the Philadelphia *Ledger*, but that paper has no use for Wilson's childish confidence in the force of mere rhetoric. Nor has the Philadelphia *North American*. "To believe," it says, "that Germany, having adopted of set purpose a policy of terrorism and assassination, and justified it as a measure of military necessity, has yielded at last to moral suasion—for the United States has had no other force to exert—is to ignore the plainest dictates of reason. The weapon she relied upon has been struck from her hand and there is no longer need to assert the right to use it." The *North American* would not detract from the credit which belongs to President Wilson and his administration, but—

"His policy again and again brought the country to the verge of war; but we were not drawn into the conflict. He made aggressive demands which implied an intention to enforce them, altho he never had any such intention; yet he carried them all. He assumed and held an attitude of uncompromising insistence, without making any preparation whatsoever to meet a final rejection—and in the end his audacious gamble succeeded."

General Disregard of Party Lines of Comment.

TEMPTATION to make party capital out of the situation for the presidential campaign of next year seems on the whole to have been fairly well avoided by the press. Papers of every kind of political affiliation congratulate the President and the country. Hearst's N. Y. *American* perceives "a triumph of American and German diplomacy," but it back-stabs the administration by asserting that "the attitude of Germany leaves no doubt that had the case of the *Lusitania* been presented to Berlin without heat, and free from the utterly indefensible endeavor wholly to prohibit the use by Germany of the submarine in war, even in lawful manner, it would have been settled at once." The Houston *Post* agrees

That American friendship which Turkey has been warned she is likely to lose is, of course, purely diplomatic.—Philadelphia *Ledger*.

with Count von Bernstorff that credit must also be given to Germany "for nobly accepting the word of the British officers," and it gives further credit to the Ambassador himself for the vindication of German good faith. The Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.) finds that the President has got all he asked for from the German government bit by bit; and it adds: "The American public has kept its head, has supported the President. The war touters, the peace-at-any-price fawners and the angry hyphenates have had their day in court. The public has had enough of all of them." The N. Y. *Tribune* adopts a line of comment that is exceptional in its critical severity. It says:

"The best that can be said for the present solution of the German-American difficulties (if, as seems, there is a solution) is that we have 'muddled through.' We have escaped the danger of being dragged into an ignominious war, because Germany, having consulted her own interests, has decided that there is more profit in peace than in another war. But would not the same result have been reached without the perils of the summer if our government had taken in the spring the position that public sentiment at last forced it to assume in September?

"There has been no such humiliating chapter in American history as that filled by the German episode. American prestige has been lowered at home and abroad immeasurably. Henceforth American notes will command neither respect nor attention, because always there will exist the suspicion that they are but words. In Europe, as in Mexico, there has been established the belief that American citizens may be murdered with impunity and that the government which should protect them is, in fact, 'too proud to fight.'"

But on the other hand, the fact that the President's diplomacy has "kept his country out of war" appears as the final and popular version of the event that Democratic papers are accepting and emphasizing. Even the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, which has been emitting fire and smoke over our foreign policy, now admits heartily that the administration's firmness has won.

Hereafter whenever a dog is caught killing sheep the case must be referred to The Hague. The dog may have thought that the sheep was about to bite him.—Charleston *News and Courier*.

EFFECTS OF THE HALF-BILLION-DOLLAR LOAN ON AMERICA'S FUTURE

IT IS not often that the average American is able to feel himself so much a part of large financial transactions as he felt himself to be last month when the big loan was under consideration. Ordinarily transactions of high finance are arranged in private and emerge into the public light only when all the details have been consummated. This time it was different. For a big financial transaction, there was an unprecedented beating of tom-toms and waving of banners. It was not allowed to be a private business matter between borrower and lender. Every step of the proceedings was heralded far and wide and every citizen felt at liberty to express his opinion. Neither this government nor the government of Great Britain or France is technically a party to the loan. It is a loan, or rather a trade credit, made by Anglo-French bankers with American bankers.

Yet indirectly all three governments are involved. The bonds issued as security are bonds of the British and French nations and both parliaments had to ratify the loan before it became effective. On this side, the Federal Reserve Bank, which is in the control of federal officials, will have to carry, it is safe to assume, a considerable part of the credit involved, taking the bonds as security. Since the establishment of the Federal Reserve system, in fact, all large financial transactions in this country become the business of each citizen to a degree never seen before, because every national bank has become a part of that system. The big loan, or trade credit, whichever it be called, has therefore a political as well as a financial side. Mr. Bryan as well as Mr. Morgan, Senator Stone as well as Mr. James J. Hill, has had something to say about it. And the press

of the country has discussed the pros and cons with almost as much zeal as they might bestow upon a new tariff revision.

Vehement Protests Against the Loan to the Allies.

ONE form of opposition is indicated in an extract from a circular letter sent out from Detroit by the National Peace Federation—one of the new organizations that has sprung up almost over night since the



—Kirby in N. Y. World

war began. "Let every governmental and non-governmental body in the country," so the letter concluded, "and every citizen unite in protest. Let us flood the Administration, the traitor bankers of Wall Street, the sold metropolitan press, and the jingo politicians, with protests. Let no red hands be laid upon American credit. May no fell plots be made against American lives and property. Let the Wall Street bankers know the bar of justice lies ahead for them, even as does peace with honorable terms of compromise for the warring nations of the old world." Mr. Henry Ford, the maker of motor cars, whose pacifist views have become very aggressive since the war began, is reported to have expressed the opinion, while the loan negotiations were proceeding, that the British commissioners should be "tincanned out of the country," and his vice-president and general manager, James Couzens, has resigned from the Ford company to emphasize his disapproval of these views. Mr. Bryan is another pacifist who objects to the loan as politically dangerous, tending to give to the purchasers of the bonds "a pecuniary interest in the results of the war which tends to make more difficult the attitude of neutrality which the President has asked the country to observe." Senator Stone, of Missouri, Senator Lewis, of Illinois, and William R. Hearst, of New York, have lifted up their voices in the same key. Said the latter: "It is not for the interest of this country to become too closely identified with either side of this European conflict. It is not for the interest of this country to begin

lending money to what may be the losing side, and then have to lend more money in the hope of making our first loans good, and finally become overwhelmingly involved in what may become a great financial catastrophe. For, remember, we have not only war in Europe to face, but eventually possible revolution and repudiation."

The Voice of the German-Americans is Raised in Protest.

A SIDE from these objections raised in the name of peace and neutrality, the partisans of the Teutonic allies have been strenuous in their attacks. Dr. C. J. Hexamer, president of the National German-American Alliance, issued an appeal charging the "Anglo-American combination of moneyed interests," together with a large part of the press, with being "bent upon driving our peaceful nation into the war as an ally of England," and for that purpose "formulating the nefarious plot of robbing the American people of their savings." The Milwaukee *Free Press* followed the same cue and even went so far as to advise the American people to withdraw their money from the banks and hoard it to the extent of creating a money panic, if necessary, to prevent the success of the loan. Professor John W. Burgess, formerly the Dean of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University, raises an alarm over the possibility of social revolution and repudiation in Great Britain and France as a result of the war. The half billion dollars of the present loan, he thinks, is but a beginning. The allies will want ten billions "within a year," as he sees it, and he apprehends economic revolution in this country as a possible consequence. He says further:

"Stripped now of all jugglery, hocus-pocus and hypocrisy, the transaction proposed by the Anglo-Franco borrowing commission to the Government, the capitalists and the people of this country is a loan, a loan without collateral, a war risk, the ultimate payment of which by the borrower will probably depend upon the ability of the Anglo-Franco-Russo combine to crush Germany and Austria-Hungary, kill the resisting part of their population, and reduce the rest to poverty and want for all time by the collection of a huge and continuous war indemnity from them; and every man who takes a dollar of this proposed loan makes himself selfishly interested in the success of such a program."

William Bayard Hale, who a couple of years ago was President Wilson's unofficial investigator in Mexico, also attacks the integrity of the bonds. Russia, he asserts, owes France four billion dollars, and owes England half that amount. On these loans she has within the year defaulted interest. In France, Dr. Hale points out, a moratorium still exists after a year of war. Her national debt before the war amounted to \$160.24 per capita and she has since piled up an additional debt of \$9,366,500,000. As for Great Britain, we are told, her consols are not allowed to drop below 65, and at that figure nobody is buying them. "If this has happened to consols," he asks, "what will happen to the five-year notes of the allies with the American people's savings in them?"

War Rates Come High, But Europe Must Have the Money.

THERE is little or no evidence, however, that these views have interfered appreciably with the success of the loan. The entire amount was underwritten within a few days after the terms had been agreed upon. These terms are regarded as surprisingly favorable to the cred-

itors. The interest is five per cent, and the bonds were sold to the underwriters at 96, to be sold to the public at 98. This means that the borrowers receive a credit in American banks for \$480,000,000, and will pay for this credit \$25,000,000 a year for five years, and at the end of that time will be ready to buy back the bonds for \$500,000,000. The total sum paid for the use of this credit is, therefore, \$145,000,000, equivalent to a trifle over six per cent. per annum. In addition, no money, according to the conditions reported, will leave this country. It all remains in American banks, to be drawn against in payment for purchases of American goods, the banks in the meantime paying two per cent. interest on the balances. These terms, according to the London *Daily News*, are "decidedly disconcerting." The German papers have pointed to them as indicative of American distrust for the two borrowing nations. It happens, however, that at almost the same time a part of the third German war loan was being offered in this country, by Zimmerman & Forshay, a Wall Street house. The bonds for this loan also bear five per cent. They also are unsecured, except by the credit of the government issuing them. They were offered at \$210 for each 1,000 marks. The value of 1,000 marks before the war was \$240. The Anglo-French bonds would have to sell as low as \$87.50 to be as low as the German bonds. But the low price of the latter is due chiefly to the greater falling off in the rate of German exchange, and it is difficult for that reason to make a fair comparison. As, however, not only these bonds but \$10,000,000 of a former issue of German war bonds have been marketed in this country without any outcry being raised, the N. Y. *Evening Post* and many other American papers can not see what warrant the friends of Germany have for raising their voices against the Anglo-French loan on the ground that neutrality is violated. The movement which was started last month to induce German-Americans to withdraw their deposits from banks participating in the loan and to organize new German-American banks simply shows, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* thinks, "the extremes to which fanaticism will lead men." This sentiment, says the N. Y. *World* in warning to German-Americans, will, if once aroused, "show itself in other walks of life."

The Greatest Financial Opportunity of All History.

THE effects of the loan will be of great importance to the development of American finance and industry unless many of our financial experts are at sea. A

The drive of the Allied financiers appears to have made quite a dent, too.—*Baltimore American*.

One of the first things for that naval board to invent will be something to wake up Congress.—*Los Angeles Times*.

speaker before the Northern Bankers' Association last month—C. W. Barron—declared that "no nation in history was ever before offered such a gift of the gods—the trade and finance of the world." He added:

"If any nation was prepared by a divine providence for this war, it was the United States, by the enactment of its Federal Reserve act, which places here practically unlimited credit for trade and trade expansion in the United States. . . .

"Was there ever before conceived of such an offer as that made to-day to America? Abundant profits from agriculture, fabulous profits from factories and full rate of interest for credits—all extended to America not by one nation but from every sea coast nation of the world."

The Springfield *Republican* notes with gratification that the negotiations for this large loan did not raise the rates on money, the money market, in fact, showing not the least agitation, demand loans continuing as low as 1 1/4 per cent. to 2 per cent. It goes on to remark:

"So far as this country is concerned, the whole transaction will consist of some portion of the American people, whether bankers, financial institutions, capitalists or small investors, taking their ready money to pay another portion of the American people for the articles which foreigners have bought. The money involved in the loan will simply change hands in this country; and those Americans who now advance the funds will wait for their reimbursement, say five years, with 5 per cent. interest, from the foreigners now seeking this long-time credit."

Referring to the ability of Great Britain to meet all her financial obligations at the end of the war, Sir George Paish, writing in the London *Statist*, tells us that in 1816, at the close of the Napoleonic wars, the British people, with an income that did not exceed \$1,500,000,000, found themselves with a national debt of \$4,475,000,000. To-day their income is \$12,000,000,000. If these figures are correct, the British national debt can go to nearly 36 billions (\$35,800,000,000) before it is as high proportionally as it was in 1816. Says the Cleveland *Leader*:

"Long years after the end of the war these bonds will be a source of revenue to Americans, a drain upon the resources of Europe. In the end they will have to be paid and more wealth will pour into the hands of American investors. It is not strange that one high authority in England says that after the war is over America will have the cream, while Europe will be obliged to get along on milk."

Before long it will be hard for the Balkan States to determine which is their front.—*Baltimore American*.

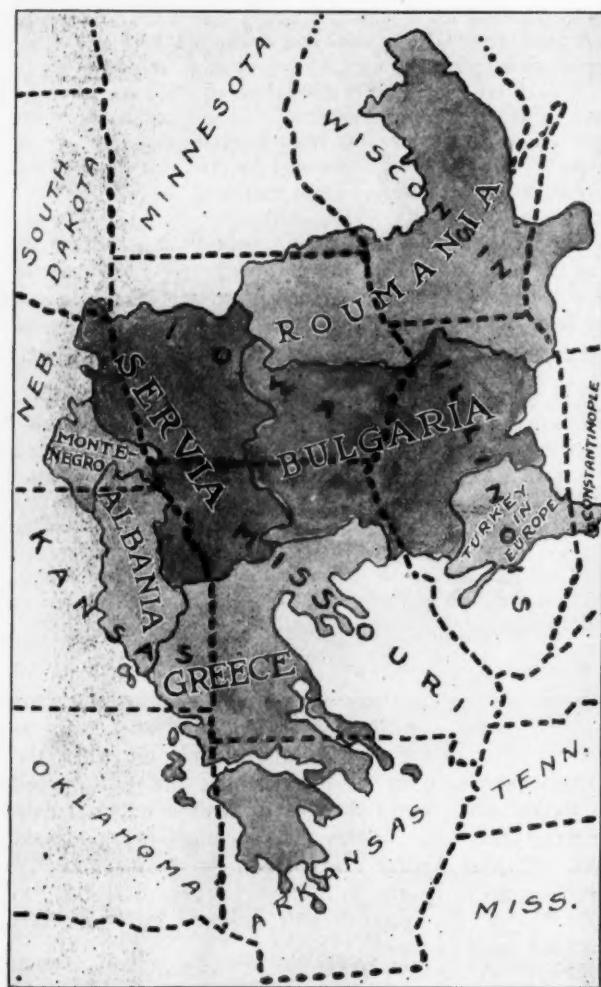
Henry Ford does it more cheaply and more effectively than Sir Thomas Lipton used to do it.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

THE BALKAN KINGS IN A NEW STRUGGLE FOR CONSTANTINOPLE

IF FERDINAND of Bulgaria dreaded less the loss of that imperial crown which he hopes to wear some day in Constantinople, the great European conflagration would not at present be spreading to all the Balkan capitals. Whether this is a correct interpretation of his policy or not, it seems so to some organs of the allies and is accepted, apparently, by a few neutral newspapers like the *Ugens Tidsskrift* of Constantinople. There is a story in

the French press to the effect that Ferdinand has kept track of the adventures of Sultan Mahmoud ever since he fled from his palace of Dolma-Bagche, on the shores of the Bosphorus, to take refuge no one knows just where. The Turkish Sultan is afraid of assassination, according to the Paris *Figaro*, and he has put himself in a place of safety. Ferdinand knows all about it, for he and Mahmoud, we are invited to believe, have a cor-

dial understanding of their own. When the attack on the Dardanelles began months ago, the Sultan was implored to escape into Broussa. He might have done so but for a friendly hint from Sofia that he would then be a prisoner of the Young Turks, far from observation in Asia. The Sultan placed himself where



RELATIVE DISTANCES IN THE BALKANS AND THE UNITED STATES

In the above map the Balkan countries and the American states are drawn to the same scale. The areas of the Balkan states, as readjusted after the second Balkan war, are as follows, the figures in parentheses showing the areas before the readjustment: Greece, 46,522 sq. m. (25,014); Bulgaria, 43,000 sq. m. (33,647); Rumania, 54,000 sq. m. (50,720); Servia, 34,000 sq. m. (18,650); Albania, 11,000 sq. m.; Montenegro, 5,650 sq. m. (3,630); Turkey in Europe, 11,000 sq. m. (104,984). The total area of all (205,172 sq. m.) is but little greater than that of Iowa (56,147), Missouri (69,420) and Illinois (56,665) combined. The distances in a direct line between cities are approximately as follows: Belgrade to Constantinople, 500 miles; Belgrade to Salonica, 310 miles; Omaha to Chicago, 450 miles; St. Louis to Chicago, 275 miles.

the allies could protect him when they got to Constantinople. But they forgot Ferdinand. The influence of that ambitious sovereign raised a fresh spirit of revolt in the mind of the fatalist Sultan. That in turn made the King of Greece uneasy, for he has some theory of his dynastic rights to Constantinople. The allies could not satisfy him regarding the destiny of that imperial city. The negotiations have been cloaked by claims to rectified frontiers; but the allies could not convince either Constantine or Ferdinand that frontiers would stay rectified. The result, as a few organs of the allies admit, has been a return of prestige to German diplomacy.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria Sees a Great Opportunity.

BULGARIA'S great hour struck last month, in the opinion of Ferdinand. That is why he hesitated no longer to seize an opportunity which, he feels convinced, can never recur. Such is the explanation afforded by the *Fremdenblatt* (Hamburg), which understands the character of the Coburg prince thoroly. Ferdinand's trouble has been to win over his people. As a whole, to follow now the exceptionally well-informed London *World*, the Bulgars are opposed to fighting on the side of the Turk or to take up arms against holy Russia. Yet they burn for revenge. The second Balkan war, arising out of the division of the spoils of the first, robbed the Bulgars of what they deem rightful territorial acquisitions, due Bulgaria "by the racial characteristics of the Macedonian people and the history of her own people." Agents from Berlin have worked upon this feeling for months. The British organ hints that Bulgars of eminence have been bribed—not all, but an influential few. "The King is patriotic enough but his antecedents may quite possibly exercise some sort of influence upon his policy." Ferdinand waited while his ministers bargained first with one side, then with the other. The organs of the quadruple entente think its members have made liberal offers to the Bulgars. They admitted that the treaty of Bucharest dealt hardly with the little kingdom. They could not, as the Paris *Débats* has been pointing out, arrive at an understanding with the government of King Constantine at Athens nor with that of King Peter of Servia. Peter will do anything for anybody who pays his debts. His people wanted Bulgaria kept neutral. All sorts of negotiations have been going on behind closed doors to no purpose—"another fiasco," laments the London *Chronicle*, "of secret diplomacy." The organs of liberal opinion make of the crisis, indeed, a fresh occasion for those denunciations of mystery, reticence and censoring with which they tend to fill so many columns.

The Mobilization that Agitated the Balkans.

WHEN Ferdinand mobilized, he proclaimed the most pacific intentions, but the best informed opinions in London were to the effect that there was one enemy alone for him to attack—Servia. Even if Ferdinand were eager to help Germany, there were excellent reasons why he should not attack Greece. Berlin dailies assumed from the first day on which the Bulgars flew to arms that the offensive was against Servia—a sinister development to the English dailies when they came to comment upon Ferdinand's protestations that his country meant to maintain an armed neutrality. The tone of German press comment upon the course of Venizelos in Greece is also ominous to some organs of the allies. There are suspicions that the astute Venizelos has staged a comedy for the edification of Paris, Petrograd and London. He is supposed to have changed his views or, rather, the altered circumstances rendered impossible a recommendation last month of the policy he favored in the spring. He resigned. The King would not listen to the Athenians who clamored for war. His Majesty will look on for a while. He, too, knows where the Sultan of Turkey has taken refuge. If Ferdinand gets much closer to Constantinople, he may find Constantine there before him. That is the opinion of

the *Petit Journal* (Paris), which, however, realizes that the fate of Constantinople must be decided by Russia. In this fact, suspect many German papers, is the clue to the month's events. Ferdinand learned of a pact among the allies which excludes him from a voice in the determination of the fate of the last great stronghold in Europe still left to the Turk. He therefore went over to the Germans, who will settle his difficulties with the other Balkan sovereigns upon a basis which gives him hope for the future.

Expectations of the Germans
in the Balkans.

BERLIN heard of the mobilization of the Bulgars with enthusiasm, Premier Radoslavoff becoming a hero at once to the *Tageblatt*, "an honest man," in fact, "with clear insight, who loves his people and cares for nothing but the welfare of his country." The opening of action on the Servian front by German artillery was hailed by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* as the first move in a great offensive. "The central powers would not allow their way to the southeast to be barred and bolted. The way to our faithful ally Turkey must not be closed, either during the war or afterwards. Whoever ventures to stand in the way must take the consequences." Thus the *Frankfurter*, whose military expert, none the less, agrees that the problem is serious. "We may take it for granted that we shall have to face an army which is well led and whose units will fight extremely well. At a rough estimate, half a million men will be necessary to defeat Servia swiftly and decisively." The Servian equipment, he says, is admirable. The strength of the Servian positions behind the two great rivers, the Save and the Danube, must be faced also. The main difficulty of the Servian commanders was that they did not know certainly at what point on the front-

tier the offensive would occur. They seem to have divided their forces lest they run the risk of meeting the attack too late even to halt it.



THE HUCKSTER

KING FERDINAND: "Nice, fresh soldiers! Fresh soldiers!"
—Weed in *Philadelphia Public Ledger*

Trying to Read the Riddle
of Rumania.

WHEN the German general staff learned that Rumania allowed Bulgarian reservists to pass through on their way to the colors, there was much inspired satisfaction in the official Berlin dailies. The display of German gold, which seems always to occur when anything of importance develops in the theater of Europe's war, was noticed in Rumania, too. The gold was on its way to Turkey, and Rumania did not stop it—another delightful manifestation of neutral feeling to the *Lokalanzeiger*. Hungary is not so confident on the subject of Rumania. Rumania has not yet made up her mind, says the Budapest *Az Est*. "She fears a revival of Russian power." The new offensive against Servia caused anxiety at Bucharest, the Hungarian paper telling us that "agitators are exploiting the movement with the idea of creating feeling against the central powers." Premier Radoslavoff of Bulgaria tells everyone that Greece and Rumania will act as a unit in the crisis, a doubtful suggestion to the Vienna *Zeit*, and the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* says on the subject of the obscurities in which the future is involved:

"Against the express wish of Venizelos not to miss the opportunities of gaining guarantees from the quadruple entente, must be set the increasingly obvious necessity of keeping out of the war at all costs. Further, the heads of the general staff, as well as the King, hold the view that the clause in the treaty with Servia applies only to local conflict



CHASING THE RAINBOW
—Halladay in Providence, R. I., *Evening Bulletin*

in the Balkans and has lost its validity through the participation of Servia in the world-war. In Balkan diplomatic circles here in Berlin there appears to be some expectation that both Greece and Rumania will continue to remain neutral. The deferring of the decision which has at last been taken by Bulgaria may perhaps not inaccurately be traced back to conversations with the other two states on this point."

Divisions of Opinion Among Bulgarian Factions.

UNTIL the last the Socialists of Bulgaria, with whom Ferdinand has maintained surprisingly friendly relations, persisted in their determination to keep the peace. They did not believe, says the *Novsek*, a prominent Bulgarian organ, inspired by a noted statesman in Sofia, that the Bulgars should resume possession of the territories they lost so recently. Yet the children in their cradles can understand, complains the organ of Minister Petkoff, that, without action by the Bulgarian army, Bulgaria can not grow. That is, there can be no solution of the national problem. "The Socialists remain, therefore, idealists and doctrinaires." The popular elements, represented by the progressives especially, wanted immediate action against Turkey in favor of the quadruple entente. The radicals and the democrats favored Bulgarian intervention in favor of the allies, provided satisfactory terms could be obtained. The agrarians were with the Socialists in wanting no action at all. Thus there was no harmony in the opposition beyond its demand that the chamber be summoned for the organization of a ministry upon the most comprehensive base. That is why Ferdinand ignored the opposition leaders to whom he gave a memorable audience

a few weeks ago. They were not agreed upon a common policy and Ferdinand had read all they had to say to him a dozen times in the organs of their respective factions. But the *Outro* and other Bulgarian papers declare that the leaders of the several parties who got so little satisfaction from Ferdinand are now in consultation for the construction of a platform upon which all can stand. The King of Bulgaria, adds the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin), will now realize the dream of his people by effecting the conquest of Macedonia and fulfilling the mission imposed upon him by a new Europe—"that of making Bulgaria the point of contact and of union between east and west, the great point at which Turkey will be bound to the central powers." The statesmen presiding over the destinies of Bulgaria, says the *Lokalanzeiger* in another elucidation of the crisis, understood that a victory of the allies would leave Russia supreme on the Bosphorus. Hence he went over to Turkey. Here is a French view, that of the *Echo de Paris*:

"The intervention of Bulgaria has two immense advantages from the standpoint of the Germans. There is the remoter advantage, to be secured only if and when Servia is crushed, and which consists in making of Constantinople a basis for new German expeditions. There is the immediate advantage, which accrues from the moment the Bulgarian artillery opens fire from the Strumitz hills upon the valley of the Vardar and which consists in cutting the railroad between Salonika and Nish. This railroad once cut, and the ice returned in all its thickness to the port of Archangel, there will remain no direct communication whatever between Russia and her allies in the west. There could be no reliance, as we all know, upon the route through Sweden."

But just wait until Greece gets her war sash on straight!—Washington Post.

It is almost as hard to keep the Panama canal open as it is to open the Dardanelles.—Toledo Blade.

WHY THE ALLIES ARE SO CONFIDENT OF WINNING THE WAR

AT A recent gathering of the Viviani ministry over which President Poincaré presided, there was animated discussion, according to a correspondent of the *Rome Tribuna*, on the subject of Berlin reports that France and Great Britain are quarreling "behind the scenes." M. Briand wanted to issue a categorical denial of these reports. There is no basis in fact, we read, for stories that the Paris ministry deems the English "slack." There is, indeed, complete accord between London and Paris. Premier Viviani, however, deemed it inexpedient to pursue the policy of denying one after another the rumors, bits of gossip and fragments of truth mixed with error which, as he thinks, do duty in the Berlin press for news. The Germans, he thought, were entitled to all the confidence they can inspire in their allies by means of stories that France and England do not get along well together. There are, consequently, to be no more denials of anything, no fresh exposures of mendacity. President Poincaré is understood to be in harmony with this view. He is represented as feeling that many German reports are fabricated for the sole purpose of "drawing" the allies. French newspapers are entertaining the same suspicion. Inspired German dailies continue to print circumstantial accounts of

quarrels in the allied camp, and these tales deceive people in the fatherland, admits the *Paris Gaulois*. Honest Germans can be found who believe the French to be anxious for peace even if the foe still tread the soil of the republic. Never, it says, were the allies so confident of winning the war, altho it would be impossible just now to persuade the masses of the German people of that. In one respect only are the Germans disillusioned. They grumble because they were promised a short war.

How the Allies Explain German Confidence.

THE confidence of Emperor William in the triumph of German arms is readily accounted for by the military expert of the *Paris Temps*. To the Emperor's artistic temperament the war is a kind of dramatic spectacle. His people have caught their mood from him. There are two realities of the conflict which, as his speeches last month show, he does not appreciate because he tries to explain them away. The first of these has to do with his Majesty's idea of what victory means. He pointed out to a regiment of hussars, for example, that they had taken city after city in Russia. His

Majesty forgot to mention that the army of the Czar had escaped, that it was still a fighting force. Emperor William has by implication changed the definition of the art or science of war, which consists in seeking the army of the enemy and destroying it. There has been no effective German pursuit of the Russians because, as the war has proved, the German army is not organized for effective pursuit. It is an army of artillerists. That is why the inconveniences of the war have fallen so cruelly on the civil population and relatively lightly on the forces in the field. The delusions of his Majesty, to give them no worse name, arise from the definition of victory which the German general staff has framed for the exigencies of the strategical situation. Here, then, is one basis for the serene confidence of the allies in the outcome of the war. This terrible Berlin war machine, catching France and Great Britain unprepared for it, fails to inflict a decisive defeat upon the army of either, and the Russians, too, can evade it. At that rate the war could go on indefinitely, Emperor William racing hither and thither spectacularly. Such is the gist of much comment on the general situation in the *Débats*, the *Gaulois*, the *Temps* and their contemporaries.

Another German Mistake as the Allies See It.

BERLIN having framed a definition of victory to meet the conditions of the war on land, as the military experts of the allies tell us, it follows that Emperor William eliminates the naval factor from the war altogether. This point is somewhat elaborated by the naval experts of such dailies as the *London Post* and the *London Times*. Both are somewhat puzzled by the eclipse of von Tirpitz. His submarine campaign has collapsed from the strategical point of view; but it by no means follows, they think, that the submarine is discredited. Emperor William's mistake resides, apparently, in his theory that the submarines of von Tirpitz could be used as capital ships, so to speak, when they are at most auxiliaries. Von Tirpitz is held responsible for the policy of locking up the big battleships in the Kiel Canal. They ought to have made a dash for

the open from the very first, trusting to the submarines to dispose of Jellicoe's squadron if he offered battle. The significance of recent events in Berlin is interpreted in the allied press generally from this point of view. The battleship school has gained the upper hand in the ministry of marine at Berlin, says an expert in the *Matin*. This points to new tactics—a possible sortie by the Kaiser's dreadnaughts. Even so, say London naval experts, it is too late now to attempt to correct the original German blunder of staking all on the submarines. They know that in Berlin. Hence their affectation of regarding this struggle as a land war only.

Why the Allies Seem to Have the Worst of It.

ANALYSIS of the speeches in the last session of the Reichstag, study of the claims put forth in the inspired Berlin press and the month's events at the capitals of the Balkan powers convince the press of the allies—including the *Novoye Vremya* of Petrograd as well as the *London Times*—that Germany relies in the last resort upon her own impregnability as a vast besieged fortress. This is what she means by winning the war, adds the expert of the *Figaro*. The slow and silent influence of the sea power of the allies is ignored. The existence of the undefeated armies of the allies is belittled on the basis of statements that Joffre has lost heavily, that the Russians are everywhere in retreat and that the English will not enlist. The German masses are misled by such specious pleas, the French daily thinks, because the war has yet to be brought home to them literally. They are bewildered by tremendous victories in official bulletins which bring them no relief from the coffee famine and the diet of potato-bread; but they are comforted by the assurances that France is sick of the war and that a separate peace will be made with Russia. All that is spectacular and magnificent in the external aspect of war wears a German face, a fact which has much to do, the Paris paper believes, with the occurrences of the past six weeks in the Balkans. An army moving upon a civilian population powerless within a big city can decide the attitude of the moment. Nor must it be forgotten, says the *Petit Parisien*, that the triumphs of German diplomacy have all been achieved in the Balkans. There the genius of the imperial diplomatic corps is concentrated and on Balkan thrones are the cadets of the Hohenzollern dynasty. The Balkan statesmen who say Germany will win the war use the term in the German sense. "The large world issue is remote. The parochial difficulty necessitates immediate action."

Is Emperor William Party to a German "Bluff"?

UNTIL one looks below the superficialities of the war as a spectacle, there is much to justify the conclusion that Germany is a united nation, confident of victory, admits the Paris *Liberté*. It is not surprised by what it calls the gullibility of certain Balkan neutrals, which has been imposed upon through the greater astuteness of German diplomacy, to which the Turkish problem is an open book. For the last ten years, it reminds us, Berlin has specialized on the whole Turkish problem, whereas Great Britain and France have been represented in Constantinople and at Balkan capitals by estimable gentlemen who gave dinners. Despite the brilliant diplomatic successes of the month, however, there is uneasi-



"GEE, BUT THIS IS A TOUGH OLD BIRD"
—Hanny in St. Joseph News-Press

ness at the Wilhelmstrasse. The war is too long. That is the German complaint, uttered again and again by indiscreet Socialists in Dutch and Norwegian dailies. The Emperor is losing his temper, snubbing von Hindenburg at a time when nails are driven into his vast statue, and complaining to Falkenhayn and Mackensen about the slaughter entailed in the "drives." The troops have been dosed with rum, dazed with ether and even urged with whips. At least that is what the dailies of the allies report more and more frequently. Here is a characteristic expression on this state of mind among the men who for the moment make the history of Germany, copied from an important organ of the allies, the *Novoye Vremya* (Petrograd) :

"In the higher political circles at Berlin it is rumored that the reserves of ammunition are daily depleted at a rate that inspires panic. Consumption is overtaking production so rapidly that in a few months there may be a munitions famine. The military authorities have taken all the brazen bells they dare. Not a church steeple is spared. The general conviction among the German military magnates is that they can hold out at the longest for some fifteen months more or less. That explains the growth of real pessimism in the most exalted circles and the effort to bolster up confidence in the masses. Inspired reports of a speedy peace were never more numerous in Germany. But the masses of the Germans can see for themselves that the war on its Russian side is no nearer an end than when it began. The Germans have enrolled the flower of their population for this war against us, but they see that we on our side are methodically progressing with our own mobilization and that we are preparing for war all over again as if we meant it—and they know that we do. The agitation of the Germans in high places is due to their perception that in another year, even if their victories are on the same scale as before, the situation of their own country will be as bad as if they had been fighting for a generation. The Germans are wondering if the game is worth it all."

Pessimism in Inner Political Circles at Berlin.

TWO important German theories have gone by the board, whatever be the official elation in Berlin at Balkan developments, notes the Paris *Débats*. One of

With Zeppelins dropping bombs over England men may be induced to enlist and go to the front just as a matter of safety.—*Boston Traveler*.

these concerns the invasion of England. There is much talk about it at naval headquarters in Kiel. It is never lost sight of as a possibility, but it recedes more and more into the background because, despite the promise of von Tirpitz to control the channel with his submarines for nine hours, he has never controlled those waters for nine minutes. Nothing could prove more completely to our contemporary the futility of the submarine menace now and in the future of this war. The other was the idea of swift, overwhelming triumph upon which the German mind was set at first. Berlin can see now that whatever she is to gain she must work for. The last German illusion to go, we read in the organ of the allies, is the idea of a separate peace with France or Russia. England will be too powerful with her allies to make that expedient practical. That this is no misconception of a state of mind is shown by comment in the whole allied press. The Teutonic allies are appreciating more and more the significance of the British element in the combination against them, as a characteristic bit of comment in *Az Est* (Budapest) indicates:

"We see that the Englishman—unlike the good business man he is so persistently deemed—upon noting that his eastern ally is being slowly but surely driven back, will, instead of withdrawing from the struggle and making the best of it, do his utmost to settle down for a three-year war or a four-year war, working with bulldog tenacity to crush his enemy in the end. When that end may come is no concern of his. He began the business. He will see it through. In this strange phase of the English character there is enormous strength. We may be sure that if all the belligerents are beaten into insensibility, he will still hammer away with bleeding fists, tired and exhausted. England in her persistence will never stop, even if she knows that the longer the war lasts the more she will bleed, even if she knows that all possible gains at the finish will not make good half of what she has lost. . . .

"Those Germans who look forward to an early peace in this world with longing hearts must turn their eyes on England hopelessly, for as long as the sun of peace is not rising in the isles to the west of us, there is no hope for peace. And England, secure in her citadel, behind the bulwark of her fleet, can go on and on and on."

Perhaps it would be in keeping with the hysteria of the times to blame New York's subway disasters on German spies.—*Baltimore American*.

GRAVITY OF THE CABINET CRISIS IN ENGLAND

THOSE "intriguers" in the Asquith ministry who seek to force a general election throughout Great Britain on the issue of conscription have, says the London *News*, the liberal organ, by no means abandoned their scheme. They have merely become cautious. The intriguers are alleged to include Lord Curzon and even Lord Milner. They and the men in their clique meant to resign suddenly, saying by way of explanation that the war cannot be carried to success if the British fail to adopt the policy of compulsory enlistment. These men and the organs which, like the London *Post*, urge the conscription idea, pay much attention to Lincoln's

draft during our own Civil War. With the aid of such powerful organs as the London *Times* and the London *Mail*, the "intriguers" who wish to break up the Asquith ministry mean, the London *News* insists, to force the issue soon. "They are but dashed a little for the moment and disconcerted by the glare of publicity which they had hoped to avoid." On the eve of the reassembly of Parliament not so many days ago, the conscriptionist cabal, as the London *Chronicle* calls them, held a secret session at which the fortunes of the whole political enterprise—for it is political rather than military, as the radicals think—was gone into. "We have got Kitchener

and with him we shall win a general election." Thus spoke one enthusiastic foe of Mr. Asquith. Desperate efforts will be made to precipitate the grand crisis before January or February.

**Efforts to Conceal the
Conscriptionist "Plot."**

MR. ASQUITH would certainly have "gone down" in a snap division in the Commons if it had not been for the premature publication of the plot of his political foes, avers the *London News*. The new plot contemplates the publication of important military secrets, together with details of the dissatisfaction of the French at the tardiness of the Britons. This dissatisfaction has been concealed out of politeness hitherto, hints the Lon-

be a revolution in England. Startling as the statement seems, it is made with the authority of the *London News*, which tells us that a serious warning to that effect has been conveyed to Mr. Asquith himself. One of the promising factors in the situation, from the point of view of our Liberal contemporary, is the strong opposition to the "revolutionists" manifested by Sir Edward Grey. Mr. Arthur James Balfour, the former Prime Minister, altho himself a conservative and the scion of a noble house, has told Lord Curzon to put his bold scheme out of his mind. This reluctance on the part of Mr. Balfour to lend himself to the cause of the plotters is another obstacle. Lord Curzon has lived so long among Orientals as Viceroy of India and as administrator of Asiatics that he can not see how his plans strike a western European mind, avers the organ of Liberalism. He is encouraged by the vacillation of Lloyd George, whose oracular declarations in the crisis perturb his former friends among the extreme Radicals. They are afraid he may be found among the plotters. He writes ambiguous letters to inquiring constituents which indicate that the idea of conscription is at the back of his mind. He has got into the habit of keeping away from the House of Commons so that he can not be asked embarrassing questions. His explanation is that as Minister of Munitions he is too busy to spend his time in listening to other men's speeches. However, the *London News* hopes that in the supreme hour he will remember his political past and be consistent with it.

**Who's Who Among the English
Conscriptionists?**

LUCKILY for the liberties of the English people, as the London trades-union organs tell us, Mr. Winston Churchill, tho still in the Asquith ministry, is politically discredited. The fact that he is so conspicuous among the conscriptionists does not matter much. Sir Edward Carson, the famous Orangeman, has infuriated the Home Rulers by coming out for conscription in a vague utterance. Mr. Bonar Law is halting between two opinions apparently. Nor must mention be omitted of the appeal for conscription signed by a number of Liberal members of the House of Commons. They are acting with the clique headed by Winston Churchill, who sees a great chance in the fact that the amending bill to extend the life of the present Parliament beyond its present period has not received the royal sanction. Indeed, it has not been passed in a form making it irrevocable. To quote the *London News* on this point:

"In the dangerous temper prevailing among the Conscriptionist leaders, it is now actually mooted that if the majority of the Cabinet prevail in passing through the Commons a bill postponing the general election for a year, the Tory majority in the House of Lords should reject the bill, in order that a general election should then automatically take place in January under the law of the realm—that is, the Parliament Act.

"That election, if the immediate intrigue fails to force a crisis, would be fought on compulsory service. But it is unthinkable that in time of war the country would sanction such a paltry scheme as this. It has not even that rashness, akin to madness, which for some adventurous spirit may gild the existing cabinet intrigue. To hurl this country into internecine strife in the midst of a world at war, tho an act of madness, might capture the imagination of desperate spirits. But to limp haltingly down a precipice, with an act of Parliament as an amulet, is a counsel of derision."

**Prospect of Revolution in
England.**

SHOULD the followers of the Curzons and the Milners, even with the powerful support of a misguided Lloyd George, execute their stroke of state, there will



BEYOND ALL LAWS AND REASONING
—Ireland in *Columbus Evening Dispatch*

don *Post*, stoutest of champions of conscription. The masses of Frenchmen are beginning to find out from German newspapers that England can not subdue the disaffection among her workers. The figures for recruiting during the past two months in England have shown an alarming falling off. The statistics will be sprung upon the country some fine morning, together with news that Downing street is hopeless in the field of diplomacy, owing to the feeling on the continent of Europe that the war is unpopular among the English. German diplomats everywhere spread the idea that the British people do not want any more war. Details of this sort, fed to the public in the columns of the *London Mail*, *London Post* and *London Times*, will create the preliminary public excitement, upon the basis of which there will be an uproar in the Commons, a great speech by a great man, a division, defeat for Asquith, a dissolution and an appeal to the people at the polls. Never was a political maneuver more cut and dried, if we are to assume the accuracy of indignant Liberal and Radical organs.

King George and the Political Crisis in London.

GEORGE V., who emerges in the crisis by way of Berlin newspapers, has been so upset by the threats of revolution reaching him that he threatened to step off the British throne if intimations of the kind did not stop. He said this to Mr. Asquith when the latter, with some of the conscriptionists, came to Buckingham Palace after a stormy session of the cabal. This is a German newspaper story, and, like recent comments in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, is contained in those budgets from London which the English papers ridicule as fantastic and preposterous. However, the German dailies retort that whatever appears in the London papers about the crisis in the Asquith ministry is toned down in order not to get the English too excited. The masses in England do not get the truth at all, says the Cologne daily:

"After four hundred days of war, the military magnates in England have to work through imbecile mendacities and preposterous contradictions. This sheds upon the situation there the same strong light as does the profound cleavage which divides the people into two camps on the question of conscription. Strive and debate as they will, this cleavage cannot be removed. . . .

"There is just as little of a unanimous opinion in England as there is in Russia. No effort can produce this unanimous sentiment and no speech can bring it nearer. It is the fate of England as of Russia that the war has opened wide these gaps in the national structure. The war has welded Germany into a force united in will and action. That is the ground upon which we stand in security and upon which our diplomacy can build. . . .

"An enormous change has taken place in the temper of the English people. We do not mean that a panic has taken hold of their stolid spirit. Not even the idea that in this question of the war their existence is involved seems thus far to have been taken seriously, altho many newspapers try to hammer the fact into the public mind. One may say, however, that the English have succumbed to a sort of creeping panic. The old feeling of security has disappeared. . . .

"Everything in England is in a state of flux and nobody can tell what the morrow will bring. The masses are in a state of confusion and the leaders are just as much at a loss as the led. The land of the greatest conservatism has become now the land of the greatest upheavals. When that sort of thing takes place in a human organism it is called fever and the conclusion is that serious sickness impends. England to-day is sick with fever and none of the medicines she has taken thus far have been able to help her. Will the new remedies have any better effect?"

The Inner Asquith Ministry in Charge.

AMONG the results of the political crisis in England has been the creation of a small inner cabinet within the cabinet. This arrangement has been effected as a means of conducting the war with greater efficiency. It is somewhat significant to the radical dailies that no out-and-out conscriptionist of the Curzon type is in this new group, with the exception of Winston Churchill, whose lack of political influence at the moment makes him unimportant to the London *Chronicle* and the London *News*, from this point of view. Mr. Asquith himself was anxious to reduce the size of his cabinet when the coalition ministry was formed first, says the London *Standard*. The "big men" like Lloyd George and Kitchener, eight in all, comprise this "junta," which now manages the war—that is to say, makes the policies. The

London *Chronicle* feels that the greater efficiency thus secured will have no effect upon the men who are bent upon undermining the Asquith ministry. *The Westminster Gazette*, a famed Liberal organ, tries to argue away the unpleasant state of mind in which the followers of Mr. Asquith find themselves as a result of the crisis:

"We are frankly very sorry that anyone should think it necessary to draw aside the veil which screens the deliberations of the Cabinet and present us with pictures of different groups or factions at grips with each other on the question of national service. Seeing the composition of the coalition cabinet, men of common sense may fairly take two things for granted: first, that there are quite honest differences of opinion upon the methods of recruiting for the army, and, second, that there is enough good sense and patriotism in the cabinet as a collective body for it to come to a decision which will neither split itself nor split the nation. . . .

"In the course of private discussion with each other men may easily get into an argumentative *impasse* from which there is no visible escape except in a course of action which is manifestly mischievous; but if they are responsible men of affairs they accept this as the *reductio ad absurdum* of their debate and start again to find an acceptable conclusion. It is possible, for example, that certain men differing from each other on the question of compulsory service may have said that, in such-and-such a case, there would be no means of settling our differences except by an appeal to the country, but it is quite impossible that a cabinet of reasonable men, responsible for the conduct of the war, should present this conclusion to the public as the proper settlement of their difficulties. The thing does not bear argument; it is a nightmare, an insanity, which would make us the laughing-stock of our enemies and our Allies. One has only to think of voting papers being distributed and polling-booths set up in the trenches to see the frivolity, the lack of decorum, of all such suggestions. We speak, we hope, as good democrats, but we take it as the test of democracy that it should be able to distinguish between war and politics, and to compose its differences without political strife in a time of national emergency."

He is thrice just who hath his quarrel armed.—Boston *Transcript*.

President Yuan says he opposes monarchy in China. All he wants is to be President for life.—Pittsburgh *Dispatch*.



WHEN STEFANSSON RETURNS

CIVILIZATION: "So you think you've discovered something, do you? Well, just take a squint at me."

—Donahey in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

THE TOKYO PLAN FOR A PROTECTORATE OVER CHINA

WITH the disappearance of Baron Kato from the foreign office in Tokyo, to make room for the diplomatist who was serving the Mikado as ambassador in Paris, there began at the Japanese capital a series of conferences which suggest to German dailies a fresh phase of the European war. Preliminary arrangements are under way for the use of Yoshihito's troops on the battlefields of Europe, suspect the newspapers of Berlin. In return for a species of aid rendered timely by the losses of the past two months, the allies will recognize a suzerainty of the Japanese in China which, while disguised in form for American benefit, will prove none the less effective in operation. The Allies feel that they have made a hard bargain, to follow the trend of gossip coming in from the far East to such Berlin organs as the *Vossische* and the *Post*. When we turn to French papers, however, we find the Paris *Gaulois* despising the rumors from the Kaiser's camp that have for their object a revival in the western mind of Wilhelm's old friend, the yellow peril. Tokyo swarms with spies, we read in this Paris daily, who trail the Russian ambassador, the British ambassador and the French ambassador, and who listen behind screens or up alleys for scraps of conversation in the chancellery, inventing what they fail to confirm. Japan is not so absorbed in preparations for the coronation of Yoshihito, on the other hand, observes the Berlin *Vossische*, as to be unmindful of the progress of German arms. Statesmen in Tokyo live in panic when they read of the defeats sustained by Russia.

Yuan Shi Kai Hesitates Between Republic and Empire.

YUAN SHI KAI, realizing that Japan means to show her hand in China more openly than ever, has meditated the revival of the dynastic system. An emperor, so the Berlin *Post* reads Yuan's thoughts, makes a more powerful appeal in the capacity of high priest than does a mere president, even when the latter, like Yuan, goes about in a military uniform with a plumed helmet, or exhibits himself in the flowing yellow robes and pink buttons of an ecclesiastical dignitary. The "President" has grown weary of Great Britain. He dreads and dislikes Japan. The mere sight of Sir John Jordan, British minister at Peking, portends to Yuan some fresh tale of how the Germans abuse the wireless telegraph code, of their plots to set merchantmen afire, of their filibustering expeditions up one river and down another. The Chinese President does not want to fight England's battles for her even if the Germans do write home from Peking, as one indignant Berlin daily puts it. Moreover, to give the impression of the *Tageszeitung*, Yuan convinced himself weeks ago that Germany can not lose the war. He has studied the ministry of Count Okuma closely and he feels sure that it is a conspiracy against the independence of China. He has watched with uneasiness the peaceful penetration of his provinces by Japanese spies disguised as traders in cigarettes and penknives. He has witnessed with composure the arrival of Germans who visit even remote hamlets, much to the disgust of the magnates of Shanghai, who represent British houses fattening on swollen

profits. Yuan declines altogether to act as the agent of British trade in the eighteen provinces or to put Germans behind bars at the instigation of Englishmen who are growing suspicious even of their allies, the Japanese. Yuan, in fact, has his own domestic preoccupation and he may find himself no President at all if he fails to keep a sharp eye on the ballot boxes. Thus the German dailies picture the situation.

Growth of the Monarchical Idea in China.

YOSHIHITO, who looks down on Yuan, has had it discovered for him, we read further in our German contemporaries, that by right divine he exercises a sway of a spiritual character not only over his own subjects but over important sections of the Chinese people. The world is to hear more about this before the coronation ceremonies terminate at Kyoto; but in the meantime it has become certain to some organs in the fatherland that Yuan must in self-defense make concessions to the agitators who want to see set back upon the throne the dynasty he so summarily pulled off. What is behind the agitation for a restoration of this monarchical form of government in China remains a riddle to the Berlin papers, but the month's despatches indicate that the topic absorbs Peking. It receives much space in the *Kölnische Zeitung* too, which is sure that Yuan cannot fail to see that Germany will triumph over her enemies. According to the Paris *Gaulois* he cherishes no such fancy. In fact, Yuan cares not a jot who wins any war in Europe. He does not even care whether his republic lives or dies, provided the people of China be content. The men who have his ear have told him there is talk among the masses regarding the relative and comparative advantages of the republican and monarchical forms of government. They have showed Yuan some clippings from provincial papers. Yuan has arranged a popular vote on the whole subject in accordance with his well-known theory that China is a debating society of the uninformed, disputing about the chimerical, with himself as judge to see that neither side resorts to blows.

Yoshihito and Yuan at Odds Over the Oriental World.

TOKYO, always vigilant when Peking is to be watched, sees in Yuan's latest plebiscite a scheme to foil Yoshihito in the capacity of spiritual lord of the Asiatic parish. Even the far Tibetans have been receiving assurances lately that Yoshihito may be spiritually supreme over the priests in the Po-ta-la, now that the son of heaven in Peking is deposed. There will no doubt be produced in due time, as German dailies hint, some wandering eremite under Russian influence to clear up the theological mysteries involved here, specially if the good relations between Tokyo and Petrograd be not interrupted by fresh German victories on the eastern front. These victories have come at an unfortunate time from the standpoint of the Allies in their dealings with the Japanese, the latter wondering, as the *Vossische* tells us, whether Count Okuma may not have been betting all along on the wrong horse while the sly Yuan picks the winner. That would mean a long fare-

well to Japanese greatness in Peking, a fact of which the Count is reminded by politicians and clansmen who are most uneasy. The gloom is even beginning to cast its shadow over the festivals in honor of the Mikado's crowning.

Japanese Anxiety Over Recent European Events.

SO VARIABLE is the mood of the Japanese press that its comments upon passing events are often deprived of weight. There seems little doubt, however, that the progress of German arms has revised Tokyo's impressions of Russia and given a new aspect to the alliance with England. Now and then one of the British papers published in Japan complains that the subjects of Yoshihito are not alive to the importance of the great world struggle, and occasionally a great English daily like the Manchester *Guardian* hints that the Jingoes in Tokyo are taking advantage of the crisis to press the Chinese too hard. Otherwise little confirmation of what the German papers publish is to be found in the press of Japan. The shock received by official Tokyo from the Russian setback is, however, severe. A trend toward pro-German sentiment among influential local journalists is noted as significant by the *Japan Times*, an influential British weekly in Tokyo, faithfully reflecting life and thought in the far East. As for the Japanese statesmen who are in touch with court and parliament, they have turned upon Kato. He has been made a kind of scapegoat. There was too much love for England in his make-up. His successor looks at diplomacy from a continental angle rather than from the point of view of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The agony of the moment concerns the fate of Japanese aspirations in China if the "entente" should lose the war. The whole conception of Japan's relations with the European powers may be revised soon, as some English dailies admit. Japan will be true to her ally, but she will view the war less as an adventitious circumstance in her own career on the Asiatic mainland than as a factor in the destiny she foresees for herself as Queen of the Pacific. Hence, in the opinion of the *Vossische*, the eclipse of Baron Kato. The successor of that Anglomaniac gets his ideas from Paris, where they think England slow, muddling, inefficient, but are too polite to say so.

New Tone of Japanese Diplomacy of Late.

NEVER before was the tone of Japanese press comment studied with such care abroad, for even in its swiftest alternations of temper and of mood it reflects the

mind of this politician or that. It was seen that the moment Kato got out the Tokyo dailies seemed to abandon themselves to criticism of England in one form or another. The *Yamato*, seeming to share a general dread that Russia and Germany will conclude a separate peace, reminds its readers that Great Britain may find herself in grievous isolation after the war. Nor does Great Britain seem capable of consecrating herself to enterprizes likely to affect the course of the war in a vital fashion, adds the lively Japanese sheet. Russia and France, it feels sure, are telling one another that England is a weak power from the purely military standpoint, and that it were well to give her up as an ally and make terms with Germany. The *Yamato Shimbun* fairly represents a popular view when it says that of all the European nations engaged in the war, England reveals her lack of preparations most glaringly. For the moment a strong anti-British wind blows over the field of Japanese journalism.



THE MOST CHARACTERIZED OF BALKAN CHARACTERS

Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with the exception of William of Germany, is the royalty with whom writers for European newspapers are most concerned from the personal point of view, his nose, his politeness and his rascality being as much bepraised sarcastically as his genius is admired sincerely.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

FERDINAND OF BULGARIA: THE SOVEREIGN WHO SEEKS A CROWN IN CONSTANTINOPLE

ONLY the German Emperor has been more sketched from the intimately personal point of view in the press abroad than Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Cartoonists have familiarized the frequenters of cafés and beer halls with the gigantic nose, the portly frame, the impressive height and the statuesque repose which render the physical presence of Ferdinand so decorative. There have been studies of him from the psychological standpoint too and estimates of his moral nature. Yet this superman of the Balkans remains, as the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* frankly says, a mystery. For the moment his enemies seem all in the allied camp and the German dailies see most to admire in him—with reservations. Perhaps the London *Mail* sums him up best in styling him "at once an artist and a grand seigneur, consummately skilled in the study of human nature, especially on its weaker side, with gifts of ingratiation that he rarely deigns to exercize, a man of many moods and many stratagems, a botanist and a bird stuffer by inclination, a disciple of Machiavelli by trade, the incarnation of some hero in the mind of a moving-picture melodramatist." His power has come to him because of his personal sway over men, adds the Paris *Temps*. It has been said of the Russian Czar that he rules territory; but it is true of the Bulgarian Czar alone that he rules men, bending them to his will subtly, by the exercize of something beyond and above charm. He casts spells.

For an instance of this inscrutable dominion, the students of Ferdinand's character refer us to his present Premier, the honest but incomprehensible Radoslavoff. He studied at Heidelberg and saturated himself with the famous German culture. He repaired as a young lawyer to Bulgaria and fell while there under the influence of Stambouloff, who saw his gifts and brought him forward as a champion of the national cause. Radoslavoff has eloquence, patriotism, high ideals, industry, patience. He has risen by rare merit to renown. Only the physical strength of a giant could enable Radoslavoff to toil night and day, with little sleep, at his desk, in the popular assembly, among conspirators seeking

his life. He stood for the democratic ideal as that is understood among plain farmers, for Bulgaria is a vast farming community or, rather, one large barnyard, to use the French daily's phrase. Ferdinand has always sought the transformation of Bulgaria into an industrial empire with larger boundaries, a program alien to the conceptions of Radoslavoff. The plain lawyer fought Ferdinand until Ferdinand got him for his Premier. The transformation in the character of the lawyer bewildered the press of Europe until the magnetism of Ferdinand's personality was considered. The reign of the Bulgarian potentate has been a series of such experiences. His country's statesmen make war upon him until they reach the supreme political honor. Then they become his instruments.

All that is mysterious in Ferdinand can be understood by reference to his dream of being crowned in Constantinople, affirms the Paris *Débats*. He is a man of genius fretting and fuming behind the iron bars of a parochial cage. His traits and tendencies are what might be expected from one who must work with and conciliate and manage his intellectual inferiors. He is the lion assuming now the manners of the lamb and again the hide of the ass. He is a man to whom modern science has unfolded all its mysteries, a frequenter in the recent past of the laboratories of the Sorbonne, an admirer of Berthelot, a diligent reader of the mathematician Poincaré. But he has his superstitions too. When he was still in his cradle his mother received an assurance from some gypsy that he would sit on the throne of a Cesar, and he was brought up on the idea. He still seeks signs in the heavens and has not disdained the lore of the casters of horoscopes. At his birth the major constellations were in the ascendant, above the horizon, and for that very reason, perhaps, he thinks well of astrology. The English daily explains his career by his genius for intrigue. It is in his Coburg blood and in the turnings and windings of his devious nature.

The mother of Ferdinand was that Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis Philippe and one of the ablest women of her day, in whom his own

fascination was anticipated. She had the same imperial "pose"—a majestic wave of the right hand and arm—which so delights the cartoonists who make capital out of her prodigious son. She had his voice, loud but pleasing, "flexible as that of a Bernhardt," and she had as well that genius for conversation of which so much is made by the writers of memoirs of the period. Ferdinand is rated the best talker in Europe, the wittiest raconteur, the most exhilarating companion, and all these things were passed on to him by his mother, together, it is hinted, with a capacity for concealing his true self which is feminine rather than masculine. Ferdinand got his shrewdness as well as his charm from his mother and she it was, according to the British paper, who revealed to him the mysteries of the kind of statecraft he practises. "She was determined that her youngest and best-loved boy should be something more than one of the hapless group of unemployed Highnesses and that he should not lead a futile life as a mere officer in the Austro-Hungarian army. She meant that he should be a King. To that end she trained him with a woman's faith in the thousand-to-one chance." She early discerned the striking capacity of her son and she gave him one bit of advice to which, it is said, he has always adhered. That was to conceal rather than to reveal from men the extent of his own powers and capacities.

This, as more than one European organ believes, is the explanation of what seems to his enemies a most devious trait. Ferdinand, who is, in essentials, his mother all over, remains, at least to the *Temps*, always the actor. He shrinks upon principle from a disclosure of what is in his mind and it is perhaps the strongest and certainly the most interesting mind in Europe. So perennial is the interest he inspires that every detail of his career has been told again and again. Nothing, to revert to the sketch in the London *Mail*, could have seemed more extravagant in the last quarter of the nineteenth century than that Ferdinand would be summoned to rule. There were no thrones unoccupied. The old world was tranquil. Suddenly Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, was kidnapped, the land was without a head,

and Ferdinand had the audacity to offer himself. He took a secret trip down the Danube in his twenty-sixth year and slept in a farmer's wagon on one occasion to escape the knife of an assassin. Chaotic Bulgaria was under the sway of Stambouloff, rude, rough, reared in the inn his father kept. The tale is that he roared with laughter at the cultivation, the fine manners, the perfumes and the pedigree of Ferdinand. In no long time Stambouloff had fallen completely under the spell of the prince, despite the quarrels they had again and again. He began as a figure-head and to-day he is the absolute ruler of his realm. There can be no doubt at all about that, concedes the London daily, notwithstanding the elaborate parliamentary machinery and the Prime Minister.

The success of Ferdinand is attributed by a writer in the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* to the essentially constructive propensities of his mind. He builds, organizes, brings together, always knows what he wants, is positive, affirmative, ready with a plan. Everyone knows how efficient, relatively to other Balkan states, is the school system of Bulgaria, and Ferdinand has stood behind it at every stage. His scientific interests are reflected in the school course. Moreover, he is remarkably receptive to ideas as such, recognizing ability wherever he sees it and never hesitating to advance the

man of merit however humble his origin. Bulgaria to-day has a long list of men whom Ferdinand "discovered." If some farmer's boy shows an interest in the stars, he is immediately singled out as a possible Tycho Brahe, destined to shed luster upon science in Bulgaria. Should a country bumpkin reveal oratorical gifts of an unusual order, he is welcomed at court, complimented by the sovereign and listened to with the profoundest respect. Nobody, in short, can manifest the slightest capacity in Bulgaria without attracting the attention of the monarch.

The comprehensiveness of his intellectual interests alone enable Ferdinand to cope with the difficulties of his situation. He can talk psychology with Freud and talk it well, observes the Paris *Gaulois*, and in the old days, when he was seen on the Avenue d'Alma on his way to one of the public meetings of the Academy of Sciences, he would arrive with two or three savants of distinction for whom he had called at their laboratories to discuss a moot point in physics or chemistry. He was one of the first to congratulate Becquerel—the great one—on the result of the experiment with the famous rays. Nor is science his hobby particularly. The palaces he has had built in different parts of his dominions during the last twenty years have their picture galleries as well as their laboratories and libraries. The

somewhat ostentatious catholicity of his culture is partly calculated for its effect upon the Bulgarians, whom he seeks to civilize, refine, educate. Ferdinand has popularized chemistry in his country as well as the dinner fork. Nor is he above saying a good word from time to time for such things as gloves, against which the plain Bulgarians were inclined to protest.

The most serious charge against Ferdinand in his sovereign capacity concerns finance. If what some of the French and British dailies say be true, he must have accumulated immense wealth by methods likely to land an ordinary capitalist over here in the penitentiary. In justice to the Bulgarian potentate it must be confessed that he has never professed morality in the conventional sense. His children by his first wife are not reared under his personal supervision, for his second wife was wedded for their benefit. The private life of Ferdinand has been described as a combination of the industry of Faraday with the energy of Bluebeard and the activities of Gil Blas, the traits and tendencies of all of whom are blended in the mosaic of his character. If he gets to Constantinople he will prove on a large stage, thinks our Parisian commentator, the kind of actor who has held the Balkan audience in an uproar ever since he began to play his exciting part in the Turkish theater.

KITCHIN OF NORTH CAROLINA, THE NEW RADICAL LEADER OF DEMOCRATIC COHORTS IN CONGRESS

UPPON the shoulders of a North Carolina radical the mantle of leadership of the Democratic majority of the new House of Representatives at Washington is about to fall. Only forty-six years old is this Claude Kitchin—seven years younger than Oscar W. Underwood, his predecessor; and his continuous term of Congressional service began six years later than Underwood's, in 1901. Underwood came to Congress from the industrial city of Birmingham. Kitchin comes from a town of less than five thousand—Scotland Neck—where he was born and has brought up a family of nine children. The total population of the eight North Carolina rural counties which make up his Congressional district is less than that of Birmingham alone.

Underwood led a clear Democratic majority of 163 party members. Kitchin, as ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee, assumes the party mantle with at the most a majority of 32 to lead. Compared

with Underwood, Kitchin is known as a combative radical Democrat.

To say that Kitchin belongs to the oratorical wing of the party places him more or less definitely with the Bryan following. As a campaigner he reminds some Northern Democrats of Governor Blease of South Carolina and some Eastern Democrats of Champ Clark of Missouri. Whereas Underwood is slow-spoken, deliberate, fairly ponderous, Kitchin is fiery, humorously satirical and entertaining. If Underwood could be called conciliatory of speech, Kitchin may be said to be quite cantankerous. He has the vocal and temperamental equipment for forceful stump-speaking. His features are mobile. His voice has an ingratiating quality. Mouth, ears, nose, hands are large. His collars always show plenty of neck room. Bow tie and long coat appear to be accepted campaign paraphernalia in his home district. He is a good story-teller and a good handler of rural crowds.

The Democratic party in Congress, however, is hardly to be led altogether

by speeches, and while outspoken independence rather than party harmony may be an asset in North Carolina, the wiseacres already note that North Carolina has not surrounded Kitchin wholly with friends in Washington. He accused Senator Simmons, from the same State, of being a reactionary on lumber and other tariff schedules. He caustically remarked that he himself had drafted every line of the farmers' free list for which Senator Simmons claimed credit. He offered to pay \$100 a day to the campaign fund if the Senator would go on the stump in joint debate with him for forty days. The State, nevertheless, sent Simmons (instead of Kitchin's brother, ex-Governor William W. Kitchin) back to the Senate, where he ranks as Democratic tariff leader. Naturally he does not lie awake nights loving Kitchin, leader of the lower house. Neither does it appear that Secretary of the Navy Daniels, also from North Carolina, is much of a Kitchin man.

Kitchin voted against the President's repeal of Panama Canal tolls and did

not favor the administration Shipping bill. But he made no fight in either case. It is a curious turn of party affairs that Underwood, conservative, was House leader when the President's policies were considered radical, and Kitchin, radical, comes in as leader when the President is supposed to have reached a conservative stage in domestic policies.

Modesty is the characteristic which Washington correspondents have taken up as the keynote of Kitchin's career of fourteen years at the capitol. His biography furnished to the Congressional Directory is so short and matter-of-fact that he shines by contrast to self-advertisers. Besides the date of his birth, he records that he was graduated from Wake Forest College (which is a Baptist college in North Carolina) in 1888; married the same year; was admitted to the bar in 1890 and has since practiced law at Scotland Neck; never held public office until elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress, and has been reelected to each succeeding Congress to date.

Kitchin is shy in the presence of interviewers, they say, and simply will not talk about himself. "The most bashful big man in public life," one sketch-man called him. All through the long-drawn-out sessions of the last Congress he appears in the *Congressional Record* only as a committee man briefly handling reports. Once he spoke a few lines in defense of his chief, Underwood.

But Washington still remembers two speeches in 1909 and 1912 which brought Claude Kitchin sheer to the front as an acknowledged leader of Democratic debaters in Congress. The first, on "Cannonism and the Tariff," is said to have flabbergasted the veteran Grosvenor of Ohio, and when it came to the defense of the "free lumber" plank of the Democratic platform against the Payne bill, he opposed the demand for protection made by the lumber industry of his own State in a "free trade" speech whose quality may be judged by these paragraphs:

"I have tried to make myself plain that I do not advocate a thing as proper and right because it is 'down South' and oppose the same thing as improper and wrong because it is not 'down South.'

"He [the ultimate consumer] is robbed by the steel manufacturer, by the glass manufacturer, by the woollen manufacturer, by the shoe manufacturer, by the hat manufacturer, by the agricultural implement manufacturer, by this protective tariff, and now his representatives in Congress say that it is only fair and just to him that he be further robbed by the lumber manufacturer. This argument announces a new doctrine in the Democratic creed—'Equal robbery by all, no relief from any.'"

One day, three months after the

speech on Cannonism, says John Temple Graves, "Claude Kitchin unlimbered once more on the tariff. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, all innocent and unconscious, rose to interrogate him.



THE NEW SOUTHERN COMMANDER OF DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMEN

Claude Kitchin, big, bashful, hard working, but "the best rough-and-tumble fighter in Congress" and a political orator with a winning way about him, advances to leadership of the party majority of the House.

Leaping to his feet, old 'Joe' Cannon rushed back to the Wisconsin man. 'Sit down, Lenroot!' said he. 'Don't you know that man is loaded with grape and canister? Every time you touch him he scores for the Democratic party. Let him speak without interruption!' And the Cannon counsel became the policy of the Republican controversialists in the House."

Mr. Graves, who writes in *The Cosmopolitan*, calls Kitchin "a Democratic Rupert," magnetic and brilliant, who will "lead his party with the splendid dash of a cavalryman in a charge, and carry by assault if he ever fails to undermine by logic."

"Let no man think that the Democrats will follow a merely spectacular and showy leader in the next assizes of national debate. Far from it. Claude Kitchin is a student and a thinker. His

memory is marvelous. His knowledge of public men and public questions is unsurpassed. He reads incessantly. He knows the tariff as well as Oscar Underwood. His eulogists say he knows it even more comprehensively. His temper is absolutely imperturbable. He is as cool as a cucumber in the fiercest heat of debate. No man ever saw him show anger or confusion in any controversy. He is without fear, and seems incapable of fatigue. He loves to fight for the sake of the principle and as well for the sake of the fighting. He fights without bitterness, and emerges from his slashing rounds of flashing repartee and scathing satire leaving no personal wounds that are not healed by a handshake. He is rooted and grounded in the Democratic faith and in loyalty to it. His record is perfect and unassailable, and his personal character remarkably pure—beyond all question one of the most romantic and admirable figures that have been born out of the Southern Democracy."

He is an omnivorous reader, a thorough committee worker, and a good mixer, according to Washington correspondents. The *Washington Star* quotes Congressman Reilly of Connecticut as saying that by his winning personality "it is generally conceded that Claude Kitchin can get more votes for any project in which he takes a deep interest, either for himself or a friend, than any other man in Congress, and few will even know that he is working." The *Star* pictures him as a magnetic and gregarious commander, strong for team-play. Gregariousness, it is explained, means accurate personal knowledge not only of the minds of lieutenants and party rank and file, but similar knowledge of the Republican battle array. He will force the fighting on ground he selects, after thorough preparation, which is always his method of operation.

Withal he can stand the spotlight, thinks the *Star*, dislike it tho he may, for "tall, erect, black-haired, black-eyed, with a dashing quality in his carriage, he is an attractive and engaging figure, and when he talks he charms." An overfondness for argument is one of his peccadilloes as seen by *The Saturday Evening Post*, which says: "Talk about arguing with the inevitable, as did Mr. Lowell! Claude is not only inevitable but imminent, incessant and tonorous."

Congressman Kitchin's single appearance "up north" was at a banquet given by the Newark, N. J., Board of Trade. There he was the foil for Senator Aldrich on the Monetary Commission report and made his opposition to the original central bank idea unmistakably clear.

At home Kitchin is a lawyer-planter as well as a politician. His residence with its spacious grounds is typical of the Scotland Neck region. Mrs. Kitchin comes to Washington only oc-

casionally in the winter season. Six daughters—one married—and three sons make up the Kitchin family.

A home-town journalist pictures Kitchin's delight in company around the open fire, telling whopping yarns over his twenty-five cent pipe. He was married at nineteen, before he had a job; they say he was seen going to church in snow-time with white linen trousers on, being too poor to buy heavier clothes. He likes fishing and hunting. Even nowadays he chooses

to mow his own three-acre lawn himself in summer-time. His hobby is farming, and time and income are spent on his twenty-horse farm six miles from town. His power before a jury and personal acquaintance with "everybody" have become proud Scotland Neck traditions.

This newly promoted Congressional party leader belongs to a tobacco-raising and tobacco-using country, and it is understood that his following of Bryan has stopped short of the grape

juice bowl. His father was a member of the 46th Congress. His brother, William W., went to Congress four years earlier than Claude went, resigning to become Governor of North Carolina in 1909. Congress without a Kitchin would hardly seem to be Congress. A Kitchin now becomes leader of the majority of the House on the eve of a critical presidential campaign, involving approval or disapproval of the whole Democratic administration at the national capital.

YOSHIHITO: THE MIKADO OF JAPAN ON THE EVE OF HIS CORONATION

ALTHO nothing could be more characteristic of the present Mikado than his resolve to make his coronation at Kyoto next month as public as possible, there is an intimate personal reason for the policy upon which the German papers lay stress. Yoshihito is annoyed by the circulation of reports that he is suffering from tuberculosis. If recent newspaper accounts be well founded, such a report is preposterous. Never did the poet-potentate present himself to the general gaze in aspects so physically pleasing as now, avers a well-informed writer in the *Figaro*. The straight, lithe figure that was so slim a few years ago has filled out. The complexion has improved through that exercize in the open air to which his Majesty seems more addicted than any of his predecessors has been for generations, and the large dark eyes—which, by the way, have no trace of the slant which characterized some of his ancestors—flash with the brightness of physical health or glow and gleam with humor. Yoshihito has the characteristically poetical temperament of his dynasty, his verses circulating from time to time in more or less accurate versions among western readers, and this temperament accounts to the Berlin *Vossische* for the revival in his reign of the traditional Japanese culture, with its symbolical etiquette, its ancestral pieties and the return to a native gorgousness of costume which had been in abeyance under his father. The ceremonies incident to the impending coronation reflect this poetry in the soul of the Mikado. Kyoto will for some weeks return to its slightly tarnished glories.

Inferences that Yoshihito, simply because he is less secluded than his progenitors, has departed from the immemorial manners of his race and rank are pronounced erroneous by French dailies. His Majesty, in fact, frowns upon a neglect of the idiomatic complexities of the Japanese language

which, we read, had come to characterize many young westernized clansmen. He speaks French and English with ease; but his own poetry, like his own most intimate thoughts, finds expression in the vernacular or rather in that complex language which is historically Japanese. The most polished scholars find difficulty, if they be new to the court, in following the elaborations of phrase which reflect an etiquette more elaborate still. Moreover, Yoshihito has revived the prerogative which permits him the use of forms of expression denied to the masses and even to many of the clansmen of great renown and exalted birth. The ladies of the court likewise use a phraseology which gentlemen eschew as too typically feminine. His Majesty's object in all this is understood to be the protection of the language of the land against the inroads of the easier English, of which Yoshihito's subjects seem to him to be altogether too fond.

A poetical graciousness reflects itself in the deportment of the Mikado not only on public but on private occasions, and this beauty of manner, at least to the *Figaro*, harmonizes him miraculously with his environment. Whether he be on his way to report himself to the first imperial ancestor at the shrine of Ise, or exhibiting himself during a special dance at some palace festival, or merely receiving the members of the diplomatic corps in his audience room, he is peculiarly native and to the manner born. The impressiveness of the effect is all the greater because the Mikado is neither in facial characteristics nor in bearing Japanese in any fantastic color-print sense. He looks Greek rather than Oriental, with his fine, firm lips, his stalwart shoulder and a rare fluency of speech. His smile is readier than was his father's, and he is far more at ease in the military uniform worn on diplomatic days. With it all there is a suggestion of aloofness, as if the Mikado had stepped for a time out of some brighter sphere to mix with mortals. He shows his

hands very freely and moves them as he speaks—another contrast with his father, who stood stiffly and said little or nothing while on exhibition. Yoshihito shaved his face clean just after ascending the throne, but he affects a mustache again.

However generous Yoshihito may be in exhibitions of himself to the multitude, his exquisite person and the dignity with which he invests his most gracious informality render him an object of the greatest veneration to the multitude. He inspires this awe even in the mixed gathering of foreigners which assembles for the imperial cherry blossom bloom. His Majesty tolerates no relaxation from the rigidities of palace decorum on these occasions, and the lady who came in mourning would feel unpleasantly conspicuous. Yoshihito never comes into the park if the wind be very high or the rain hard. The festival itself is postponed without compunction if the weather promises to be destructive of the esthetic effect which his Majesty loves. The Mikado never participates in any function or affair which lacks those associations of beauty or of charm to which his temperament is wedded. His public prayers are the sublimest of spectacles, however remote or inaccessible the shrine. His costume is always eloquent to the native mind of the spirit of the occasion he deigns to grace, but these effects never arise out of a proud condescension. A Japanese mind alone, it seems, can interpret with accuracy the thousand shades of meaning derivable from so slight a thing as the royal gesture in holding a chrysanthemum: but the point of the divinity in his message for his people is never missed. He can calm them in their wildest rage and melt them to the most yielding mood. In this aspect he is the most eloquent sovereign within the memory of the annalists, while to the literati he is an ornament of his age as poet, as gentleman and as ruler. His will is absolute altho he never commands, his



From *The Japan Magazine*, Tokyo

There where the maples rival in their crimsonness of these robes will Yoshihito report to his ancestors the auspicious event of his own advent, his consort cooperating in the ceremonialism of the coronation to the extent of a public appearance among throngs of reverent subjects.

meaning is transparent altho no symbolism was ever so complex, and his piety is exemplary without fatiguing his people—the latter, notes our Parisian contemporary, a very important detail.

It was inevitable that November, with its enchanting revelation of crimsoning maples, would most appeal to so esthetic a dynast for the supreme ceremonial observance of his reign. Japanese in all things, Yoshihito is most Japanese in his ritualism, his symbolism, that perfect addiction of himself to the festival spirit of his race. His coronation will be a festival, we are assured, because his reign is to him a series of festivals for his subjects. The cherry, the chrysanthemum, the maple, the pear and the peony blossom and bloom recurrently with the seasons to renew and make intimate his religious and poetical relations with a people who worship him as he worships his ancestors. The royal poetry is made up of effusions expressive of these mystical ideas, a fact accounting for their somewhat fragmentary character as well as for the difficulty of rendering them intelligible to western minds in any version, literal or free. So finely has the Mikado caught this spirit that his meals within the private precincts of the palace reflect it. The elaborate collations served at garden parties for the diplomatic corps are seldom or never

partaken by the ruler himself. He is understood to be most partial to the soy-bean as well as to the peculiar bean sauce of his realm. At any rate, his Majesty is a typical Japanese in the variety of food based upon the bean which he enjoys. He eats very little meat if, indeed, he eats any at all, and even then must season it with the famed domestic sauce called shoyu. He also likes a Japanese variety of pickle which few Europeans can stomach, and he is exceedingly fond of jam. Yoshihito is more careful of his diet than was his father, whose kidney trouble was attributed to haste in eating and to a practice of swallowing without adequately chewing his food.

Few authentic details respecting the domestic life of Yoshihito ever reach the newspapers of the western world. His Tokyo home is, of course, the great palace of one story in the Nippon style built by his father some twenty years ago. It suggests a temple at first sight, and the privileged foreigner is overwhelmed as he enters by the incredibly delicate woodwork, the expanse of shining mirrors, the gleaming floors, the decorated panels of the ceilings and the entrancing native perfumes. Even the most exalted rarely penetrate beyond the main audience hall. The elder statesmen themselves have never reached the royal suite, altho an occasional re-

laxation from this rule is permitted in the sanctuary to which his Majesty resorts to worship the shades of his ancestors under a shining white ceiling before a silver shrine where the sacred mirror reflects the Mikado's face in its distorted fashion. Not far away is the private reception room of the Empress, who was the Princess Sadako. Unlike the Emperor, his consort uses the old Kyoto dialect, especially with her children, who are growing into strapping youths, the oldest of the boys being fourteen. The members of the family wear white, silk in the privacy of the domestic circle, and the Empress is noted for her partiality to crimson effects in curtains and hangings. The floors are covered with the finest straw mats having white damask borders. Conspicuous on the walls and hangings is the emblem of the chrysanthemum in gold. Yoshihito is characteristically Japanese in the bareness of his rooms, altho he is known to have experimented at different times with such western devices as beds and chairs. He lends no countenance to such devices on principle lest the natural sturdiness and simplicity of the native character be undermined by luxury. Some concession has been made in recent years to the western practice of sitting on chairs, which accounts for the superiority of Europeans to Japanese in height, if the court be not mistaken.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"YOUNG AMERICA"—THE COMEDY OF A GOOD DOG, A BAD BOY, AND THE JUVENILE COURT

ENTIRELY American is Frederic Ballard's new comedy. Based on Pearl Franklin's "Mrs. Doray" stories, the author has nevertheless, as the critic of the *New York Times* points out, found the material for his play "just outside his window." "His play, which might have been written in collaboration by Booth Tarkington, Mary Stewart Cutting, and Kate Douglas Wiggin, is a highly indigenous product; as American as 'Little Women' or the Myra Kelly stories or the mighty Penrod." It is a half-humorous, half-pathetic drama of that distinctly American institution, the Juvenile Court, and, if we are not mistaken, the first successful dramatization of this field. The critic of the *Times* is of the opinion that "Young America" is brimful of sentiment without one drop of treacle. Altho "Young America" is not a well-constructed play, in the opinion of Clayton Hamilton, writing in *The Bookman*, it "is so rich in human interest that it deserves to rank second only to 'The Boomerang' among the early autumn plays."

Frederic Ballard, like Edward Sheldon and Cleves Kinkaid (author of the Boston and New York success "Common Clay"), was one of Professor Baker's pupils in dramaturgy at Harvard, and his play is acclaimed as one of the happiest justifications of the Baker dramatic laboratory. It has proved to be one of the few novelties of the opening New York season, at the Gaiety Theater, and has been produced by Messrs. Cohan and Harris, to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint the following excerpts.

The first act reveals the typical suburban home, any suburban home, on a Spring evening. Edith Doray is busy in her kitchen, while her very young husband Jack, a typical commuter, is reading baseball news, in their comfortable living-room. It is the twenty-seventh of May, and presently plans are being made for a Decoration Day fishing-excursion. The party is to include a typical group of suburbanites, neighbors of the Dorays—Benny King and Fanny King, Billy Coombs, whose disposition has been quite ruined by his masterful wife, young Romney Burgess and his fiancée, Marjorie Timins. We are presented with a short glimpse of a charming suburban

Arcadia, and then the redoubtable washerwoman, Mrs. McGuire, comes into the living-room of the Dorays with a basketful of clothes, which she lugs in with the assistance of her recalcitrant nephew, Art Simpson, reputed to be "the toughest nut in town." Art is the scapegoat of the village. He is blamed for every expression of what our upholders like to characterize

rays' windows, and presently to attack their pursuers, Jack Doray and Benny King and Billy Coombs, with flour bombs. When the latter return to the house, and Edith is cleaning Billy's clothes with her new vacuum cleaner, the suburbanites are led into a discussion of the general wickedness and depravity of the children of the village,—of Art Simpson especially.



THE AUTHOR OF AN UNCONVENTIONAL PLAY

There is very little of Broadway in Frederic Ballard's new comedy. It is crude and sketchy but fundamentally human and appealing. Mr. Ballard is the author of "Believe Me, Xantippe" and studied dramaturgy under Professor Baker in "English 47" at Harvard.

as "juvenile delinquency." Edith Doray sympathizes with him; so much so, in fact, that when he confesses that his aunt has a penchant for cuffing and beating him, Mrs. Doray dismisses Mrs. McGuire. The latter promises Art a thorough beating, and the boy announces his decision of running away.

Presently the comically ill-natured Billy Coombs enters, after having tripped over a wire stretched across the sidewalk. Patsy and Tessie, Mrs. McGuire's own children, are responsible for this prank, but Art, of course, is held responsible. Then the town children begin to "tick-tack" the Do-

MRS. DORAY. There's good stuff in Arthur Simpson.

COOMBS. Who says so?

MRS. DORAY. I do. His mother used to work for my mother. She was our cook for years and years and we were very fond of her. She was a good woman.

DORAY. Then why hasn't the boy amounted to something, dear?

MRS. DORAY. He hasn't had a chance.

COOMBS. Chance? Poppycock!

BENNY. He's had as good chances as other boys.

DORAY. Of course he has.

COOMBS. The kid hasn't got it in him, that's all.

MRS. DORAY. How do you know he hasn't?

COOMBS. (Not understanding.) Eh?

MRS. DORAY. Have you any proof that Arthur Simpson is not made of good stuff?

COOMBS. The best proof in the world.

MRS. DORAY. What is it?

COOMBS. He steals chickens—and I claim that any one who will steal a poor, innocent, helpless, defenceless chicken is capable of doing anything. (Benny's clothes are now cleaned. He and Coombs go to table to play cards.)

MRS. DORAY. How do you know he steals chickens?

COOMBS. Because he stole some of mine.

MRS. DORAY. How do you know it was he?

COOMBS. Jack, if the women of this State ever get the vote you want to put your wife up for District Attorney. (To Mrs. Doray.) When it comes to cross-examination, you have all the lawyers in the world lashed to the mast.

BENNY. If you ever are up for office, Mrs. Doray, I know one vote you'll get. (Picks up cocoanut pie.)

MRS. DORAY. Thank you, Benny.

BENNY. Jack, lend me your knife.

COOMBS. Here, use mine. I feel just like eating a piece of that pie myself. (Takes knife from pocket and offers it to Benny.)

MRS. DORAY. (Rising.) Never mind, I will get a knife and some plates from the kitchen. (Going to kitchen door.)

But remember, Mr. Coombs, the boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow.

COOMBS. Say, Jack, what's getting into your wife, anyway?

DORAY. Never you mind about my wife—she's all right.

COOMBS. She didn't use to talk that way. Has she been reading a lot of this Ben Lindsay junk?

BENNY. You mean the—

COOMBS. Aw, this Juvenile court truck—conversation of children—being a big brother to some dirty little brat that'll turn around and rob you the first chance he gets and then swat you back of the head with a brick-bat. That kind of tommyrot looks nice in print—makes fine reading for the women—but take it from me, Jack, if a man's wife reads that junk and takes it seriously, it's going to make the grand old tune of 'Home, Sweet Home' sound like a battle song. (*Benny and Doray laugh.*) You don't believe me, eh? Well, it's the truth just the same. That's why every time my wife asks me to get her something to read I buy her a popular novel—something interesting but light—light! (*They resume playing cards.*)

COOMBS. Listen! Hear that? They're stealing your chickens, Jack! They're stealing your chickens!

DORAY. My God! And they're just big enough to eat!

BENNY. Shall I call Reuter?

COOMBS. Hang Reuter! We'll catch them ourselves.

DORAY. Come on, Billy!

COOMBS. (*To Benny.*) You stay here and keep Mrs. Doray from tipping them off.

BENNY. But I want to—

DORAY. Never mind what you want. If my wife finds out we are after those kids— (*To Coombs.*) You go that way—and I'll go this. (*Points to window.*) Then one of us is sure to catch them.

COOMBS. All right, hurry!

MRS. DORAY. (*Enters from kitchen with knife and plates.*) My goodness, what's all that noise?

BENNY. It sounds like the chickens.

MRS. KING. (*Enters, followed by Marjorie.*) For heaven's sake, Benny!

BENNY. Now what's happened?

MRS. KING. The burglars are stealing our chickens!

BENNY. Why didn't you phone? (*Grabs chicken bag.*)

MRS. KING. I did, hours ago, and you wouldn't come.

BENNY. You never mentioned the chickens. You said the burglars were trying to get into the house. (*Grabs hat and exits.*)

MRS. KING. The idea! Benny telling me to crawl under the bed! What he needs is a good talking to and he's going to get it! Come on, Marjie, I'll talk to him!

Coombs, Doray and King catch the chicken thief, Arthur Simpson. Jack Doray summons the police by telephone, and all await the coming of the two officers, Reuter and Larsen.

Art Simpson demands that they let his dog Jasper come in. They finally consent, and Jasper, who is one of the leading characters of the comedy, runs

in to his master. Art shares his coconut pie with the dog, and warns him against the "cops." Presently the two officers of the law, Jim Reuter and Nels Larsen, come in to perform the painful duty of incarcerating the notorious "boy criminal."

REUTER. Fine! Caught with the goods. The last time I arrested him the Judge let him off—second offense. This time he goes to the reform school. (*To Arthur.*) Come on, kiddie, I've had a bunk reserved for you ever since you pinched my ice cream freezer.

ARTHUR. I didn't pinch your ice cream freezer.

REUTER. Don't talk back to an officer. Grab that dog, Nels! (*Larsen grabs dog.*) Come on!

MRS. DORAY. Mr. Larsen, please, please don't hurt that dog. Mr. Reuter, isn't there some way to prevent this poor boy being sent to the reform school?

REUTER. Prevent it! Reform schools are built for just such bums as him. (*To Larsen.*) Hang on to that dog, Nels.

ARTHUR. (*To Reuter.*) What are you going to do with that dog?

REUTER. His license ain't been paid and I'm going to put him in the dog pound, that's what I'm going to do with him. Come on!

ARTHUR. (*Pulling back and facing Larsen.*) You let my dog alone, he ain't hurting you.

REUTER. Come on, come on!

ARTHUR. (*Tugs with all his might to get away from Reuter.*) You let my dog alone! Let him alone! (*With a violent wrench he frees himself from Reuter, rushes down to Larsen and begins pounding him as hard as he can on the back with both fists. Larsen holds on to the dog's collar with one hand and with the other hand tries to ward off the boy's blows.*) Let him alone, I tell you! Let him alone! (*Reuter grabs Arthur by the back of the neck and shakes him.*)

MRS. DORAY. Stop! You stop hurting that boy!

REUTER. (*Without stopping.*) I'll learn him to strike an officer!

MRS. DORAY. (*Tries to pull Reuter's hand from Arthur's collar.*) Stop, you're hurting him, you're hurting him! Stop, I say! (*Marjorie, Mrs. King and Billy Coombs rush out, followed by Reuter dragging Arthur, who are followed by Mr. and Mrs. Doray. Nels Larsen fights and tussels with Jasper until they reach the door, then flings him back into the room, exits quickly and slams door shut. The dog is left on stage alone, jumping up at door and barking.*)

The tableau of Jasper leaping against the closed door in his effort to follow his master to jail aroused so much enthusiasm at the New York première of "Young America" that it was practically an assured success, however mediocre the following scenes might have been. But the great novelty of the play is the actual presentation in the second act of the proceedings of a typical Juvenile Court. There are the usual Juvenile Court spec-

tators, the kindly, sympathetic judge—not absolutely typical of some judges of juvenile courts, the portrayed in the best Lindsay style—and the pathetic group of juvenile offenders. The most serious case is that of Art Simpson. A formidable array of witnesses appears against him, including the Dorays, the Kings, and the "grouchy," ill-tempered Billy Coombs, whose garrulous outbursts and breaches of court etiquette result in the imposition of several fines for contempt of court. It is Art Simpson's third appearance before the juvenile tribunal. He makes no attempt to defend himself; but his chum, Nutty Beemer, who is the Huckleberry Finn of the town, and who, with Jasper and Art, is the third member of their own "private gang," shoulders the blame for the chicken robbery of two nights previous. But Nutty's loyalty to his chum is unavailing, and his falsehoods are revealed. "Have a heart, Judge, have a heart!" he murmurs to the bench out of the corner of his mouth.

But since Mrs. McGuire refuses further to shoulder the responsibility of bringing up Art, or to act as his sponsor, there seems to be no alternative except that the boy be sent to the reform school. Stoically Art accepts this decision, pleading only that he be allowed to take the faithful Jasper with him. This is impossible.

ARTHUR. But Jasper's my friend. Him and Nutty's the only friends I've got. I had him when my mother died. She thought a lot of me and Jasper. I don't care what you do to me, Judge. Send me to the Reform School for the rest of my life if you want to, but don't take away my dog. Jasper's my friend. He's the best friend I've got. Please, please, Judge, don't take away my dog. (*Buries his face in his arms and cries.*)

MRS. DORAY. (*Rises, and says simply, deeply moved.*) Your honor— (*Judge looks at her.*) I will act as Arthur's sponsor.

DORAY. (*Rises, amazed.*) Edith! (*Mrs. King, Marjorie, Benny and Romney stare at her.*)

MRS. KING. Mrs. Doray!

MRS. MCGUIRE. (*To Mrs. Doray.*) Faith, an' ye'd better go slow, Ma'am, for sure he's as big a devil as ever was.

JUDGE. That's all, Mrs. McGuire. (*Mrs. McGuire resumes her seat in spectators' bench.*)

MRS. DORAY. (*To the Judge.*) If you will give the boy one more chance I will be responsible for everything he does.

DORAY. Edith, you shall do no such thing.

MRS. DORAY. But I insist, dear. (*Comes from spectators' bench outside railing, Doray following.*)

DORAY. And I refuse absolutely to let you assume any such responsibility.

MRS. DORAY. (*Comes through gate.*) Your Honor, I am of legal age and own property. Does that qualify me to act as sponsor?

DORAY. (*Following Edith.*) Now do

be reasonable, Edie. What could you do with a little reprobate like that?

MRS. DORAY. Give him a home.

DORAY. You mean, have him live with us?

MRS. DORAY. Yes, why not?

DORAY. (Quickly to the Judge.) Your Honor, I positively refuse to allow my wife to—

MRS. DORAY. Now, Jack, do be reasonable.

DORAY. (Emphatically.) I am reasonable, but I don't propose to have my home turned into a regenerating plant.

MRS. DORAY. (Trying to reason.) But, Jack, dear—

DORAY. No! no! no! (Stamps feet and crosses angrily.)

MRS. DORAY. (Calmly to the Judge.) Am I legally qualified to act as sponsor?

JUDGE. You are.

MRS. DORAY. Then will you kindly appoint me?

DORAY. (Quickly to the Judge.) Your Honor, I absolutely refuse to allow you to appoint my wife sponsor for that boy.

JUDGE. With all due respect to you, Mr. Doray, in view of what your wife has just said, the Court reserves the right to act as it sees fit.

MRS. DORAY. (To Arthur in a kind tone.) Arthur, would you like to live with us?

DORAY. Edith! (Starts towards her.) MRS. DORAY. (To Arthur.) Would you?

DORAY. I tell you—

MRS. DORAY. Just a moment, dear. Let Arthur answer my question.

DORAY. Never mind Arthur. I tell you we are not going to take that boy into our home.

MRS. DORAY. (After a slight pause.) Do you wish to live with us, Arthur?

ARTHUR. (After glancing at Doray and sizing him up.) No.

DORAY. (Triumphant.) There you are. (Goes to seat and picks up hat.)

MRS. DORAY. (Pleasantly to Arthur, ignoring Doray.) What I meant was, would you rather live with us than go to the Reform School?

DORAY. (Angrily.) Now look here, Edith—

ARTHUR. (To Mrs. Doray.) Will you let me bring my dog?

MRS. DORAY. Surely you may bring your dog.

DORAY. (Vehemently to the Judge.) Your Honor, no woman has the right to turn a man's house into a dog kennel. I won't stand it! I simply won't stand it! (Turns to Edith, takes her arm and starts.) Edith, you come with me. The place for you is home.

JUDGE. Just a moment, Mr. Doray. (Doray stops and looks back.) This case has not been dismissed.

DORAY. It has so far as I'm concerned. (To Mrs. Doray.) Come on. (Doray starts again for door.)

JUDGE. (Raps with gavel emphatically.) Mr. Doray! (The Judge pounds with gavel.) This case has not been dismissed.

DORAY. Well, do you think— (Stiffly apologetic.) I beg your pardon.

JUDGE. (With dignity.) Your wife, in desiring to be appointed sponsor for this boy, Mr. Doray, is prompted by a noble impulse. She wishes to help him. She

wishes to give him one more opportunity to make a man of himself.

DORAY. That's all very well, your Honor, but I don't want that boy in my home.

JUDGE. In view of the fact that your wife is so desirous of helping the boy, why do you so vigorously oppose his entering your home?

DORAY. Because I don't want him there, that's all.

JUDGE. Why?

DORAY. (Emphatically.) Because!

JUDGE. Because why?

DORAY. I don't want that boy in my house. I don't want him there and that's all there is to it.

JUDGE. Is it a question of expense?

DORAY. No.

JUDGE. Have you any children?

DORAY. No, but—

JUDGE. You like children, don't you?

DORAY. Certainly I like them, but when it comes to raising them I prefer to raise my own.

JUDGE. Naturally, but your wife being appointed sponsor for this boy is in no way obligated to raise him.

DORAY. Then what is she obligated to do?

JUDGE. To keep him until he is able to provide for himself or until she can arrange with some one else to provide for him.

DORAY. That's just it! Keep him! I don't want to keep him at all.

JUDGE. Have you a good reason?

DORAY. The best reason in the world—I don't want that boy in my house, that's all.

JUDGE. That may be all right, Mr. Doray, but it is not sufficient for this court. This boy represents Young America. The discipline of a reformatory might make him better and again it might make him infinitely worse. But if he is taken into a home where kindness prevails, where he will receive the sympathy and mother-love of a woman such as your wife— (Pauses and smiles the smile of a big love of humanity.) My friend, this is the golden opportunity of that boy's life and, I may say, Mr. Doray, of yours.

DORAY. That's all very well, your Honor, but a man's home is his home and mine is a perfect little paradise. Everything is peace and happiness. Now why should I spoil it all by taking in a thieving little vagabond?

JUDGE. You won't spoil it. The way to increase happiness is to share it with others.

DORAY. I don't care to meddle with happiness. I'm willing to leave well alone.

JUDGE. But the boy!

DORAY. Let the State take care of him. That's what I pay taxes for.

MRS. DORAY. (Distressed.) Jack!

JUDGE. Our responsibilities as American citizens, Mr. Doray, do not end with the payment of taxes.

DORAY. Your Honor, you have no right to take such a stand.

JUDGE. Silence! (To Mrs. Doray.) Mrs. Doray, do you realize the responsibility you are assuming in taking this boy into your home?

MRS. DORAY. Yes, sir.

JUDGE. And you still want him?

MRS. DORAY. Yes, sir.

JUDGE. Very well, Mrs. Doray, as Judge of this Court, I hereby appoint you sponsor for Arthur Simpson.

DORAY. (Emphatically as he turns to Judge.) I object, your Honor! I object!

JUDGE. (Silencing him with upraised hand.) The Court has spoken.

DORAY. (Violently angry.) I don't care if it has! (To Edith.) Edith Doray, if you take that boy into my home I'll never set foot in it again as long as I live! Never!

MRS. DORAY. (Tenderly and with a loving smile.) Oh, Jack, you don't mean that!

DORAY. Yes, I do—you must choose between him and me.

MRS. DORAY. Oh, you can't mean such a thing, Jack!

DORAY. Yes, I do.

MRS. DORAY. No! no! no! I know you too well, dear.

DORAY. You are not going to take that boy into my home!

MRS. DORAY. But the Judge has made me his sponsor, and it's our duty to help the boy. (Lays her hand on his arm.) Come, dear.

DORAY. (Jerks away.) No!

MRS. DORAY. (Turns to Arthur.) Come, Arthur, we will start on.

DORAY. (Starting after her.) Edith! (Coombs enters and meets Mrs. Doray and Arthur.)

MRS. DORAY. Oh, back again, Mr. Coombs?

COOMBS. (Indignantly.) Yes, back again! Missed my train! Missed my appointment! Missed a ten-thousand-dollar deal! I missed a— (Stops and stares at Mrs. Doray and Arthur, who are near door. Looks over at Doray.) What's the matter—didn't he give him the limit?

DORAY. Limit—hell! He gave him to me!

When the curtain rises on the third and last act, we discover Jack slipping into the Doray living-room after a sleepless night spent wandering about the village. He is worn out and defeated, and just about ready to surrender. He falls to sleep on an uncomfortable couch in this room; and here Edith finds him a few hours later, when she comes down to prepare breakfast and to get things ready for the Decoration Day picnic. Then the quarrel over Art Simpson begins all over again. When Edith goes upstairs to her pretty guest-room to call Art to breakfast, she finds that the boy has slipped out, and she returns with the announcement that the boy has run away. Jack is overjoyed with this easy solution of the juvenile problem; but presently Arthur slips in, explaining that he has been searching for Jasper. Mrs. Doray has locked Jasper in the basement for the night, and calls him up. Then Art gives an exhibition of Jasper's tricks and accomplishments, and Jack Doray is almost won over to Art by Jasper's cleverness. Presently the neighbors arrive to get the Dorays for the excursion. Billy Coombs is ac-



"COME ON, JASPER, COME ON! YOU'RE GOING TO GET WELL!"

When Jasper, Art Simpson's dog, is run down by an automobile, every remedy fails to cure him until everyone starts to wish him back to health. In this scene Jasper proves himself to be a dramatic star by his effective simulation of a dying dog.

accompanied by his wife's poodle-dog. Poor Billy has been dressed by his wife in blue and white to carry out the color scheme of the dog's decoration. Almost immediately Arthur Simpson becomes the subject of a bitter and prolonged quarrel among the assembled neighbors:

MARJORIE. (To Romney.) Oh, you keep your mouth closed.

MRS. KING. (To Benny.) I was only giving her a little advice about getting rid of that boy.

DORAY. Well, I don't see where you have any right to come into my wife's house and tell her her own business.

BENNY. (Coming down to Doray.) Don't you talk like that to my wife!

DORAY. Your wife's a busybody.

BENNY. Will you come outside and say that?

DORAY. You bet your sweet life I will! (Women scream and grab respective husbands.)

ROMNEY. (Between the men and pushing them apart.) Now, boys, this is all wrong. (After they have lined up again.) Let's all shake hands and forget it.

BENNY. You keep out of this!

DORAY. You'll get hurt if you don't.

ROMNEY. Who's going to hurt me? I'd like to see either one of you try it. I'll put you both on the sidewalk if you make a bluff at me.

MARJORIE. (Going to him—frightened.) Romney, please!

DORAY. (Driving them out.) Go on, get out of my house! The whole outfit! All of you! Get out! Out! Out! Out! (Picknickers, chattering, angrily exit, Mrs. King pulling Benny off to keep him from striking Doray and Marjorie pulling Romney off. Doray closes the door and paces angrily back and forth—then to Mrs. Doray now seated miserably at table.) Well, I hope you're satisfied,

Edith. I've been cheated out of my fishing-trip, my night's sleep, my shave, my holiday, and for the first time in my life I have sworn at my wife. Not only that, I've made enemies of all my neighbors. They'll never speak to me again. (Auto sounds off stage, Doray goes to window and looks off.) There they go. There they go, off for a good time. And here I am, alone, marooned, miserable. And all because you tried to turn my house into an orphan asylum! (Going to the table.) I tell you, Edith Doray, philanthropy is all right, but it does not begin at home. We were happy before that kid came between us. Weren't we? Weren't we? Are we happy now? Well, you may be, but I'm not. And I never will be. My wife hates me, my neighbors hate me, I hate myself. I HATE EVERYTHING! (Returning to her, at table.) And why? That's the tragedy of it! Why? Because you tried to make an angel out of an angle-worm, a butterfly out of a bum. I told you it couldn't be done, but you wouldn't listen to me. You never listen to me. That's the trouble nowadays. That's the trouble with the whole United States—WIVES WON'T LISTEN TO THEIR HUSBANDS. I tell you, Edie— (Confusion off stage, Doray runs to rear window.)

The dog Jasper has run in front of the automobile driven by Romney Burgess and been struck by it. He is carried in, followed by all the neighbors. Jasper's misfortune brings them all together again in a wild effort to save the poor dog's life. An amusing scene of amateur dog doctoring ensues. Throughout it all, Jasper impressively enacts the part of a dying dog. Billy Coombs is called upon to give expert advice. Brandy, beef extract, cracked ice, "77 Stimulant" are a few of the proffered remedies. But

Jasper shows no sign of life until Art Simpson begins to use some of the strange lore of boyhood.

COOMBS. Accelerate his respiration—massage his ribs—loosen his lungs—heat his bellows—help him to breathe. (Reads label as Mrs. Doray runs to couch.) "77 Stimulant."

MRS. DORAY. Hurry, Mr. Coombs, hurry! His heart is fluttering like a leaf.

DORAY. Yes, Billy, hurry, hurry.

COOMBS. (Crosses with glass of medicine.) Get him ready. Help me to give it to him, Jack.

DORAY. Certainly.

COOMBS. Open his mouth, Jack. That's the stuff. Nice doggie, now, nice doggie! There!

ARTHUR. Have you given it to him yet?

(Romney reenters with jar of beef extract wrapped in paper.)

COOMBS. Just this minute.

ARTHUR. Is he any stronger?

COOMBS. (Feeling dog's heart.) Not yet.

ARTHUR. Come on, Jasper, come on! You're goin' to get well! You're goin' to get well.

COOMBS. Of course he's going to get well.

ARTHUR. Come on, Jasper! Come on! You're goin' to get well! You're goin' to get well!

COOMBS. Fight for him—cheer him up—that's your only chance to save him.

DORAY. Yes, fight for him! Come on, old socks, come on! You're going to get well! You're going to get well!

ARTHUR. (To Doray.) Snap your fingers! It don't do no good if you don't make a noise.

EVERYBODY. (Loudly and snapping their fingers with all their might and main; they look as if they were shooting craps.) Come on, Jasper, come on. You're going to get well! You're going to get well!



"HE WON'T GO TO THE POUND!"

Jim Reuter, the police officer, has a grudge against Jasper, but Art and Nutty decide that they will pay for the dog's license, even if they must steal to do so.

Come on, come on. (Nutty dashes in with packages.)

NUTTY. (Loudly.) Say, what is this—a crap game?

ARTHUR. Shut up! We're trying to save Jasper.

NUTTY. Is he living?

COOMBS. Of course he's living.

ARTHUR. Looky! See his eyes, they're gettin' brighter! They're gettin' brighter! (All look at dog.) Don't you know me? Don't you know me, Jasper? Jasper! Jasper! (Brings dog on pillow and placing pillow on floor, kneels beside it—facing front.) Come on, Jasper, you're all right now—aren't you, Jasper? Of course you are. See! He's all right now, aren't you, Jasper—of course you are. Of course you are. Thanks, Mrs. Doray, for savin' him. Thanks.

MRS. DORAY. I didn't save him, dear, Mr. Coombs saved him.

ARTHUR. Yes, but if it hadn't been for you, Mr. Coombs wouldn't have been here. You're the one that saved him. (Sobs.) Excuse me for crying, but I'm so happy—I thought Jasper was going to die. (Sobs—pause.)

DORAY. (To Benny and Romney.) You folks run along or you'll be late for your picnic.

BENNY. I'm sorry it happened, Jack. ROMNEY. Will you shake with me, too, Jack?

DORAY. Sure! (They shake hands. All three men are holding hands. The three women are kissing each other.)

BENNY. It's all right, over there, too. (Points to women. Pinto without leash enters, Nutty picks him up.)

NUTTY. Who does this belong to?

COOMBS. Suffering catfish, the albion beauty has learned to trail me! Do you want a job, Nutty?

NUTTY. What'll you give me?

COOMBS. Six dollars a week and expenses.

NUTTY. What doin'?

COOMBS. Running errands in my office, and after office hours taking care of Pinto. All you have to do is to keep him out of my sight. Is it a go?

NUTTY. Sure! When do I start to work?

COOMBS. Right now. (Hands Pinto to Nutty.) Here, take him!

BENNY. Come on, folks.

ROMNEY. Yes, come on or we'll never get started.

MRS. KING. Good-by, everybody.

MARJORIE. Good-by, Edie.

EVERYBODY. Good-by! Good-by!

MRS. DORAY. (Softly kneeling beside Arthur, who is crying.) Arthur— (Places hand on his head tenderly.) Arthur.

NUTTY. Don't cry, Art. I got a job now. (Holds Pinto up.) See! Six a week and tree of it goes to you. Nix. Art, you'll have me bawlin' in a minute.

ARTHUR. I can't help it. I was afraid Jasper would die. (Rises.) Come on, Jasper. Good-by, everybody.

DORAY. Where are you going?

ARTHUR. I guess I've given you trouble enough for one day.

MRS. DORAY. (Quietly but anxiously to Doray.) Please don't let him go like that. Say something to him.

DORAY. (Emphatically—when Arthur is about to exit.) Come here! (Arthur stops and looks at him.) Come here! (Arthur goes to Mr. Doray.) Listen! I've made up my mind to make a man of you if it takes me the rest of my life. Any boy who loves a dog the way you do and admits that he has done wrong, is made of good stuff—understand?

ARTHUR. Yes, sir.

DORAY. Then see that you don't forget it! (Doray jerks the bottom of his coat down, swells out his chest importantly and struts proudly toward table.)

MRS. DORAY. (Puts her arms around Arthur. To Doray.) He won't, dear.

COOMBS. (To Doray.) Say, you're beginning to talk like a regular father.

DORAY. I feel like a regular father.

COOMBS. So do I. (Looks at Nutty, then, to Doray.) Say, let's take them to the ball game.

DORAY. Fine!

MRS. DORAY. Splendid!

NUTTY. Sure! We'll go, won't we, Art?

ARTHUR. You bet!

DORAY. And it's a double header, too.

NUTTY. Wow! Some game.

COOMBS. Precisely.

ARTHUR. (Smiling at Mrs. Doray.) Gee, but it feels good to be happy!

MRS. DORAY. You poor little boy. (Kisses Arthur.)

ARTHUR. (Smiling wistfully.) Do it again, will you? (Mrs. Doray kisses him again as the curtain falls.)

This conclusion rather emphasizes the sentimental note in Arthur Simpson's character, which most of the critics consider one of the chief weaknesses of the little comedy. Despite these faults, other young playwrights might profitably follow Mr. Ballard's lead, the critic of the *Nation* points out, to the extent at least of concentrating their attention upon representative human character instead of attempting to solve any world-problem which happens to be to the fore.

THE "HAPPY" ENDING AS THE FIRST REQUISITE OF A WAR-TIME PLAY

TO CHANGE the final scene of a play is as specious as to pretend that two and two make five. So declared one of the greatest dramaturgists of the modern stage, Alexandre Dumas fils.

If the result is wrong, he asserted in one of his voluminous prefaces, then the details are wrong. It is futile, the great French playwright pointed out, to call twice two five, and then simply to pretend that it is so. But while

there are times when audiences are in the psychological mood for logical and "unhappy" endings, just at present London playgoers are evidently in no mood to go to the theater to absorb the sadness and sorrow in other lives

than their own. Therefore, it has become necessary for Sir Arthur Pinero to change the logical ending of his new satirical comedy, "The Big Drum." In earlier years, the great British dramatist changed the conclusion of "The Profligate," out of deference to Sir John Hare, who played the leading rôle. In the case of "The Big Drum" his reason for making a change is a different and far more interesting one. Sir Arthur makes the following excuse:

"Members of the audience at the first night complained that for war time the end was rather a sad one, whereas they wanted to be cheered up. So we thought in these exceptional days that we ought to meet the public, and I have made the end more cheerful in consequence. The change does not affect the purpose of the play at all—the manner of the ending indeed is immaterial to that—for I designed and wrote it to attack certain weaknesses and follies of social life. It was framed before the war started, and at any other time there would have been no demand for the change that has been made."

At any other time, London audiences would not have found the original ending unhappy. Sir Arthur explains in an interview in *T. P.'s Weekly*. "Curious how the public thought that ending unhappy," he declares. "I have merely told a story of the clash of temperaments with a touch of tragic irony in it. But even from the standpoint of art, according to a comment by William Archer in the *New York Nation*, one cannot doubt the wisdom of the change. He writes:

"Tho I am sure nothing was further from Sir Arthur Pinero's mind than any thought of Ibsen, he has here repeated the end of 'A Doll's House.' The resemblance is unmistakable, and shows how small is the world of dramatic *motifs*. A woman, out of pure love for a man, has committed a thoughtless and foolish act which, when discovered, threatens to involve him in disgrace. In the first moment of consternation he gives no thought to her motive, but, absorbed in his own disaster, treats her with selfish cruelty. The crisis reveals to her both her own character and his, and she sees that all must be over between them.

"The two situations are identical in essence; and Pinero's, tho for different reasons, is as disputable as Ibsen's. It will be admitted, I think, that Nora's reasons for leaving Helmer would be entirely adequate were it not for the children; the question is whether the existence of the children does not create a bond between them which she could not and would not break. Between Ottoline and Mackworth there is, of course, no such bond; there is not even the tie of marriage; but, on the other hand, Pinero has not made the disparity of character nearly so plain as Ibsen has. Tho there is a something about Ottoline through-

out—a tinge of affectation, manifesting itself partly in a constant use of French phrases—which puts us on our guard as to her character, we feel that in the end she does herself injustice, and that any reasonable man would find no difficulty in forgiving her foibles for the sake of the deep and really beautiful sincerity of her love.

"But, then, it may be said, Mackworth is not a reasonable man—he is a fanatic and a prig—so that Ottoline's action is, after all, justified. That is true; but Sir Arthur has not given us the clue to Mackworth's character quite early enough. The fact that the author so obviously shares his hero's rage against social push and self-advertisement inclines us to regard Mackworth altogether sympathetically. We are consequently taken aback when, in the poignant situation of the third act, he behaves with such stupid egoism; and even up to the end we have not yet quite reconciled ourselves to the

Paris society. Ottoline marries a worthless count. A few years later Mackworth finds the Filsons laying siege to London society. Ottoline is now a widow. Ottoline and the poor novelist become engaged. He promises to marry her after the appearance of his next book, in which he has a profound belief and which, he is confident, will prove that he is not an artistic failure. The Filsons are bitterly opposed to this match with an obscure novelist, who, to Sir Randle Filson's unspeakable dismay, does not even figure in *Who's Who*. Sir Randle has just come in from a memorial service in honor of a man he had never known.

LADY FILSON. You haven't been long, Randle.

SIR RANDLE. (A cloud overshadowing his face.) I didn't remain for the Dead March, Winnie. (Taking off his black gloves.) I need hardly have troubled to go at all as it turned out.

LADY FILSON. Why, dear?

SIR RANDLE. The sad business was most abominably mismanaged. No reporters.

LADY RANDLE. No reporters!

SIR RANDLE. Not a single pressman in the porch. . . . I am almost glad, under the circumstances, that I didn't regard it as an event that laid me under an obligation to send flowers.

Mackworth seeks to conciliate the Filsons by making a somewhat rash promise: "Well, Sir Randle, I—I'm prepared to take a sporting chance. . . . I'll stake everything on my next book! I give you my word that if it isn't a success—an indisputable, popular success—I will join you both, in all sincerity, in urging Ottoline to break with me. Come! Does that mollify you?"

The Filsons inquire into the nature of the book that is to make their future son-in-law famous, and the author is persuaded by Ottoline to give an account of it:

PHILIP. It's called "The Big Drum," Sir Randle.

SIR RANDLE. (Elevating his eyebrows.) "The Big Drum?" (With an innocent air.) Military?

PHILIP. No, social. . . . It's an attempt to portray the struggle for notoriety—for self-advertisement—we see going on around us to-day.

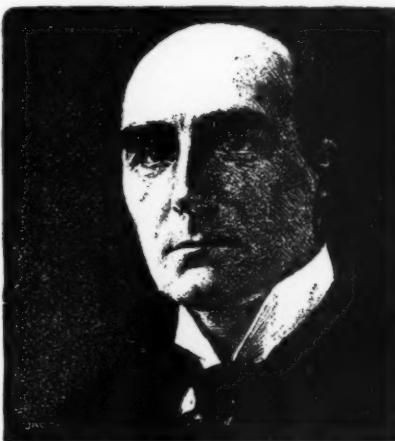
SIR RANDLE. Ah, yes, lamentable!

PHILIP. (Deliberately, but losing himself in his subject as he proceeds.) It shows a vast crowd of men and women, sir, forcing themselves upon public attention without a shred of modesty, fighting to obtain it as if they were fighting for bread and meat. . . .

SIR RANDLE. (Closing his eyes.) A terrible picture!

LADY FILSON. (Closing her eyes.) Terrible!

PHILIP. It shows the bishop and the judge playing to the gallery, the politician adopting the methods of the cheap Jack, the duchess vying with the puffing draper; it shows how even true genius submits



HE ATTACKS THE MODERN CRAVING FOR PUBLICITY

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's new play, produced by Sir George Alexander in London, where its ending has caused no end of discussion, contains a succession of attacks upon our modern love of notoriety. Sir Randle Filson goes to funerals in order to see his name in the newspapers, but leaves one of these mournful ceremonies when he discovers that there are no newspaper reporters present to take down the names of distinguished mourners like himself.

idea that this is an essential and determining trait in his character. 'If either of them had the slightest sense of humor,' a critic has said, 'there is no reason why they should not marry and live happily forever after.'

"The Big Drum" was brilliantly produced at the St. James in London the first of September. It is a satire upon the booming, pushing, publicity-hunting snobbishness of certain elements of British society. It deals also with the booming of literature, a subject treated by the Frenchman Scribe in "Le Puff." Sir Arthur has treated the subject not lightly but thoroly. This publicity seeking is in his eyes more than a ridiculous folly; it is a vice that wrecks happiness. Philip Mackworth is an English journalist in Paris. He falls in love with Ottoline Filson, daughter of a wealthy parvenu, who is unsuccessfully trying to buy their way into

itself to the conditions that are accepted and excused as "modern," and is found elbowing and pushing in the hurly-burly. It shows how the ordinary decencies of life are sacrificed to the paragraphist, the interviewer, and the ghoul with the camera; how the home is stripped of its sanctity, blessed charity made a vehicle for display, the very graveyard transformed into a parade-ground; while the outsider looks on with sinking of the vitals because the drum-stick is beyond his reach and the bom-bom-bom is not for him! It shows—(checking himself with a short laugh). Oh, well, that's the setting of my story, Sir Randle. I won't inflict the details on you.

Four months later we learn that "The Big Drum" has been published and, after hanging fire at first, has finally become a tremendous success. The publisher reports a sale of 25,000 copies. Mackworth is, of course overjoyed to have obtained recognition at last, the notoriety-hunting Filsons are

reconciled to the choice of their daughter, and make arrangements to celebrate her fiancé's attainment of much-sought fame.

But Ottoline's brother makes inquiries and discovers that the larger number of the 25,000 copies are reposing in the cellars of a bogus exportation agent somewhere in the city. This news he loses no time in conveying to the assembled family, delicately suggesting that Mackworth has entered into a plot with his publisher to create a fictitious success, the expense of which he would, of course, be able to meet as soon as he is in possession of Ottoline's money. Mr. Archer recounts the disputed and unsatisfactory conclusion:

"This intelligence is a thunderbolt to Mackworth, hurling him from the seventh heaven of success into the limbo of discreditable failure. But who has made him the victim of such a cruel—and costly

trick? The answer is close at hand—it is Ottoline! She confesses; and Mackworth, under the blow of the disappointment, treats her with a frigidity more cutting than any reproach. A night brings him to his senses and he implores her pardon; but at the same time he speaks of burning the book he has begun, and giving up his art. She tells him that she has recognized in herself an incurably vulgar and pushing strain, which would always be offending him, and furthermore—what is perhaps more serious—that he evidently cares more for his art than for her love. So she resolutely tears herself away from him, and leaves him to go on with his new book in solitude."

In the revised version, there is, of course, the inevitable reconciliation. Ottoline's indiscretion is recognized as an expression of true love, and Mackworth's feeble or long dormant sense of humor asserts itself as he finds that his new book is really in demand.



FLIRTING AT ST. MORITZ

A ballet on skates, a reproduction of the winter sports of the Engadine Alps, ski-jumpers and a marvelous lantern procession through the snow, are but a few of the features of the colossal entertainment provided by Charles Dillingham for the New York Hippodrome. Sousa's band, jugglers, acrobats, grotesque dwarfs, a wonderful clown named Toto, singers, dancers and comedians, all cooperate to create a new type of "super-circus." "Hip Hip Hooray" is the name of it, and it is as fascinating as a child's first picture-book.

THE GARGANTUAN NOTE IN THE NEWEST TYPE OF THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT

HERE was a time, a very few years ago, when we were almost convinced that the little theater, microscopic in size, esoteric and artistic in appeal, insisting upon quality rather than quantity in entertainment, had sounded the knell of the playhouse of vast proportions. But the pendulum of popularity has again swung in the opposite direction. A few "little" theaters are still trying to entertain a few people; but the thousands, in New York at least, are flocking to "The World of Pleasure" at the Winter Garden, the Hippodrome and the Century, to extravaganzas of Gargantuan proportions, to huge super-circuses of ele-

mental appeal; while in the Manhattan Opera House, once the home of operas like "Louise" and "Pelléas et Mélisande," melodrama, unashamed, has been holding sway.

Quantity rather than quality is the keynote of popular taste as understood by the expert showmen who mount these productions. "There was a lot of entertainment," remarks James Metcalfe, commenting in *Life on Town Topics*, "there was a vastness of quantity that obliterated anything there might have been of quality." There is a profound significance, to many of the critics, in the conversion of the home of the former "New Theater" to the estate of a music hall. Mr. Ned

Wayburn has revealed more vitality and a deeper understanding of the possibilities of the magnificent theater, Mr. Metcalfe thinks, than were ever revealed by his predecessors. The critic explains:

"The dead past has buried its dead and just now we are concerned with the extremely lively present as exemplified in the Wayburn effort to utilize what remains of the remains of the previous monumental failure. There is, for instance, the revolving stage that was one of the most costly features of the original enterprise. Until now no one ever had any reason to know of its existence. One of the most artistic features of the present show is a very evident use of its possibilities. Practical showmanship



THEY PREFER THIS TO SHAKESPEARE

"Anthony and Cleopatra" was once the attraction in the magnificent playhouse in Central Park West, but to New York audiences, composed to a great extent of those who come from other places, prefer "ponies" of the type here depicted to the poetry of the immortal bard.

doesn't mean art by any means, but here is an instance of its superiority to amateurism in the way of not wasting valuable accessories. The bigness of the stage, too, never showed to such advantage as it does now when filled with platoons of Mr. Wayburn's pretty girls."

Entertainments like those at the Century and the Hippodrome are, in the opinion of the critic of the New York *Evening Post*, glorified vaudeville. "There is a similarity to the three-ringed circus. It is absolutely unnecessary for audiences to see the whole performance, except on the ground that they will miss something good." Reproductions are given of full-rigged dreadnaughts (as in "Stolen Orders"), the Polo Grounds, the New York subway, fire engines speeding through Times Square, the "Tower of Jewels" at the Panama-Pacific exposition,—all designed as an appeal to the eye rather than the ear or the intellect, and strikingly effective answers to the challenge of the "movies." Most effective of all, so the critics of the New York press are unanimous in declaring, is the reproduction of the winter sports at St. Moritz, in the Engadine Alps, which is the crowning feature of the Hippodrome entertainment. Even that blasé but penetrating critic, Mr. Charles Darnton, of the *Evening World*, was struck by the beauty of this scene. He describes it:

"Last and best of all was the ice ballet, 'Flirting at St. Moritz,' brought from Berlin. It captivated the audience. The scene of the lake in Switzerland, with

snow-covered mountains towering on every side, fascinated the eye, but more fascinating still were the skating dancers, who, with wide sweeps and in intricate figures, astonished and delighted everybody. A dark beauty named Kate Schmidt glided off with the honors at first. Then came Charlotte to add to our amazement and win the greatest applause of the night. With her golden hair hanging down her back she was a picture of rare beauty. She came like the wind and carried everything before her. Leaping into the air, she would alight as lightly as a bird, to go skimming over the surface or spinning around so rapidly that it made one dizzy to watch her. It was not only as a skater but as a dancer that she proved herself to be a remarkably fine artist. The skill of the others was also of a high order. Alfred Naesse, Hilda Ruckerts, Ellen Dallerup and Dora Wischer roused the audience to enthusiasm again and again. Ski-jumpers who took wild leaps down the mountain added a thrill to an exhibition that created nothing short of a sensation."

Heywood Broun, dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, is inclined to regard this Gargantuan note in the new entertainments as one of the results of the rivalry of the film drama. "Makers of the movies regard the spoken drama as an alien foe," he writes. Commenting on the failure of "Stolen Orders" to attract large crowds, he interprets the situation as follows:

"It is a flank move which the films are making on the drama. Fearing to risk an assault against the heights of comedy,

the movie makers have directed their best efforts toward melodrama, and it would seem that if their right to this particular field of dramatic entertainment is not yet won it soon must be.

"'Stolen Orders,' at the Manhattan Opera House, may be accepted as a worthy type of stage melodrama. It is faithful to the Drury Lane tradition and contains as many thrills as any theater-goer has a right to expect, and yet a comparison between this huge spectacle and a film such as 'The Lamb,' of the Triangle company, for instance, emphasizes many points of superiority for the film. Pace, we take it, is one of the prime requisites of melodrama. If only the story moves fast enough, one has no time to question its probability, and the picture melodrama moves two feet while the spoken play goes one. There is no use in denying that the spoken word is only a hindrance to the break-neck story. Every excited man who makes a gesture to indicate how the blow was struck surely testifies to the superior speed of pantomime as compared to speech. In its essentials the race lies between sound and light, and in such a contest the vibrating wave has yet to win a single encounter. . . .

"The movie man, with all God's gray blue and sepia world in front of him, may pyramid his thrills. To clean the stage he has only to turn his camera. The maker of spoken melodrama at his best succeeds in fooling the audience. You are pleased if he can induce you to believe for the moment that uneasy canvas is a raging ocean or that a cigar-shaped contraption hung by wires is an airship. The movie man, on the contrary, invites your closest confidence, for his ocean is wet and there is never a string to his balloon."



SATIRIZING THE SUBWAY

This is but one of the many scenes in Mr. "Ned" Wayburn's new entertainment called "Town Topics." This revue is housed in the former New Theater. The invasion of the precincts of "art" by the typical Broadway "musical" show is significant in its indication of present-day theatrical taste.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

THE LUNATIC AND MURDERER WHO BECAME ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHILOLOGISTS

ALL the world knows the high estimate placed upon the scholarship embodied in the great English dictionary edited by the late Sir James A. H. Murray; but few suspect that this ambitious work was made possible in its present excellence largely through the learning and genius for lexicography of a murderer confined, during his period of editorship on the dictionary, in the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. The facts have come out in *The Strand Magazine* through Mr. Hayden Church, who had the advantage of intimate acquaintance with one of the parties in the case and who knows all the circumstances at first hand. Sir James, it must be remembered, was engaged for many years in editing this portentously long and extremely minute and detailed dictionary of the English language:

"It was Sir James Murray's custom, whenever he was ready to start on a new word (and the genesis of a single one mostly takes up several pages in the 'New English Dictionary'), to send it out to all of his army of volunteer readers, who forthwith supplied the earliest possible quotation which they could discover in which the word in question was used.

"When this had been going on for a time, Sir James discovered that some of the most valuable quotations that reached him, together with some of the most scholarly comments thereupon, were forwarded by a certain Dr. W. C. Minor, who wrote from Crowthorne, a small village in Berkshire. This contributor's identity puzzled Sir James more than a little, the more so as he soon came to realize that the latter's knowledge of the subject of philology could not be far behind his own. So much did Sir James esteem the mysterious Dr. Minor, in fact, that whenever he had completely finished his analysis of the history of any one word, he was in the habit of sending the full notes connected therewith to his correspondent in Crowthorne for his final revision, which, more often than not, was productive of some important addition or exceedingly illuminating criticism or other comment.

"For many months this went on. Eventually, so much did Sir James feel himself and Oxford University in the debt of the mysterious savant (regarding whose social status the distinguished lexicographer could not make even a guess) that he one day approached the University heads and pointed out that it would, so he considered, be a graceful and well-merited act on their part if an invitation were sent to the Berkshire savant asking

him to be the guest of the University for a week, during which time every possible honor should be paid to him."

The university authorities readily agreed, and Sir James sent his invitation, which was politely declined. Puzzled by this refusal, he wrote again, and Doctor Minor, after stating that for physical reasons he could not avail himself of the proffered kindness, suggested that Doctor Murray should visit him instead. What was the scholar's astonishment when the carriage sent for him took him to the insane asylum! A long interview with the authorities of the asylum revealed that the scholar who had sent nearly eight thousand quotations to the dictionary had been arrested for murder, had been acquitted on the plea of insanity, and was at the time an inmate of Broadmoor, where he was allowed the free use of an extensive library. Doctor Minor, by the way, is an American surgeon, who had left the United States to visit London. Here is the story of the murder:

"In the Belvedere road, Lambeth, close to Hungerford Bridge, a few hundred yards from Dr. Minor's lodgings, stood, and still stands, a large brewery known as the 'Lion.' On the night of February 17, 1872, about two o'clock in the morning, Dr. Minor, who was then absent from his rooms almost nightly, was returning home, evidently in a highly excited condition. The night was clear and starlit. Close to the gates of the brewery the American suddenly encountered one of the employees there, George Merritt, a stoker, who was then going to his work. Suddenly three shots rang out, and the nearest policeman rushed to the scene to find Dr. Minor standing with a smoking revolver in his hand.

"Who fired those shots?" demanded the policeman.

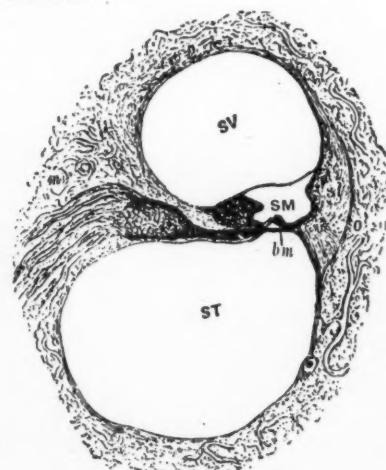
"I did," replied the American, with complete calmness, coming forward. "I've killed a man. He's lying back there."

"By this time another officer arrived, and going in the direction indicated by the American he found the unfortunate stoker's body. Death, resulting from one bullet wound in the neck and another in the back, had been practically instantaneous. The doctor, whom the policeman described as entirely cool and self-possessed, was disarmed, arrested, and at once conveyed to Southwark police station, where he was imprisoned.

"Dr. Minor was tried at the spring assizes in the following April, the trial having been postponed to permit his wife,

his brother and other witnesses to reach England. The case was tried before Lord Chief Justice Bovill, the prosecution being represented by Mr. Denman, Q.C., and Mr. J. C. Mathew, and the prisoner by Sir (then Mr.) Edward Clarke. The proceedings were comparatively brief, the evidence of the prisoner's brother and wife (the latter's appearance excited great sympathy), as well as the evidence of the police, making it obvious that the act was that of a deranged man. There was the police letter to America, too, written before the crime, not to mention the fact that the prisoner and his victim were absolute strangers. The jury, after being charged by the Lord Chief Justice, brought in a verdict of not guilty. Soon after Dr. Minor was taken to Broadmoor, there to be confined 'during her Majesty's pleasure,' as the official phrase then went."

Sir James Murray, Mr. Hayden Church tells us, was exceedingly reluctant to have the story published, consenting at last only in view of the scientific importance of the case from the psychologist's standpoint. In fact, various men of eminence in the scientific world acted with the friends of the distinguished Doctor Murray to effect the release of Doctor Minor, who at last accounts was living happily in the United States, his present whereabouts being withheld for obvious reasons. The strangest part of his story is that the learning which made him so important in the history of the most ambitious philological undertaking in the history of English lexicography was acquired within the walls of the lunatic asylum during the period of his incarceration.



THE EAR

The letters are explained in the text of the article on the following page.

A NEW MECHANICAL THEORY OF THE ACTION OF THE EAR

MALADIES affecting the ear prove nowadays so baffling that medical science may be obliged to invite experts in other fields to fill a gap in knowledge of the whole subject. That gap concerns the secret of its mechanical action. Medicine never penetrated the secret of the mechanical action of the eye until the progress of physics had revealed the laws of optics and of the behavior of light. Now, of all the suggestions on the subject of the ear, that theory of its mechanical action which seems to have most experimental support is advanced by the well-known scientist, Professor Alexander Wood.* He invites us to consider first of all the behavior of a mechanical model whose structure is suggested by the structure of the ear. Suppose we have a long conical box filled with liquid and divided longitudinally into three tapering compartments so that its cross-section resembles the diagram. AB is a membrane, while the partition AC consists of a series of stretched strings connected by a membrane, so that any motion of the fluid may the more easily be communicated to them.

"The base and sides of the cone are rigid, but the former contains two apertures one of which gives access to the uppermost chamber while the other gives access to the lowest. These apertures are closed with membranes. There is a small passage at the vertex of the cone which connects the uppermost and lowest compartments. If now the membrane giving access to the uppermost compartment be caused to vibrate, its vibrations will be transmitted through the fluid to the vertex of the cone, through the small passage into the lowest compartment, and so down to the membrane closing this compartment. At the same time they will be transmitted through the membranous partitions separating the three compartments. Each time the membranous window giving access to the upper compartment is driven in, the corresponding window of the lowest compartment will be driven out, and vice versa. The effect of this transmission of vibrations will be to set the fluid in the middle compartment vibrating also, the vibrations being transmitted to it through the membranous walls. Let us suppose further that the strings which form the texture of the lower wall of the middle compartment form a series, the length and tension of which are so adjusted that their frequencies of vibration diminish gradually from the vertex to the base of the cone and that the damping of the vibrations of these strings is appreciable. If a simple harmonic vibration be now imposed on the upper membranous window the resulting vibrations will pass through the fluids inside, will act on the strings and those strings which

are nearest the frequency of the imposed vibration will be set vibrating by resonance, while the others will remain practically at rest. Let us see now how far this model would show the properties which we know the ear actually to possess.

"It could perceive loudness. The louder the sound the greater would be the amplitude of vibration of the window, the greater the amplitude of the fluid motion and therefore the greater the amplitude of the strings affected.

"It could perceive pitch. High notes would affect the short tightly stretched strings. Low notes would affect the longer strings. From the particular members of the series of strings which were affected we could deduce the pitch of the exciting sound.

"It could effect the analysis of complex notes. Each partial tone present in the note would affect its own particular group of strings."

From the groups of strings affected and their relative amplitudes we could at once tell the pitch of the partials which were present and their relative intensities. This is a consideration of the utmost importance. It seems almost impossible to conceive any other mechanism whereby this extraordinary property of the human ear could be imitated. A very good example of the process here suggested is given if we press down the loud pedal of a piano so as to remove the dampers from the strings and then sing or whistle into it a note of any pitch. The piano will effect an analysis, each string of the piano which corresponds in pitch to one of the harmonic partials of the note being set in resonant vibration, and the instrument will give back a note not only of the same pitch but also in point of quality quite a good imitation of the original note.

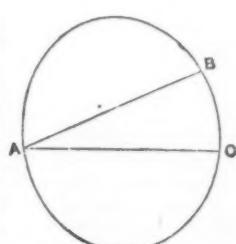
The model would also explain very simply the obvious if indefinable relationship which we perceive between the sensations produced by certain pairs of notes when sounded successively—for example, two notes giving the interval of an octave. Let us suppose we sound a note whose pitch is C. If this note is sounded on an instrument which gives the associated partials we shall have sounding at the same time C', G', C", E", and G". Now suppose the octave above this note to be sounded—also with its series of partials. This will give us C' as the prime tone and C", G" and so on as the partial tones.

It will be noticed that the second note merely emphasizes tones which were present before and adds nothing new of its own. The second note affects only groups of strings which were already in action. In this way the relationship of these two notes is easily explained and the explanation will be

found to hold for all the simple intervals. If we take, for instance, the interval of the fifth—next to the octave the closest and most obvious relationship between pairs of notes—it will readily be seen that a similar explanation suggests itself. The lower note C carries with it as before C', G', C", E", G" and so forth. The upper note G carries with it G', D", G" and so on. Here it will be observed that the upper note does contribute something new—it does affect groups of strings not affected by the stimulus of the lower note, but at the same time the two notes have several common partials, every third partial of the lower note coinciding in pitch with every second partial of the upper note, and this common content is quite sufficient to explain the relationship. This view is further strengthened by the discovery that those intervals for which the relationship of the notes seems to our ears to be most distant are exactly those for which the common content is very small.

Finally this model explains the riddle of beats. If two notes are sufficiently close in pitch to act on the same strings, then those strings which are subject to the joint action of the two notes will have a variable amplitude of vibration which will go through a series of maxima and minima, the number of complete cycles so executed in one second being equal to their difference in frequency.

Now the mechanical model taken thus as the basis of the foregoing discussion approximately reproduces the actual structure of the inner ear. Here we have our tapering cavity filled with fluid but coiled into the form of a snail shell and so known as the cochlea. It is completely surrounded by a hard bony wall, except for two small openings at the base. One of these, the upper, is a small bony aperture called the fenestra ovalis. The lower is a small round aperture called the fenestra rotunda. Both are closed by membranes. The interior of the cochlea is divided (see cut on preceding page) into three compartments by longitudinal membranous partitions. The uppermost of these is the scala vestibuli, the lowest is the scala tympani, while the middle one is the scala media. The membrane separating the scala media from



THE EAR PRINCIPLE
This box and string exemplifies the new mechanical theory of hearing.

the scala tympani is called the basilar membrane and has a structure consisting of stretched transverse fibers. The tension of the membrane in the direction of these fibers being considerably greater than its tension at right angles to them, the effect is practically the same as if they were a series of stretched strings connected by the membrane. This membrane carries the nerve endings. The fenestra ovalis is connected by a chain of small bones with the membrana tympani or drum of the ear. These bones lie in a cavity called the middle ear in which the pressure of the air is kept normal, since

the cavity connects with the outer air through the Eustachian tube which is periodically opened in the act of swallowing.

"The vibrations of the air pass into the outer ear and act on the membrana tympani. This takes up the vibrations and transmits them by means of the chain of small bones to the fenestra ovalis. The facility with which the membrana tympani takes up these vibrations is very much reduced if the pressure of the air in the middle ear becomes large. Accidentally this sometimes happens and temporary deafness ensues until the act of swallowing opens the Eustachian tube

and reduces the pressure to normal, when the deafness disappears. The chain of small bones acts like a compound lever, reducing the amplitude of the vibrations in the ratio of 3 : 2, increasing their force in the inverse ratio and concentrating it on the much smaller area of the fenestra ovalis. Arrived at this oval window, the vibrations pass up the scala vestibuli, through a little passage at the vertex—the *helicocotrema*—and then travel down the scala tympani to the round window. According to our theory these vibrations set certain of the fibers of the basilar membranes into resonant vibration and so stimulate the corresponding nerve endings. The analogy with our model is practically complete."

PASSING OF THE CHEMIST WHO REVOLUTIONIZED THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

VESALIUS himself, founder of modern anatomy, and even Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, must have a less enduring renown than will be that of Paul Ehrlich, the German pathologist, whose passing elicits this remark in the *Medizinische Wochenschrift* (Munich). While the verdict is that of a German organ of therapeutics, it is cordially endorsed in the French and British scientific periodicals with few exceptions. Nor is the lay press a whit behind the organs of the experts, the London *Nation* giving best expression, perhaps, to the Anglo-Saxon idea of the famed chemist when it says that thanks to him there is a time which can be foreseen when all diseases due to bacteria—even tuberculosis—and all diseases due to cells of any sort—even cancer—must yield to the hunt organized by Ehrlich for their due specifics. For the immortal Ehrlich went beyond those physicians who made themselves famous by discovering the origin and causation of a malady—he suggested the remedy. He inaugurated an era in the science of medicine itself which must endure for centuries and take its cue from the pioneer work of his genius.

Ehrlich's discovery can be stated so simply that its importance would readily escape the untrained lay mind. He held that every living cell had a number of likings or affinities. This extraordinary scientific generalization bore the hall mark on its face of that simplicity, that suggestion of the commonplace, which makes one wonder why the world waited so long for it, or what there can be in so ordinary a proposition to shake modern medicine to its foundations. It must be remembered what Ehrlich's statement suggests to the expert. Every living cell may be conceived as a restless unit stretching out tentacles for certain appropriate substances. Some of its

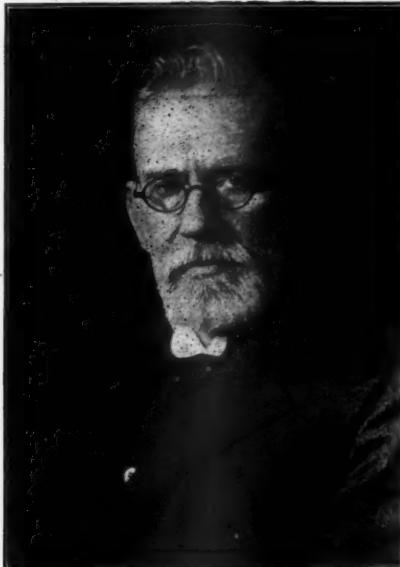
likings or affinities would be morbid tastes, some helpful; but morbid or healthy, its tastes are real and specific. This does not to a lay mind seem a very profound or original contribution to knowledge, a fact explaining the general ignorance of the real nature of Ehrlich's work, despite the shoals of printed pamphlets and studies to which it has given rise. Yet Ehrlich's contribution to human knowledge promises to mankind the cure of every infectious disease now scourging it.

The explanation involves consideration for a moment of that prodigious child of science known as synthetic chemistry. The London *Nation* observes:

"When organic chemistry was found to

be subject to the same laws which govern inorganic chemistry, the impetus to analytical study of organic compounds gave rise to certain instructive results. Organic compounds were found to be structures of atoms similar at all events to inorganic substances. It was a short step from this to the artificial building up of simple organic compounds. It is now nearly a century since some of these organic substances were made in the laboratory. Alcohol and urea were among the earliest to be made, and during the last fifty years grape and cane sugars, indigo, camphor, caffeine and cocaine have been built up from their constituents. This, again, regarded dispassionately, does not seem to be a world-shaking achievement, but it was a significant line of research which had its value in preparing the soil for greater developments. In passing, it may be pointed out that the artificial preparation of natural commodities of such value as camphor, indigo and sugar is of the utmost importance to mankind.

"Another of the developments of organic chemistry has been the object of an almost incredible mass of research. It may be described as the topographical study of the units of organic compounds. For it was found that not only were substances made up of given constituents in given quantities, but also that these constituents were arranged in special ways. The bricks and mortar, so to say, of quite different compounds might be exactly the same. Of course, it is clear that an architect can from the same materials build houses shaped to different designs and purposes. But the structure of molecules is not like that of a house, which is patent to all. The fact that the molecule of an organic compound has a sort of topography, with its constituent atoms laid out here and there in an orderly plan like a garden city, was only discovered when students, in attempting to build up compounds in the laboratory, found that, with the same ingredients and the same proportions and the same actual quantities, they could at times make as many as sixty different substances."



THE SUPREME PHYSICIAN

"Ehrlich came to think that in the topography of the cells lay the secret of the problem. Somewhere there lay a gateway. A suitable bridge must be found for this gateway; then over the bridge the poison detachments would make their way in conveyances specially suited to the bridge, then they would dig their syringes firmly in the cell substance and the poison would be injected."

Ehrlich was born into an era deeply engrossed with the artificial building

up of organic and living products and with the study of the topography of their smallest parts. His attention was turned to infectious diseases, which another discovery had shown to be due to bacteria. It was known that different bacteria, like the cells of different parts of the body, take different dyes, and the process of dyeing is similar to that of the injection of poison into the tissues. Different cells, then, had an affinity to different substances. It had also been found that after a certain treatment with a drug, bacteria became immune to that drug, and also to all the cognate drugs of the same class. The affinity was therefore specific affinity. So far little had been done to lighten the lot of suffering humanity, for the method of killing bacteria, outside the human body, was simple enough, but it had been found very often that the substance which killed the bacteria would, in the human body, attack a given organ first and let the bacteria alone.

Here, then, was the problem. It was essential to find something which would attack the bacteria but leave the organ and the organism unaffected:

"Ehrlich came to think that in the topography of the cells lay the secret of the problem. Somewhere there lay a gateway. A suitable bridge must be found for this gateway; then over the bridge the poison detachments would make their way in conveyances specially suited to the bridge, then they would dig their syringes firmly in the cell substance and the poison would be injected. Thus fancifully stated, are the essentials of the problem. In every cell there are many affinities, or, as we have called them, gateways. They have been scientifically looked upon as books to which 'side chains' or 'anchor groups' are attached. However we describe them, the crucial difficulty is the same. Such an 'anchor group' or 'bridge' must be found that it will correspond to some part of the bacteria, but will have so little correspondence with the diseased organ that the second essential—the poison substance—will be able to have full access to the bacteria, be

firmly fixed to them, but will have little chance of attacking the organ. And, thirdly, there must be something which will unite the poison substance to the bridge, some especially appropriate conveyance; and, fourthly, there must be some special affinity between the poison compound and the cell substance, something like a syringe, which would be a means of communication. Thus stated the problem opens out a seeming vista of research. All the affinities of all cells must be found before the end of bacterial disease will come into view. But once they are found, the end is not yet. Then there arises another line of research to find such substances as will anchor the poison factor to such a cell and not to another. There must be numbers of attaching substances which will fix the poison on to the bacteria and not to the organ.

"The strangest variety of results has been found among such substances. By varying them, almost any organ may be rendered immune or any attacked. The poison may generate almost any intensity. This vast and most fruitful line of research it was that Ehrlich opened."

REVELATION OF SOME SECRETS OF THE GERMAN AEROPLANE ENGINE

THOSE Mercedes stationary engines which have been almost universally adopted throughout the German flying services are now said by London *Motor* to be identical with the engines of the victorious Mercedes team which swept the board for the grand prize at Lyons less than a month before the declaration of hostilities. That was their supreme test of efficiency and the reason why they were so jealously guarded before the race, no one being allowed to go near them, far less to examine them. Altho the German government gave a substantial pecuniary prize at the time, no one supposed there was the slightest connection between the Mercedes victory and the plans of the German military organization. The subject has been much discussed in recent months by motor experts, Mr. Gerald Biss giving in the London *Standard* these details relative to the famous aeroplane engine:

"In 1912 the German War Ministers began seriously to question the efficiency both of their Zeppelins and of their aeroplanes; and in the case of the latter they began to redesign them from start to finish, engines and all, while by a series of rewards they trained a remarkable staff of military pilots, especially for long-distance flying. All was done with typical Teutonic thoroughness, not least at the justly famous Cannstadt factory. This factory's product of 1913, a motor car engine developed with a view to low weight in relation to power, was put to its supreme test in the minor race at Le Mans, the test of a long-road race, which had

for years been part and parcel of the gospel of the Mercedes. It failed badly, especially for aeroplane purposes, owing to periodic vibration. The designers, however, did not see any reason for abandoning the stationary motor car engine principle, but every reason for redesigning entirely the engine itself upon high-speed and limited cylinder lines, with the happiest results, as proved at Lyons; and the war has further proved that the principle of the stationary motor car engine for aeroplanes is the correct one. The importance of last year's Grand Prix, which was watched on the eve of war by the Kaiser and his military advisers with such anxious eyes, was the supreme test of these Mercedes engines, upon which so much depended; and they proved themselves the most efficient and easily the most consistent among the representative international engines entered."

It will always stand to the glory of Germany in the history of applied science that she has developed the stationary motor car engine for purposes of aviation, as this war, which has been tremendous in its tests, has proved not only a maker but a breaker of reputations. For military purposes it may be said that the monoplane has dropped out. The war has brought about not only the complete redesigning of aeroplanes but it has absolutely eclipsed one of the most famous of all, popularly placed at the very top. Details will come out in due time when this iconoclastic war is over, and flying—a very different thing from what it was a year ago—comes out of the crucible in an unexpectedly and amazingly practical condition for purposes of peace.

It can only be said for the moment that if the truth regarding the present advanced state of the science of flying were published even in the bulletin of a scientific society it would require the support of eminent names before it would be believed. What is done in the way of flying in the theater of war would have to be seen to be believed, the methods of the aviators being the closest secret of all. A few results may be hinted at:

"Chief of these will be the reversion to the fixed-cylinder engine and probably the entire disappearance of the rotary, in which France has specialized with temporary success since 1909, since when car and aeroplane engines have developed upon entirely different lines. The rotary cylinder engine soon won for itself great fame in the air, but it never developed the efficiency or the reliability of the car engine, and under war conditions, the most searching of all, after a year's experience it has been found that the average lives of two of the most important makes are only four and twelve hours respectively.

"The great determining factor six years ago was the question of weight; but with modern efficiency that not only is a far less important matter but one that averages itself out in favor of the stationary motor car engine as against the rotating cylinder aeroplane engine in the matter of long-distance flying, such as is alone of value nowadays. The fuel consumption of the latter is so enormous that, tho the stationary type weighs nearly twice as much, engine for engine, the other weighs hundreds of pounds more with fuel for, say, a ten-hour flight.

"With the progress of the car engine

and its enormously increased efficiency, the water-cooled stationary engine has thus come back to its own, tho flying owes much to the other type, which helped aviation through the initial stages towards real flying; but it wanted, among

other things, too many mechanics and too much constant attention for the rough and tumble of war. Now that we are getting on to the 200, even to the 500-horse-power engine in the plane, the motor car engine presents all the advantages

and none of the disadvantages; and Germany realized this in a very practical way in 1912. Hence the inside history of the great Mercedes victory in last year's Grand Prix, a bare month before the war."

THE CHIN AS THE CRITICAL FACTOR IN HUMAN CHARACTER

CHARACTER reading through analysis of the features has been revived as a science in consequence of the controversies over the so-called Piltdown and Heidelberg jaws. The critical factor in the discussion, as is pointed out in the Paris *Nature*, is the chin. The significance of the chin and jaws in man has led to a discussion between Professor Elliott Smith and Doctor Louis Robinson from which it appears that the popular impression that obstinacy and pugnacity in man find expression in the shape of the chin has, after all, a basis in scientific fact. At every period of man's evolutionary history he has needed a more or less ape-like chin if he were to have his own way. It was into a world full of brutal tumult and hard knocks that the nascent chin first made its appearance, says Professor Robinson. In the prize ring of to-day, he adds, it is a well-known fact that a blow on the chin is the most rapid method by which an antagonist can be "knocked out." Moreover the nearer the prize fighter is in

the structure of his chin to the chimpanzee and gorilla the better chance he has of winning a championship in his class. If we look at the bony structure of the chin in some of the prehistoric jaws we find it of astonishing strength through being buttressed as if to stand violence and shaped in a heavy manner when contrasted with the face as a whole. The dictatorial and obstinate man, who will have his own way, intolerant of criticism, shows what he is in the shape of his chin. He is a reversion in this physiognomical detail to an ape-like ancestor, or rather to an ancestor who resembled in the contour of his chin the chimpanzee and the gorilla. Primitive man scored all along the evolutionary line because of that chin.

The result of the discussion has been to stimulate physiognomical analysis

portant in itself. Nevertheless, he admits in his recent work on this subject* that the chin does show the natural physical tendencies of the individual:

"As the shape of the head reveals the inherent mental qualities, so the formation of the chin shows the natural physical tendencies, and furthermore as the eye is the index of the mentality, so is the mouth the exponent of the physical nature.

"One-third of the head should be back of the ear, showing strength of the physical nature. The face is divided in the same proportion; one-third from the base of the nose to the bottom of the chin, the upper two-thirds of the face containing mental indications, the lower one-third, lips, mouth, and chin revealing the physical and animal inclinations.

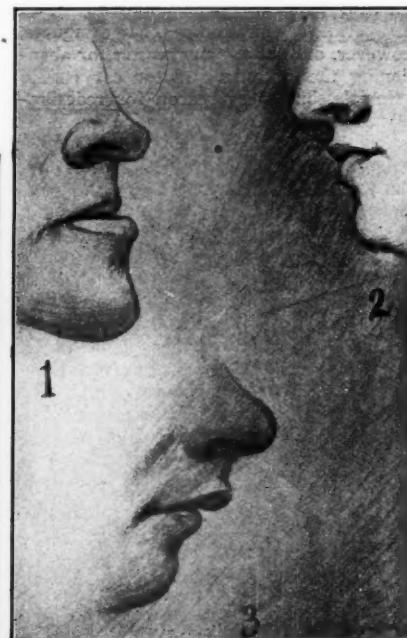
"Woman's face is nearly always light in the lower third. Her tendencies run more in mental directions. She lacks the intensely passionate nature, which is the result of bony structure, the physical vigor and the muscular strength that are attendant upon the manly man. The chin typical of woman, altho usually of correct length, will very slightly recede in-

* *CHARACTER READING THROUGH ANALYSIS OF THE FEATURES.* By Gerald Elton Fosbroke. New York: Putnam.



THE DUBIOUS TYPES

The first chin here is that of a fine and intellectual being who will look out for himself before he will do a thing for another—a good character but not a good friend. The second is yielding and a spender.



DANGEROUS

Number one is very obstinate and will resort to "knock down and drag out" tactics. The second is literary and artistic but infirm of purpose. The third is a conciliator but obtuse and without subtlety.

from the expert standpoint; but such analysis, especially in dealing with the chin, may lead to error, according to Professor Gerald Elton Fosbroke. The human countenance should be read as a whole, he insists, instead of through the aspect of one feature, however im-



FAMILIAR KINDS

The first specimen here may be dismissed as womanish although fine. The second is mediocre, human, honest, on the whole reliable, but pugilistic. Number three has judgment, purpose and ideality.

stead of projecting. Woman's whole face will be wider above than below, the jaws will be narrow and slight."

The typical man's chin, on the contrary, will in its correct formation be perpendicular, and will often project forward—broad at the base, full and round, with breadth at the angle of the jaw-bone, where the face should be as wide as the head above but not wider.

The ball of the chin is drawn up-

ward by the contraction of the lower face muscles. As the muscles of the upper face draw downward with mental effort, so the muscles of the chin, which represent the physical side, draw upward in their desire to put actively into effect the mental command, each set of muscles being held in place by the tensile of the other. Resistance develops strength, well-balanced mental and physical forces, opposing each

other, result in power, and controlled applied power means success. All this implies a man's need of a strong jaw and a strong chin to meet and support the upper face. Without physical strength mentality is wasted.

The more the chin of woman is prominent or projects, the more of man's nature will she have so far as physical action is concerned. This is by no means a defect of character.

SIR RAY LANKESTER ON THE DARWINIAN ATTITUDE TO WAR

SCIENTISTS of eminence on the continent of Europe have, as is well known, insisted that Darwinism is a justification of the form of violence displayed in warfare among nations. War is an expression, according to this view, of a law of nature, the survival of the fittest. The most conspicuous militarist exponent of this conception of Darwinism is, of course, Bernhardi, who says that wherever we look in nature we find that war is a fundamental law of development. "This great verity, which has been recognized in past ages, has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin." Even more emphatic is another remark of Bernhardi's: "The natural law to which all the laws of nature can be reduced is the law of struggle . . . from the beginnings of life, war has been the basis of all healthy, normal development. Struggle is not merely the destructive but the

vitalizing principle. The law of the stronger holds good everywhere. War gives a biologically just decision, since its decision rests on the very nature of things." Yet, according to one of the most distinguished authorities on the whole subject of Darwinian evolution, Sir Ray Lankester, there is no basis whatever in scientifically established fact for these ideas. It is not true, he declares, that warfare or anything resembling it is universal in animated nature. To quote the words of the eminent evolutionist, as his paper is given in the London *Telegraph*:

"I cannot, in passing in review what is known as to animal life, find any instance of habits or procedure on the part of animals which resembles warfare, except

insects, and worms, which prey upon other species—usually herbivorous creatures—cannot be said to make war on these, their natural food, any more than a herbivorous animal makes war upon the grass, shrubs, or fruit trees which it consumes. Frequently the food-organism possesses powerful horns or kicking hoofs if an animal, or sharp spines and poisonous juices if a plant, which render the task of seizing and devouring it no easy or simple matter. There is a natural limit to the destruction of these food species by the predatory species. The supply must not be seriously checked, or the predatory animal would starve. A balance is naturally established which results in many cases in the sickly or feeble members only of a herd being eaten, a result which tends to strengthen the stock by the elimination of weaklings.

"In much the same way, it appears that in many cases a limit is, in the long run, put upon the destructive action of parasites. In any case, the destruction by predatory animals is one of the 'mold-



CONTRASTS

The first chin is indicative of fickle nature, prone to bluff. The second is good and true but pessimistic. The third is benevolent and optimistic but destitute of ideality and the vision of the dreamer.



MASCULINE ALL

The first indicates sensuality with a desire for peace at any price. The second is the decisive type but pessimistic, and the third is prone to dissemble.

the attacks made by certain ants on the nests of other species of ants when they carry off the immature young of the attacked species and rear them as workers in their own habitations. The carnivorous animals, beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes,



TEMPERAMENTAL

The first chin is that of an honest but not particularly fine character, not self-willed but inclined to criticism of others. The second chin is womanish, kind and tender. The third is a flirt. The fourth is keen, judicial, egotistic.

ing' causes amongst many other dangers and obstacles by means of which selection in nature and survival of the fittest are brought about, yet the destructive agencies, whether predatory beasts, or storms, or drought, or other such dangers, are not parties in the struggle for existence—the keen and close competition which Darwin described. It is the unconscious competition between the super-abundant individuals of one and the same species—even of one and the same family—to secure safety, nourishment and mating, and to be the one to escape the destructive noxious agency, whatever its nature, while others perish, which Darwin spoke of as 'a struggle for existence.'

Actual combat between individuals of the same species is rare, except in regard to the "mating" of certain species of animals, by no means a ma-

jority. Stags fight with their antlers for the possession of does, fur seals use their teeth in such combats, and the natural weapons, such as large fangs, claws and horns, possessed by the males only in many animals are used as frequently for duels with rival males as for protecting the female and her young from the attacks of carnivorous enemies of totally distinct species. Even some few male fishes fight others of their own species for the possession of the females. On the other hand, where one species has been brought by human traffic from its own area into that inhabited by another species, and has multiplied and to some extent superseded the original native species, as the continental European sewer rat has multiplied in England and is now

more commonly seen there than the native black rat of barns and outhouses, there is no evidence that there has been any "fighting" or warfare between the old species and the newcomer. The same is true regarding the various species of cockroaches introduced by ships into England. They do not attack one another, nor do they attack the smaller native species. In Australia the marsupial wolf has vanished and given place to the dingo, a wild dog, but there is no evidence of fighting or warfare between the two now or in the past. Peaceful penetration, followed by survival of the fitter species, resulting after a long lapse of time in the complete or perhaps only partial dying out of the species less favored, is what occurs.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ADVANCE EVER MADE IN OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE ATOM

IT IS now well established that a helium atom is expelled from certain of the radioactive elements at the moment of their transformation. The helium atom or alpha ray leaves the transforming atom with a velocity which varies in the different radioactive elements but which is always very great—a velocity which, if unchecked, would carry the atom around the earth in less than two seconds.

When an alpha ray is discharged from the transforming element into a gaseous medium its velocity is rapidly checked and its energy absorbed. A certain amount of energy is thus transferred from the transforming atom to the gas. We recognize this energy in the gas by the altered properties of the latter—chiefly by the fact that it becomes a conductor of electricity. The mechanism by which this change is effected is in part known. The atoms of the gas, which appear to be freely penetrated by the alpha ray, are so far dismembered as to yield charged electrons or ions, the atoms remaining charged with an equal and opposite charge. Such a medium of free electric charges becomes a conductor of electricity by convection when an electromotive force is applied. The gas also acquires other properties in virtue of its ionization. Under certain conditions it may acquire chemical activity and new combinations may be formed or existing ones broken up. When its initial velocity is expended the helium atom gives up its properties as an alpha ray and thenceforth remains possessed of the ordinary varying velocity of agitation resulting from heat.

So far we have followed the elucidation of that renowned physicist, Professor J. Joly, as given in the last annual report of the Smithsonian Insti-

tution. When the alpha ray has sufficiently slowed down, he adds, its power of passing right through atoms, without appreciably experiencing any effects from them, diminishes:

"The opposing atoms begin to exert an influence on the path of the ray, deflecting it a little. The heavier atoms will deflect it most. This effect has been very successfully investigated by Geiger. It is known as 'scattering.' The angle of scattering increases rapidly with the decrease of velocity. Now the effect of the scattering will be to cause some of the rays to complete their ranges or, more accurately, to leave their direct line of advance a little sooner than others. In the beautiful experiments of C. T. R. Wilson we are enabled to obtain ocular demonstration of the scattering."

A highly remarkable fact has been found out by the distinguished physicist, Professor Bragg. The effect of the atom traversed by the ray in checking the velocity of the ray is independent of the physical and chemical condition of the atom. Bragg measured the "stopping power" of a medium by the distance the ray can penetrate into it compared with the distance to which it can penetrate in air. The less the ratio, the greater the stopping power. The stopping power of a substance is proportional to the square root of its atomic weight. The stopping power of an atom is not altered if it is in chemical union with another atom. The atomic weight is the one quality of importance. The physical state, whether the atom is in the solid, gaseous or liquid form, is unimportant. And when we deal with molecules, the stopping power is simply proportional to the sum of the square roots of the atomic weights of the atoms entering into the molecule.

This is the so-called "additive law"

which is the source of the sensation among students of physics the world over to-day:

"Knowing the chemical composition and density of any medium whatsoever, solid, liquid, or gaseous, we can calculate accurately the distance to which any particular alpha ray will penetrate. Nor have the temperature and pressure to which the medium is subjected any influence save in so far as they may affect the proximity of one atom to another. The retardation of the alpha ray in the atom is not affected."

In summing up the subject, Professor Joly calls special attention to the importance of the discovery itself:

"The radioactive atom in sinking to a lower atomic weight casts out with enormous velocity an atom of helium. It thus loses a definite portion of its mass and of its energy. Helium, which is chemically one of the most inert of the elements, is, when possessed of such great kinetic energy, able to penetrate and ionize the atoms which it meets in its path. It spends its energy in the act of ionizing them, coming to rest, when it moves in air, in a few centimeters. Its particular initial velocity depends upon which of the radioactive elements has given rise to it. The length of its path is therefore different according to the radioactive element from which it proceeds. The retardation which it experiences in its path depends entirely upon the atomic weight of the atoms which it traverses. As it advances in its path its effectiveness in ionizing the atom rapidly increases and attains a very marked maximum. In a gas the ions produced being much crowded together recombine rapidly; so rapidly that the actual ionization may be quite concealed unless a sufficiently strong electric force is applied to separate them. Such is a brief summary of the climax of radioactive discovery—the birth, life, and death of the alpha ray. Its advent into science has altered fundamentally our conception of matter."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

THE PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH REBUKES HIMSELF FOR LOVE OF MONEY-MAKING

THAT he had secularized his sacred calling was the substance of the "confession" made last month by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis in his pulpit at the historic Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He stated to his congregation that money which he had accumulated as a lecturer and writer—"I am ashamed to say how much the sum was, in view of the low wages paid to poor working people"—had been invested according to advices from men he trusted. Reverses came, he became satisfied that values of some of the properties were doubtful, determined that no one should lose through confidence in him, and had been assured that he had enough to pay off the last of any indebtedness, so that he hoped soon to "begin life again without property, indeed, but also without debt." He continued:

"For several years I have been increasingly disturbed lest my little influence upon some students and young ministers was far from my ideal. I have feared lest I was biasing them toward the lecture platform, public life, and prosperity, instead of toward obscure, gentle, tender, Christ-like service. To them I owe this statement: Often I have loved my books more than the poor; I have loved position and office and honor, and sometimes I have thought of my own interest, when every drop of my blood and every ounce of my strength and every thought of my mind belonged to our schools, to the sick, to the friendless, to the poor, and to the boys and girls, with their eager and hungry minds.

"Often I have taken honors when I should have chosen solitude and dwelt apart and listened to the voice of God and tried to be a true prophet of God to you. For several years I have had a growing conviction that a minister has no right to make money, and does his best work without it.

"If, therefore, there is anywhere in this wide land a noble boy who has done me the honor to read my books or sermons, or to listen to my lectures, and who has come to cherish a secular idea of the Christian ministry, let me say to him that I deplore my own influence, that my deepest thought is that there are home missionaries and foreign missionaries and social settlement workers and neighborhood visitors whose shoe latches I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose."

This dramatic incident of intrinsic human interest, as the newspapers see it, attracts wide attention not only because it occurred in the church once torn by the Beecher-Tilton case, but because Dr. Hillis has been one of the most popular platform lecturers in every section of the United States. Interviews with other preachers and resolutions of sympathy from churches which he formerly served were considered news features by the dailies. Two statements by Chicago preachers have been much quoted:

"Bishop Samuel Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church: 'Business is business' is the motto of the financial world. A minister cannot afford to do many things that are done when this rule of the business world is followed. This places him at a disadvantage at the very start, granting that he has business ability equal to his competitor. I know Dr. Hillis well and I am confident there has been nothing criminal about what he has done. His acts have been reprehensible because he was a minister. He should have left the ministry if he cared more for his business talents. Many preachers have great business ability, but devote it for the good of others. Elegant churches and cathedrals, orphanages and homes are monuments of the business sagacity of preachers. When they try to profit themselves, tho, they fail.

"The Rev. Melbourne P. Boynton, Woodlawn-Baptist Church: Dr. Hillis is not an exception. Other ministers have tried to accumulate wealth and have made a mess of it. They have kept quiet about it. Members of the clergy should be given higher salaries or at least assured of an annuity in their old age. It is the awful fear of penury and want in old age that causes preachers to get in such a predicament as the one that now confronts Dr. Hillis."

Legal controversies have arisen to add to Dr. Hillis's troubles. They arise chiefly from the unsuccessful financial operations of a land timber company in British Columbia in which prominent members of his church figure. A libel suit based upon an interview in which Dr. Hillis was represented as having assumed a "debt of honor" for a nephew is another factor in the misadventure. The good effect of Dr. Hillis' "manly and honorable"

statement the Brooklyn *Eagle* compares to that of Grover Cleveland's telegram in the campaign of 1884, "Tell the truth." The Brooklyn *Citizen* thinks that the preacher was wiser than his church friends who insist that there is nothing to regret but the failure of the enterprises. "That a merchant or even a stock-broker may be a sincerely religious man admits of no question, but what is just as unquestionable is that the minister who has his mind set upon commercial affairs, when he ought to be thinking of the means by which the members of his flock may be strengthened against sordid temptations, is not properly occupied."

The dereliction is probably not so serious that it would lie heavy on the conscience of the average worldly business man, ventures the Rochester *Post-Express*. "In any event it is little wonder that a pastor is now and then swept off his feet by the tide which sets so furiously towards worldliness when so many of the rest of us, men like him, are whirled along like feathers in the mill race." The real ground for the self-rebuke, asserts the Buffalo *Times*, is that clerical standards of conduct are and ought to be more exalted than those of the laity. That there is a lesson applicable not only to ministers but to hundreds and thousands of his fellow citizens in his misfortunes, the Chicago *Herald* insists. Namely, that "you can't beat the game of speculation."

"Nobody can beat that game. Even the speculators can't do it. For a while they may swim on seas of glory, but in the end the deep waters engulf them. The business man can't beat it. Sooner or later the end arrives and there is ruin and despair where there was once prosperity and hope. The lawyer can't beat it; the minister can't beat it; even the purely professional gambler can't beat it. In the end it is unbeatable."

We do not desire to pass judgment either on the blameworthiness of his conduct in the past or on the sincerity of his repentance now, says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, which then proceeds to moralize:

"But it is a matter not only of real, but of profound, public interest to recognize that a minister's attitude in these matters affects the spiritual welfare of those who come under his influence, in ways quite distinct from the effect produced by contemplation of his personal example. A year and a half ago we took occasion to characterize as we thought it ought to be characterized an utterance of Dr. Hillis on the subject of our relations with Mexico. 'We are going to fall heir to Mexico, whether we want to or not,' he declared; and this unqualified prediction was based on the fact that Americans had a large amount of money invested there. Few of the ordinary politicians of this country take quite so gross a view of a question of this kind; and it ought to be regarded as monstrous that a minister of the Gospel should strengthen in the minds of his audience the notion that money is sure to decide a question of national relations, whatever other factors there may be in the case. It is no part of a clergyman's necessary business to give instruction on such question; to give instruction which is not only false, but false because of an underestimate of the potency of moral forces, is preposterous."

It might be well for many of those who are inclined to indulge in criticism of a preacher of the gospel for having business interests to ask themselves whether the miserable pay which America offers her ministers is not a far greater offense, suggests the *Chicago Evening Post*. Account for it as one may, the spirit of the world is against money-making preachers and against paying preachers very large salaries, asserts the *Albany Knickerbocker Press*. On the one hand there is the deep undercurrent of criticism of Billy Sunday because of the large sums he draws out of his revivalistic enterprises. On the other hand investigations have shown that an average preacher's salary is in the neighborhood of \$50 a month, pretty near starvation wages.

The situation is discomforting in the opinion of the *Knickerbocker Press*, but the world has need of men who dare to devote themselves to other than money-making. The poorly paid work of rural ministers reflects on rural churches but is accepted as a

testimony to their Christian character, according to the *Washington Herald*. But that paper remarks that Dr. Hillis is a high-salaried city pastor, and he will not be helped by efforts to make him either a hero or a victim. The clergy cannot make him appear different from other men who have had the same experience with business risks.

A Ministerial Pension Congress held at the Panama-Pacific Exposition has given public emphasis to an organized movement in behalf of retired ministers. Pension plans based on principles similar to those adopted by railroad and industrial companies have been taken up by the leaders. Various Protestant bodies in which 175,000 clergymen are enrolled have pledged themselves to raise a fund of \$50,000,000 and \$15,000,000 more is said to be needed. The Methodist Episcopal Church fund is set at \$15,000,000; Presbyterian, Baptist, Protestant Episcopalian at \$10,000,000 each; Methodist Episcopal, South, Disciples and Lutheran, \$5,000,000 each; and the fund of the Congregationalists at \$2,000,000.

JULES DE GAULTIER'S AUDACIOUS GLORIFICATION OF THE HUMAN IMAGINATION

DESPITE his unique outlook and philosophy and his profound influence upon the advance guard of modern thought, the works of Jules de Gaultier still remain comparatively unknown among the English-speaking races. His début as a thinker was made with the publication of "Le Bovarysme," a study of Gustave Flaubert's epoch-making novel, "Madame Bovary." The point of departure of this monograph was a literary one, and perhaps for that reason escaped the serious attention of professional philosophers. But all of M. de Gaultier's subsequent work and thought has been an elaboration and exposition of the basic ideas contained in this remarkable interpretation of human behavior.

A striking tribute to the French thinker, written by Benjamin de Casseres, appears in *Reedy's Mirror*. Mr. de Casseres characterizes Jules de Gaultier as "the Prospero of Philosophy," and claims that he has climbed higher than either Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, and that his philosophic formula deserves to rank, if not outrank, the few great philosophic formulas of all time. Briefly summarized, the cornerstone of this audacious philosophy is: "Man has been dowered with the power of conceiving himself as he is not." Imagination, in this philosophy, is the "radium of the psychic organism." All of Jules de Gaultier's

books are a glorification of imagination. As interpreted by Benjamin de Casseres, "he is the first thinker to give the imagination its proper rank in the law of evolution."

"Indeed, he places it first, like the Hindoos, who make of Illusion the main-spring of all movement. But with this difference—that whereas the Hindoos deduce from the universality of Illusion a doctrine of despair, Jules de Gaultier finds in it a justification for life. His is the philosophy of enchantment. The Hindoos, tired of the coozing of the Imagination, dream of extinction or quiescence in Nirvana. Jules de Gaultier sees in the evolution and perpetual cheat of the Imagination a divine spirit."

This law which forces man to conceive himself as he is not springs from the very essence of his nature. Were he able to conceive things and reality and himself as they are, Mr. de Casseres explains, he would be an Absolute—"hence he would not exist."

"But he is compelled to see himself and all things as he and they are not, because it is the law of psychic evolution. Everything we desire or approach is dressed in colors other than they really have and we spread over our own natures the same thaumaturgy. We glister the self with the oil of our pride and egotism. We have a tattooed image of ourselves, a tattooed, grandiose and ideal super-I that we strive to materialize, to

eternize. The Hindoos have personified this instinct as Maya, the evil genius of life. Jules de Gaultier calls it the *bovarysing* instinct of humanity, or the magical and unique power given to the human sensibility to create superb fictional escapes from Hell—that is, Reality."

It is significant that this is the main theme of his book on Bovaryism, and that another of M. de Gaultier's works is entitled "The Universal Fiction." Mr. de Casseres points out that Gustave Flaubert, "the dramatist of the human imagination," was the psychic father of Jules de Gaultier. But while Flaubert was essentially a pessimist in ethics, Jules de Gaultier is first and foremost an idealist, tho to the uninitiated a fantastic one.

"Under the terrible light of his magic formula every truth looks like a fiction and every fiction looks like a truth. Every evil, every lie, every superstition that has ever existed glistens and gleams and legitimizes itself as a coordinate part of the Whole whose horizons are lost in the Infinite. To Prospero, whatever is is dramatic or comic, or both, and there is no 'lie,' no 'truth,' that does not do its part in this fantastic Show which each one of us may conjure up in the vast auditorium of his mind if he but unthral him self of notions of 'good' and 'evil,' 'true' and 'false,' and wills to behold life as a sublime panorama of color, light and change."

"In the pages of Jules de Gaultier the

Ideal is everywhere glorified, not because it is true but because it is beautiful. The Ideal, the eternal lure to Better and Higher—the divine fantastic Munchausen in our own blood—perpetuates life. Put out those mighty flambeaus of the Race and mankind could no longer whirl on the ecliptic of Chance. Evolution—“Progress”—is conditional on a series of imminent errors; and it is Error—or the Ideal—which, if it does not make Man free, does something greater: it makes him beautiful and futile—as beautiful as Prometheus and as sublimely futile as Tantalus and Sisyphus.”

But the most audacious phase of Jules de Gaultier’s thought is his conception of God. With Nietzsche he is convinced that efforts to conceive beginnings and ends are the mere superstitions of “fatigued and uncourageous minds, an attempt to screen one’s self from the monstrous thoughts of never-an-end and never-a-rest.” Therefore,

to follow the interpretation of Benjamin de Casseres, the universe has no meaning, life is unpurposed, undirected. Goethe said: “The meaning of life is life itself.” Nietzsche called his God Atom; Goethe called his God Life.

“Jules de Gaultier has conjured up his God from the vasty deep, and he calls Him Chance. At the heart of the fairy spectacle of the ages he has put Chance, Hazard, the Unknown. The human race would die of certainties. It lives by its uncertainties. Life is fascinating because it is a gambler’s game, and each one is his own croupier. Hope is the masque of Chance, and the mystery of death fascinates because it is there we shall ‘take a chance,’ hazard other dimensions, other vicissitudes, or perchance become nothing, which is merely the sleep of the great god Chance.

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transforms the Vale of Tears into a great open-air spectacle where each one may play any part by the simple ruse of conceiving himself to be other than he is. He puts into the hand of the Spirit of Evolution the standard of the Ideal, not because it will lead that spirit anywhere in particular, but because the chants, the songs and the hosannas on the Road are beautiful to the ear and the perpetually changing scenery of the soul is healthy for the eye. And those of us who are sick, fatigued, drop in the dust? No army stops marching because of those who cannot fight. Besides, the Theological Hospital Corps is always on the ground.

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THE MAN JESUS AS A PROPHET OF SPIRITUAL EFFICIENCY

TOO much has been made of the fact that Jesus was a carpenter. Every good Jew taught his son a trade. Jesus drew far less on his own trade and his father’s than upon sowing, reaping, the wine-press, the orchard—occupations followed by grandsons of his brother Jude, who made their living from land they owned. But this young Jew, something under thirty, of the better class of working men, by name Joshua Ben Joseph, receiving the rite of baptism from a wild anchorite, went up out of the Rift of the Jordan into the Wilderness, there to be new-born of the Wilderness for service. Thenceforth he was possessed of the mystic’s sense of *belonging* to the Power of the Universe men call God, as a Son belongs to the Father. “That this was his most significant experience we gather from the fact that it was the only thing that ever happened to Jesus which he thought worth speaking about.” Thus does Mary Austin, specialist in folk-spirit and folk-lore of the Indians of the American desert, dare to essay a revaluation of the life and teaching of “The Man Jesus” (Harper and Brothers).

Jesus had gone into the desert a carpenter with the words of John the Baptist in his ears and the call of God in his consciousness; he came out of it prophet and teacher. Mrs. Austin emphasizes that he laid himself open to the sense the desert gives of being possessed, of being held and occupied by personality and power.

His Scripture foil for the tempter came from the cult of Jehovah common

to his people. Whereas the pagan had no use whatever for his gods except in what they could do for him, Jehovah was the God of Israel conquering or conquered. That is to say, ethical rightness is no mere matter of opinion but a living principle; righteousness is a thing eternally sought after whether one loses or wins by it. So “man does not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” Hungry as his time was, sore with poverty and injustice and oppression, when Jesus went back to it, says Mrs. Austin, it was not with any palliative but with the sword of the spirit. “The misery of his world rose up against him, assailed him through his great gift of compassion, threatened to engulf him; but always we see him striking clear of it, committing himself to the Word with such confidence as a bird commits itself to the air or a great fish to the deep.”

That Jesus was a mystic is to say no more than is true in some degree of every one of us, according to Mrs. Austin. “Your true mystic is one who lives at home in that country to which most of us repair infrequently on a visit, or are snatched by compelling incidents of passion or suffering. The notion that mysticism savors somehow of impracticality leads us to deny its existence in ourselves, which amounts to a denial that there is anything in us which is immaterial or uncomprehended. To such as these it is a surprise to know that the states of mysticism preserve an orderly sequence and are accompanied by definite gains and powers. Such powers the Man from

Nazareth achieved.” But he could not be tempted to cast himself down from the pinnacle to make an exhibition of his powers. All through his career he displayed in the use of extraordinary gifts, such as healing men’s bodies and reading their minds, a reticence and sense of proportion unequaled among men of genius.

This was the fruit of the Wilderness:

“The subordination of bodily and material needs to the spiritual, based on the perception of the spiritual as the only reality; the consecration of gifts to service rather than personal aggrandizement; the rejection of political action as a means of attaining the desired social equilibrium. If this were not the implicit meaning of the parable it was at least a thing achieved within the scope of his personality. Throughout the remainder of his life he is plainly seen so to direct his own operations. For in this he excelled all the saints in his spiritual efficiency. What he had determined on the mountain he went forth to preach in Galilee.”

A striking paragraph portraiture Mrs. Austin begins by saying: “He was a small-town man, and no world-builder.”

“He preached the Kingdom of God, knowing God for a spirit and having an increasing realization of the Kingdom as a state of being. But he had no program. He followed the inward voice, and followed it instinctively, with the freedom of a river in its natural channel, with no fretting of the flesh. But where the voice left him uninformed he was simply a man from Nazareth; his social outlook was the outlook of a villager.

"But it is a matter not only of real, but of profound, public interest to recognize that a minister's attitude in these matters affects the spiritual welfare of those who come under his influence, in ways quite distinct from the effect produced by contemplation of his personal example. A year and a half ago we took occasion to characterize as we thought it ought to be characterized an utterance of Dr. Hillis on the subject of our relations with Mexico. 'We are going to fall heir to Mexico, whether we want to or not,' he declared; and this unqualified prediction was based on the fact that Americans had a large amount of money invested there. Few of the ordinary politicians of this country take quite so gross a view of a question of this kind; and it ought to be regarded as monstrous that a minister of the Gospel should strengthen in the minds of his audience the notion that money is sure to decide a question of national relations, whatever other factors there may be in the case. It is no part of a clergyman's necessary business to give instruction on such question; to give instruction which is not only false, but false because of an underestimate of the potency of moral forces, is preposterous."

It might be well for many of those who are inclined to indulge in criticism of a preacher of the gospel for having business interests to ask themselves whether the miserable pay which America offers her ministers is not a far greater offense, suggests the *Chicago Evening Post*. Account for it as one may, the spirit of the world is against money-making preachers and against paying preachers very large salaries, asserts the *Albany Knickerbocker Press*. On the one hand there is the deep undercurrent of criticism of Billy Sunday because of the large sums he draws out of his revivalistic enterprises. On the other hand investigations have shown that an average preacher's salary is in the neighborhood of \$50 a month, pretty near starvation wages.

The situation is discomforting in the opinion of the *Knickerbocker Press*, but the world has need of men who dare to devote themselves to other than money-making. The poorly paid work of rural ministers reflects on rural churches but is accepted as a

testimony to their Christian character, according to the *Washington Herald*. But that paper remarks that Dr. Hillis is a high-salaried city pastor, and he will not be helped by efforts to make him either a hero or a victim. The clergy cannot make him appear different from other men who have had the same experience with business risks.

A Ministerial Pension Congress held at the Panama-Pacific Exposition has given public emphasis to an organized movement in behalf of retired ministers. Pension plans based on principles similar to those adopted by railroad and industrial companies have been taken up by the leaders. Various Protestant bodies in which 175,000 clergymen are enrolled have pledged themselves to raise a fund of \$50,000,000 and \$15,000,000 more is said to be needed. The Methodist Episcopal Church fund is set at \$15,000,000; Presbyterian, Baptist, Protestant Episcopalian at \$10,000,000 each; Methodist Episcopal, South, Disciples and Lutheran, \$5,000,000 each; and the fund of the Congregationalists at \$2,000,000.

JULES DE GAULTIER'S AUDACIOUS GLORIFICATION OF THE HUMAN IMAGINATION

ESPITE his unique outlook and philosophy and his profound influence upon the advance guard of modern thought, the works of Jules de Gaultier still remain comparatively unknown among the English-speaking races. His debut as a thinker was made with the publication of "Le Bovarysme," a study of Gustave Flaubert's epoch-making novel, "Madame Bovary." The point of departure of this monograph was a literary one, and perhaps for that reason escaped the serious attention of professional philosophers. But all of M. de Gaultier's subsequent work and thought has been an elaboration and exposition of the basic ideas contained in this remarkable interpretation of human behavior.

A striking tribute to the French thinker, written by Benjamin de Casseres, appears in Reedy's *Mirror*. Mr. de Casseres characterizes Jules de Gaultier as "the Prospero of Philosophy," and claims that he has climbed higher than either Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, and that his philosophic formula deserves to rank, if not outrank, the few great philosophic formulas of all time. Briefly summarized, the cornerstone of this audacious philosophy is: "Man has been dowered with the power of conceiving himself as he is not." Imagination, in this philosophy, is the "radium of the psychic organism." All of Jules de Gaultier's

books are a glorification of imagination. As interpreted by Benjamin de Casseres, "he is the first thinker to give the imagination its proper rank in the law of evolution."

"Indeed, he places it first, like the Hindoos, who make of Illusion the main-spring of all movement. But with this difference—that whereas the Hindoos deduce from the universality of Illusion a doctrine of despair, Jules de Gaultier finds in it a justification for life. His is the philosophy of enchantment. The Hindoos, tired of the coozening of the Imagination, dream of extinction or quiescence in Nirvana. Jules de Gaultier sees in the evolution and perpetual cheat of the Imagination a divine spirit."

This law which forces man to conceive himself as he is not springs from the very essence of his nature. Were he able to conceive things and reality and himself as they are, Mr. de Casseres explains, he would be an Absolute—"hence he would not exist."

"But he is compelled to see himself and all things as he and they are not, because it is the law of psychic evolution. Everything we desire or approach is dressed in colors other than they really have and we spread over our own natures the same thaumaturgy. We glister the self with the oil of our pride and egotism. We have a tattooed image of ourselves, a tattooed, grandiose and ideal super-I that we strive to materialize, to

eternize. The Hindoos have personified this instinct as Maya, the evil genius of life. Jules de Gaultier calls it the *bovaryz* instinct of humanity, or the magical and unique power given to the human sensibility to create superb fictional escapes from Hell—that is, Reality."

It is significant that this is the main theme of his book on Bovaryism, and that another of M. de Gaultier's works is entitled "The Universal Fiction." Mr. de Casseres points out that Gustave Flaubert, "the dramatist of the human imagination," was the psychic father of Jules de Gaultier. But while Flaubert was essentially a pessimist in ethics, Jules de Gaultier is first and foremost an idealist, tho to the uninitiated a fantastic one.

"Under the terrible light of his magic formula every truth looks like a fiction and every fiction looks like a truth. Every evil, every lie, every superstition that has ever existed glistens and gleams and legitimizes itself as a coordinate part of the Whole whose horizons are lost in the Infinite. To Prospero, whatever is is dramatic or comic, or both, and there is no 'lie,' no 'truth,' that does not do its part in this fantastic Show which each one of us may conjure up in the vast auditorium of his mind if he but unthrall himself of notions of 'good' and 'evil,' 'true' and 'false,' and wills to behold life as a sublime panorama of color, light and change."

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"All the great prophets of Israel had come out of the wilderness; their words were full of the terrible things—thunders, earthquakes, fire on the mountains. But the words of Jesus are all of the small town—the candle and the bushel, the housewife's measure of yeast, the children playing in the street. The rich he knew only as the poor and the oppressed know them; the kings of his parables were the kings of fairy tale and legend; such rulers and potentates as make the stock of the village story-teller. His very way of speaking was a folk-way: the pithy sentence, the pregnant figure. He saw God reflected in every surface of the common life, and taught in parables which are, after all, but a perfected form of the quizzes and riddles dear to the unlettered wit. That is why so many of them are remembered, while his profounder sayings escaped his audience. It is evident from the form of these, blunted as they are by re-translation, that they were many of them cast in the matched and balanced sentences of Hebrew verse, which accounts in part for their easy retention.

"He was a man wise in life, but unlearned. He read no books but the scriptures; wrote nothing; took the folk-way of transmitting his teaching from mouth to mouth, and trusted God for the increase; and he had the folk-way, in his profoundest speech, of identifying himself with the Power that used him. He dramatized all his relations to the Invisible. And with it all he was a Jew of the circumcision. He grew up beyond Judaism as a stalk of grain grows from its sheath, but never out of it. Always, to his death, it was there about the roots of his life."

Another unconventional bit of character-sketching reads:

"Art has done too much for Jesus, in painting him forever tried, scourged; forever adying. He was not only a man of the small towns but of the hills, the open road. He is seen at his best here, striding a little ahead of his companions, bronzed, hardy, the turban off to catch the mountain coolness, the long hair blown backward from the rapt countenance; and over him a higher heaven than had yet lifted above man. Of the twelve or fourteen months which scholars allow to his ministry, how much of it was spent out of cover! At the preaching of John in the Rift of Jordan, on the mount of the Wilderness, in the hills back of Gennesaret, on the road to Cæsarea-Philippi; sleeping under the oaks at Gethsemane. Nothing else accounts so readily for his preoccupation with the natural rather than the institutional relations of men."

From the incident of the healing and forgiveness of the man sick with palsy Mrs. Austin can derive no other meaning than that plain man can by plain man be released from spiritual bondage. The Son of Man so revealed the *community* of power, equally accessible to himself and his disciples. "All that he professed was the complete interpretation of what we have agreed to call matter and spirit. It was a simpler and more direct form of what society begins to practise fumblingly, like a novice with a new instrument."

There is no single rule of living delivered by Jesus, observes Mrs. Austin, which cannot very shortly be shown to take its validity from the extent to which conduct capacitates or incapacitates man for harmonious social activity.

"What he taught, what he desired for himself and his disciples, was a state of complete mobilization. And if you say that this is not to be attained by the practice of those phases of Christianity which are called mystical, let us understand once and for all that Jesus came teaching, more than any other man, that the mystical is the practical. All those high states which had been the exclusive privilege of saints and prophets he made part of the common use and possession. Mind, spirit, whatever it is that flows between God and man and between man and his brother, he constituted the daily instrument, accessible alike to learned and unlearned.

"God is as free as air, and heaven as close at hand in a fishing-boat as in Jerusalem. He did a healing in the course of an afternoon call and forgave sins between the roast and the dessert. He made no more of a mystery of the stupendous forces of spiritual regeneration than of the springing of wheat in the field. He drew—tho we have not yet accepted it at his hands—all the manifestations of the supernatural into the field of the natural. . . . We ourselves are responsible for the hocus-pocus with which we have smothered those operations of the spirit which Jesus recommended as a means of obtaining the necessary ethical efficiency."

The kingdom of heaven is up to us, declares Mrs. Austin. "It consists very simply in casting ourselves, hand linked in hand, on the bosom of the eternal purpose, and not with psalm-singing and long countenance, but in the spirit of high adventure. Said Jesus, 'Be of good cheer, I'm with you!' So also all the great souls calling across the ages."

JOHN DEWEY'S VISION OF DEMOCRATIC FREEDOM IN THE SCHOOLS OF TO-MORROW

AMERICAN schools must be revolutionized from the first grade on, Professor John Dewey informs us in one of the most significant studies of educational conditions that has appeared in recent years,* in order that they may in reality and not merely in theory become the cradle of democracy. Democracy and education, he explains in his concluding chapter, are interdependent. A democratic society is an impossibility without a special training for it. And the schools of yesterday, and most of the schools of to-day, have been the heritage of an age of aristocratic traditions. "The conventional type of education which trains children to docility and obedience, to the careful performance of imposed tasks because

they are imposed, regardless of where they lead, is suited to an autocratic society. These are the traits needed in a state where there is one head to plan and care for the lives and institutions of the people."

But in a democracy such traits, according to Professor Dewey, interfere with the successful conduct of society and the government. In a democracy, responsibility for the conduct of society and the government rests on every member of society. Dr. Dewey elucidates:

"Every one must receive a training that will enable him to meet this responsibility, giving him just ideas of the condition and needs of the people collectively, and developing those qualities which will insure his doing a fair share of the work of government. If we train our children to take orders, to do things simply because they are told to, and fail to give them

confidence to act and think for themselves, we are putting an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of overcoming the present defects of our system and of establishing the truth of democratic ideals. Our State is founded on freedom, but when we train the State of to-morrow, we allow it just as little freedom as possible. Children in school must be allowed freedom so that they will know what its use means when they become the controlling body, and they must be allowed to develop active qualities of initiative, independence, and resourcefulness, before the abuses and failures of democracy will disappear.

"The spread of the realization of this connection between democracy and education is perhaps the most interesting and significant phase of present educational tendencies. It accounts for the growing interest in popular education, and constitutes a strong reinforcement to the arguments of science and psychology for the changes which have been outlined. There

* *SCHOOLS OF TO-MORROW*. By John Dewey and Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

is no doubt that the text-book method of education is well suited to that small group of children who by environment are placed above the necessity of engaging in practical life and who are at the same time interested in abstract ideas. But even for this type of person the system leaves great gaps in his grasp of knowledge; it gives no place to the part that action plays in the development of intelligence, and it trains along the lines of the natural inclinations of the student and does not develop the practical qualities which are usually weak in the abstract person. For the great majority whose interests are not abstract, and who have to pass their lives in some practical occupation, usually in actually working with their hands, a method of education is necessary which bridges the gap between the purely intellectual and theoretical sides of life and their own occupations. With the spread of the ideas of democracy, and the accompanying awakening to social problems, people are beginning to realize that every one, regardless of the class to which he happens to belong, has a right to demand an education which shall meet his own needs, and that for its own sake the State must supply this demand."

In what way are these required changes to be brought about? One of the chief changes, as we learn, must be the substitution of an active for a passive method of learning. This method of teaching necessitates greater freedom for the pupil; but this very freedom is a positive factor in the intellectual and moral development of the pupils. When memory is relied upon as the principal tool for acquiring knowledge, when the child is rewarded when memory is successful and punished by failure and low marks when it is not, the inevitable system of reward and punishment becomes one of the worst deterrents to the development of the democratic virtues. "The virtues that the good scholar will cultivate are the colorless, negative virtues of obedience, docility and submission. By putting himself in an attitude of complete passivity he is more able to give back just what he heard from the teacher or read in the book."

"Rewards and high marks are, at best

artificial aims to strive for; they accustom children to expect to get something besides the value of the product for work they do. The extent to which schools are compelled to rely upon these motives shows how dependent they are upon motives which are foreign to truly moral activity. But in the schools where children are getting their knowledge by doing things, it is presented to them through all their senses and carried over into acts; it needs no feat of memory to retain what they find out; the muscles, sight, hearing, touch, and their own reasoning processes all combine to make the result part of the working equipment of the child. Success gives a glow of positive achievement; artificial inducements to work are no longer necessary, and the child learns to work from love of the work itself, not for a reward or because he is afraid of a punishment. Activity calls for the positive virtues—energy, initiative, and originality—qualities that are worth more to the world than even the most perfect faithfulness in carrying out orders. The pupil sees the value of his work and so sees his own progress, which spurs him on to further results. In consequence his mistakes do not assume undue importance or discourage him. He can actively use them as helps in doing better next time. Since the children are no longer working for rewards, the temptation to cheat is reduced to the minimum. There is no motive for doing dishonest acts, since the result shows whether the child has done the work, the only end recognized. The moral value of working for the sake of what is being done is certainly higher than that of working for rewards, and while it is possible that a really bad character will not be reformed by being placed in a situation where there is nothing to be gained excepting through an independent and energetic habit of work, the weak character will be strengthened and the strong one will not form any of those small bad habits that seem so unimportant at first and that are so serious in their cumulative effect."

Professor Dewey points out the danger that the concentrated interests of business men and their influential activity in public matters will segregate training for industry, to the damage both of democracy and of education. "Educators must insist on the primacy of educational values, not in their own behalf but because these represent the

more fundamental interests of society, especially of a society organized on a democratic basis. The primary and fundamental problem is not to prepare individuals to work at particular callings but to be vitally and sincerely interested in the calling upon which they must enter if they are not to be social parasites, and to be informed as to the social and scientific bearings of that calling." It would be fatal for American democracy, this radical educator and philosopher goes on to point out, were there to be one system for the children of parents who have more leisure and another for the children of those who are wage-earners. "The physical separation forced by such a scheme, while unfavorable to the development of a proper mutual sympathy, is the least of its evils. Worse is the fact that the over-bookish education for some and the over-practical education for others brings about a division of mental and moral habits, of ideals and outlook." He concludes:

"The academic education turns out future citizens with no sympathy for work done with the hands, and with absolutely no training for understanding the most serious of present-day social and political difficulties. The trade training will turn out future workers who may have greater immediate skill than they would have had without their training, but who have no enlargement of mind, no insight into the scientific and social significance of the work they do, no education which assists them in finding their way on or in making their own adjustments. A division of the public school system into one part which pursues traditional methods, with incidental improvements, and another which deals with those who are to go into manual labor means a plan of social predestination totally foreign to the spirit of a democracy."

"The democracy which proclaims equality of opportunity as its ideal requires an education in which learning and social application, ideas and practice, work and recognition of the meaning of what is done, are united from the beginning and for all. Schools such as we have discussed in this book—and they are rapidly coming into being in large numbers all over the country—are showing how the ideal of equal opportunity for all is to be transmuted into reality."

THE BATTLE OVER BIRTH CONTROL

If some of the women who are going around and advocating equal suffrage would go around and advocate women having children, they would do a greater service." So declared Justice McInerney, of New York City, in passing sentence recently upon William Sanger, who had been convicted of the crime of giving to a detective a pamphlet on "Family Limitation," written by his wife, Mrs. Margaret Sanger. The propaganda for birth control, in the opinion of Justice McInerney, is "a crime not only against the laws of man but against the laws of God." The expression of this opinion from the bench of the New York Municipal Court has had the effect of further intensifying the discussion of birth control both among its adherents and its opponents. One of the boldest dissentions from the opinion of the jurist ap-

pears in *The New Republic*, which declares editorially that already we live in an age of birth control. "All over the civilized world, tens of millions of husbands and wives are deciding just how many children they shall have. They are not leaving the question to be determined by the stork, by blind unregulated human fecundity." The universal decline in the birth-rate is not due to accident or impotence. "For

better or worse, conception and birth are passing out of the realm of the uncontrollable, and are becoming increasingly subject to the human will." In the opinion of *The New Republic*, such control bespeaks a civilizational advance. The conclusion of this defense is striking:

"Whether we are to have small families or large, whether we are to have birth control by individuals or birth control by society, we are irrevocably committed to control. Men do not forget a knowledge once acquired nor surrender a power once secured. Birth by physiological accident, birth by necessity, birth by the mere action of an over-powerful, unchallenged sexual impulse, will give way increasingly to birth by human design, to a voluntaryism of birth. In the end, no doubt, society, acting through law or education, will determine the size and distribution of the population that is to be born, and we shall doubtless have the children we deserve. A merely individualistic birth control will merge into a socially guided and impelled birth control. It will not be easy, as the legislation of the Roman Empire clearly illustrated; but we do not believe that it is impossible. In any case it is individual versus social control. We are done with the irresponsible stork. We are done with the taboo which forbids discussion of the subject. We are done with the theory that babies, like sunshine and rain, are the gifts and visitations of God, to be accepted submissively and with a grateful heart."

In striking contrast to the opinion expressed by the New York court concerning birth control is the opinion, also delivered from the bench, by Judge William N. Gatens of the Circuit Court in Portland, Oregon. The case of two agitators who were also arrested for the alleged distribution of Mrs. Sanger's pamphlet, had been appealed, and in dismissing the case Judge Gatens remarked:

"It seems to me that the trouble with our people to-day is that there is too much prudery. Ignorance and prudery are the millstones about the neck of progress. Every one knows that. We are all shocked by many things publicly stated that we know privately ourselves, but we haven't got the nerve to get up and admit it, and when some person brings to our attention something we already know we feign modesty and we feel that the public has been outraged and decency has been shocked, and, as a matter of fact, we know all these things ourselves.

"I am a member of the Oregon Hygiene Association. We get out literature and place it in the toilets all over the State, telling people how to guard against the evils of venereal diseases, and so forth. We do that for the uplift of humanity, to protect society from all those things, and the public does not seem to be very much shocked about it."

Still another defense of the birth control propaganda, refuting the common idea that such control means

"race suicide" and depopulation, is found in an editorial in *American Medicine*. Such control, this authority suggests, is more apt to place a higher value upon the life of the child:

"The real reason why there are 300,000 unnecessary deaths every year among our babies is that the fathers cannot make enough money to keep them alive. One in every eight born is foredoomed to early death for this reason and no other. It is not necessarily straight starvation, but precious near it, as well as deprivation of comforts which are necessities for a baby. If the father makes more than \$25 a week the death rate of his infants is less than eighty-four per thousand. If he makes less than \$10 they die at the rate of over 256! Other things being equal, the more babies per family, the more perish early."

"The prevention of child mortality is, when boiled down, largely a problem in the prevention of poverty. . . . In many parts of the world men have not been permitted to marry until they had the equivalent of our \$25 wage and it was evident that they could support their future children. Any such plan invariably raises the ire of the moralists, who would rather see 300,000 children yearly brought into the world to be murdered by neglect than that a small percentage of the 600,000 parents should become immoral if celibate. It is not true, anyhow, that celibates must necessarily become immoral. Still, if the whole tendency of modern life is toward early and universal matrimony we must face a continuance of our high infant mortality unless couples are restrained from bearing children they cannot raise. The National Child Bureau does not mention this side of the matter, and yet it is the vital one. . . . Public opinion is being gradually formed to the end that parents unable to raise babies will not have them. . . . A few years ago such matters were so shocking that we would not even permit their transmission in the mails, but now the legalizing of abortion and the prevention of conception are seriously discussed in professional literature as means of public health and the prevention of mortality. . . . Who is the greater sinner, she who destroys an ovum before birth or she who allows it to die after birth? . . . Does it prevent race suicide to increase the birth rate and then let the babies perish? The density of population depends on the food, not on the birth rate."

The distinguished English psychologist Havelock Ellis has contributed a detailed defense of birth control to *Physical Culture*; and in an essay in the New York *Tribune* on war and the fluctuating birth-rate, he declares that the arrest of the falling birth-rate would be the arrest of all civilization and all humanity. "The whole tendency of civilization," Dr. Ellis writes, "is to reduce the birth-rate." Elsewhere in the same essay he writes: "The France of the present, with the lowest birth-rate and the highest civilization, was a century ago the France

of a birth-rate as high as that of Germany to-day, the most militarist and aggressive of nations, a perpetual menace to Europe. . . . The Great War has brought home the gravity of that (birth-rate) significance."

In reply to Mary Alden Hopkins, who recently contributed a series of articles in defense of birth control to *Harper's Weekly*, a number of opponents of the birth control propaganda have hastened to point out its menace to morality and health. Dr. R. C. Brannon declares that birth control "is shortening the lives of the human race, making weaklings in mind and body the children of strong men, and wrecking the nerves and bodies of women who ought to be the proud and happy mothers of a dozen healthy children."

"The prevention of large families has caused an increase in insanity, tuberculosis, Bright's disease, diabetes and cancer, and I am willing to submit the proposition to the judgment of three of the greatest gynecologists in the United States. I have stepped in the breach and used my influence to curtail the bad practice of limiting the size of the family, as my experience as a physician of twenty years' practice has proven to my mind that it is the most hurtful and wicked sin that was ever indulged in since the world was created. It is a swift and sure road to the grave."

"Man was put here to multiply and replenish the earth. How terrible has been the punishment of many a rich man I have known—perhaps poor and struggling in early life—who decided he would escape the responsibility of rearing a large family, with the result when a little past life's prime his wife died of a cancer; and what enjoyment did either of them derive from his fortune of more than a half million dollars—filthy lucre begotten by miserly habits, that rightly should have been expended unselfishly in bringing up a large family that would have blessed the earth."

Another physician, F. W. Peterson, points out the moral dangers of the movement. If conditions arising from uncontrolled birth are gloomy, the proposed remedy of contraceptives lets down the bars and opens the gate for general and unspeakable debauchery. He writes:

"Only now a pernicious law stands in the way and threatens with dire punishment him who, prometheuslike, would confer upon suffering humanity this great blessing. We shall have, after a while, quite a flowery path for the sexual debauchee to travel. He is embarrassed, at present, by two most unpleasant possible contingencies. He may in his wanderings about capture some most undesirable genital disease, or on the other hand he may find himself burdened with a too numerous progeny. When our sentimental dreamers shall have abolished all genital diseases, promiscuous intercourse will be devoid of danger. And when

these naughty laws have been repealed and 'safe, harmless and rational contraceptives' have been given to the people, the bars will be down entirely and there need then be no limitations whatever on sexual indulgence. No unpleasant consequences will loom up."

In another letter Rev. Arthur B. Heeb praises the Roman Catholic condemnation of birth control, declaring that the Roman Catholic doctrine is the true interpretation of the natural laws of our being. Nevertheless, to sustain this doctrine and to render it universal, there are two important and difficult problems for the Church to solve. The writer explains:

"Idealized misery as a means to Christian virtue is becoming absurd in the light of new knowledge.

"The Catholic Church legalizes mar-

riages where the contracting parties are certain to bring imbecile and degenerate children into the world. It requires purity of soul for this holy sacrament, but never raises its voice about the body. Now if this great church has caught the spirit of the new order in society and has learned to hate disorder, in the form of asylums and prisons full of the products of such marriages, it will have to answer this question: Will the church continue to sanctify marriage when its fruit is certain to swell the growing army of congenital deficient?

"Then again: The church will be called upon to lift a hand to help the healthy normal parents who are able to bring a large and desirable family into the world.

"The church rightly raises its voice in defense of moral law. It will also have to raise its voice for more equal distribution. Certain parents are ideally fitted

by nature for bringing many healthy children into the world. Well-born children are the world's greatest asset. But it so happens that often these same parents are not equally well-fitted to fight for a living under a system of unfair distribution. They sink down under their load. The family must be conserved. If the voice of the Church continues to ring true in this matter, it dares not ignore the question of a more equitable distribution.

"Your defender of the Catholic interpretation of the moral law is right. May the ancient voice of Rome cry out to all the world lest we forget. But may this church in turn never forget the spirit of true conservation.

"I look forward to the day when this early protector of civilization will help all sincere men and women of every creed and heresy, to realize honestly the high ideal of the sex life."

THE MUNICIPAL UNIVERSITY AS A CIVIC INVESTMENT

THE day of the municipal university is coming as inevitably as has that of the State university. The reason is that the keynote of a municipal university is not an indefinite but a definite home-city public service of a double character. It awakens young people to a consciousness of their relation and responsibility to their community. It also actually trains them for life and for civic duties. President P. R. Kolbe, of the Municipal University of Akron, Ohio, authoritatively speaks thus in *The Popular Science Monthly*. This is the answer which he makes to the suspicious city tax-payer whose ideas are still apt to be those of his grandfather business-man regarding the "impractical" higher education. The municipal university represents one of the newest, the most modern types of education for the purpose of practical efficiency.

President Kolbe thinks that in the next few years the leaven of this kind of educative preparation for life will have worked itself into the very center of the lump. It will not only educate its students directly, but working through them, will inspire a wholesome respect for the practical efficiency which many of the best colleges are imparting to their charges. It is not contended that other colleges or universities do not or cannot render similar service, but by force of position the municipal institution most clearly hears the call and leads the way.

Ohio now has three municipal universities, at Cincinnati, Toledo and Akron, altho by old academic definitions probably only Cincinnati would be classed as a "university." Eight

years ago Cincinnati began engineering courses of two weeks in classroom alternating with two weeks in factories or shops, thus combining theory and practical experience. It is this alternation of classroom instruction and personal contact with industrial and civic conditions which is the distinguishing feature of the municipal university plan.

Two years ago Akron, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, established its municipal university on the foundation of the old Buchtel College. Already, says President Kolbe, it is beginning to be one of the strongest factors in the community for civic betterment. He presents these concrete illustrations:

"A thorough housing survey has been carried on by university students under the joint direction of the department of sociology, the charity organization and the board of health. Nor has this work been mere play with no practical use. As a result of reports brought in by student inspectors, the sanitation of houses and even of whole districts has been improved through vigorous action of the building inspector. The city has been benefited by enlisting in its service a body of capable inspectors at no cost, while the students have received credit at the university for 'laboratory' work.

"When the city of Akron established its municipal university, it was found that the university laboratory offered better facilities than that of the city chemist. In order to avoid expensive duplication, the university thereupon undertook to carry on in its laboratories the entire testing work of the city and established as one of its departments a bureau of city tests. Again the practical value of cooperation became apparent. Advanced university students in chemistry, instead of working

at mere theoretical problems, were given actual city chemical testing work. The difference became at once apparent. A student who plodded through a 'book problem' as drudgery, became an active, interested worker in the solution of a real food problem affecting the health of his community. The value of chemistry as an actual factor in life became apparent. At the same time, certain students were receiving experience which would later enable them to enter, well equipped, into a life calling.

"When the city council, feeling the need for information, asked the engineering department of the university to undertake a survey of paving conditions in the city, cooperative students were called in to help in the work of inspection. When the need arose for a supervisor of city playgrounds, the physical director at the university was called upon to assume the position. Several of his sub-directors are city university students. Thus the city is beginning to regard the university as a laboratory to which it may, at any time, turn for technical advice and help. Through experience with problems thus offered, students are given the opportunity for training in the service of their community. They are taught to study and know city activities and interests—they become better citizens."

The city university, adds President Kolbe, offers free tuition to its community, a practical training for life, and the advantage of a higher education *at home*. This latter fact opens up possibilities to hundreds of students who could never attend even a State university. A cooperative engineering student, who earns apprentice wages during his alternate two-week shop periods and who has the privilege of living at home can secure an education and support himself at the same time.

LITERATURE AND ART

The Pettiness of the American Novel.

FOLLOWING the English critic, Edward Garnett, and the American novelist, Owen Wister, Meredith Nicholson presents his estimate of the American novel in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Nicholson is perhaps not so pessimistic concerning the American novel as the preceding critics. We produce two or three good novels a year, he declares. The main trouble is that "the novel as we practice it seems so pitifully small measured by the material. I am aware of course that a hundred pages are as good as a thousand if the breath of life is in them. Flaubert, says Mr. James, made things big."

"We must escape from this carving of cherry stones, this contentment with the day of littleness, this use of the novel as a plaything where it pretends to be something else. And it occurs to me at this juncture that I might have saved myself a considerable expenditure of ink by stating in the first place that what the American novel really needs is a Walt Whitman to emit a barbaric yawn from the crest of the Alleghanies and proclaim a new freedom. Why couldn't Mr. Robert Frost have been a novelist instead of a poet? For what I have been trying to say comes down to this: that we shall not greatly serve ourselves or the world's literature by attempts to Russianize, or Gallicize, or Anglicize our fiction, but that we must strive more earnestly to Americanize it,—to make it express with all the art we may command the life we are living and that pretty tangible something that we call the American spirit.

"The bright angels of letters never appear in answer to prayer; they come out of nowhere and knock at unwatched gates. But the wailing of jeremiads before the high altar is not calculated to soften the hearts of the gods who hand down genius from the skies. It is related that a clerk in the patent office asked to be assigned to a post in some other department on the ground that practically everything had been invented and he wanted to change before he lost his job. That was in 1833."

Frank Norris and Kathleen Norris.

HERE is an interesting suggestion of Frank Norris's "McTeague" in the early chapters of "The Story of Julia Page" (Doubleday, Page), by Kathleen Norris. Like her late brother-in-law, Mrs. Norris reveals herself in these pages as a true realist of San Francisco life. As a critic in the *New York Tribune* remarks: "There is grim realism in the

author's pictures of the squalor of poverty, of its callousing, deadening effects in the mass. Here is the influence of environment put frankly before us." But Mrs. Norris is not content with mere realism. In spite of the fact that these pages are the most striking and effective of the book, Mrs. Norris has followed in the footsteps of many less talented novelists and has attacked the everlasting and almost threadbare problem of American marriage among the more prosperous classes. Nevertheless, she has succeeded in handling

rical boarding-house, and ran the streets without control of her comings and goings."

Mr. Bronson-Howard's Debt to Dostoevsky.

MOST of our best American novels bespeak the influence of some of the great European masters of the craft. Others, perhaps more original, might well have profited by such influence. Therefore it strikes us that the literary critic of the *New York Tribune* is a bit too exacting in his condemnation of George Bronson-Howard—whose most ambitious effort "God's Man" (Bobbs-Merrill) is the subject of attack—by characterizing the talented young American as the victim of "the Russians," more especially of the great Dostoevsky. "As a Russian revolutionary the hero of this book might be understandable," writes this critic. "As an American insurgent he is sadly confused and sadly confusing. The soul of Detective McKiss seems to be taken direct from the Slav world." However, this novel, in the opinion of the critic of the *New York Herald*, contains "much solid meat." The interest of the story lies in its description of opium smoking and smuggling in New York, a field that has been curiously neglected by the American novelist. "Mr. Howard attacks his subject with commendable earnestness," according to the *Herald*, "and altho the pictures that he draws are not what one would term 'pretty,' they are strong enough to leave an ineffaceable mark on the memory." Mr. Howard's talent is a varied but topsy-turvy one, according to the *New York Globe*. "The book is full of the increasingly popular and comfortable philosophy that Society is somehow responsible for the individual sins of all of us—a favorite philosophical pastime familiarly known as chasing the devil around the stump. But the book is an ambitious, and no doubt, well-intended, and therefore a praiseworthy effort. But it is oddly unbalanced and disordered."

Feminism as Foundation for a Fiction.

THAT extreme sophistication which alone enables the writer of fiction to deliver a round unvarnished tale is manifest on every page of Robert Grant's latest novel. He calls it "The High Priestess" (Scribner's), and the reviewers see in that title itself the cunning of the hand that wrought it. There is a symbolism in it to the in-



SHE AWAKENS OLD MEMORIES

With a power almost uncanny, Mrs. Kathleen Thompson Norris resurfaces San Francisco life of a decade or two ago, so that residents of the Western city find themselves again in old familiar haunts destroyed by fire and quake in 1906. Mrs. Norris married Frank Norris's brother.

this theme with rare reticence and sober common sense. The *Tribune* critic notes:

"The book is extremely well thought out and ably written. The awakening of the husband's retrospective jealousy, the spectre's first appearance between him and his wife conjured up by a chance word, the ever darker looming of its shadow, all this is excellently handled; and through it all the woman is consistently drawn. To the very last Julia Page remains the better self, ever growing, of the girl of fifteen who lived above a saloon in San Francisco, who associated with the flotsam and jetsam of a theat-

itiated, revealing its type. It is all about a marriage that is a failure transforming itself or becoming transformed into a marriage that is a success, observes the *Boston Transcript*, whose critic is famous for his insight into this kind of story. For more than a quarter of a century, we are reminded, Robert Grant has been attacking marital problems in fiction and he has mastered them all. He has mastered more than that. His art is too cunning to rest itself upon the situation merely. There is character, episode, plot. In brief, Robert Grant has a story to tell, and he does not forget that he has a reader to hold. "He begins at the very beginning of the married life of Oliver Randall and Mary Arnold." He does not take us to the end of that married life, for the end is to be happy. There can be no doubt about that. The vicissitudes between these stages are what enchain us. Here is one aspect presented temptingly enough by the Bostonian organ of the literati:

"As Oliver Randall progresses in politics, his wife finds a field for her own artistic energies in landscape and furniture designing. Judge Grant is in fact lavish of his feminine geniuses in this novel, for among the Randall friends is a woman who finds the writing of poems, plays and novels amazingly profitable, and who with many babies or her hands allows her husband at his own request to manage the household in order that she may devote her entire energies and time to art and money-making. Oliver Randall, on the other hand, neglects his law practice for politics, altho in the end and despite his wife's contemptuous opinion of his political abilities he finally finds his way to the top."

H. G. Wells and His Modern Pilgrim's Progress.

THE Research Magnificent" (Macmillan), the third volume that Mr. H. G. Wells has published this year (tho one was by "Reginald Bliss"), may almost be considered as the English novelist's version of "Pilgrim's Progress," with certain aspects of "Don Quixote" thrown in for good measure, not to mention certain pages which are slightly reminiscent of Plato's dialogs. The new Wellsian hero is a young man, William Porphyry Benham, who attempts to live his ideal of the aristocratic life. Because one cannot be noble alone—in *vacuo*—this modern "Christian"—or Tobias—sets out to find aristocratic associates. He wants "a world state

maintained by an aristocracy of noble men"—but he fails to find anyone fired by a similar ambition to bring about such a condition. The greatest drawback to the realization of the world state, according to Mr. Wells's ideology, is love and marriage. And the thesis of the book has not been long developed before we find ourselves in the midst of a typical H. G. Wells love story. Love and sex are the greatest obstacles to Benham's aristocratic life, tho he never ceases in his pursuit of the ideal. But the tragedy is that all life is "swamped in the love story." Too much insistence is placed by modern society, we learn, merely upon one

demands continence, it insists upon disregard. . . ." The critic of the *New York Globe* considers "The Research Magnificent" as "the fine product of the brightest, best-balanced, most honest (and most restless) minds of our time." The brilliant thesis is scarcely a novel, in the opinion of the critic of the *Chicago Herald*, but it "might almost be called an epitome of human existence, so full, so varied, so depictive is it, so tragically humorous—or humorously tragic—its seemingly loose but actually close-materials and texture."

The School of Sloppy Sentimentality in Fiction.

THE present school of "slop and mush" in fiction is the subject of an amusing and thoroughly penetrating attack from the sharp pen of James L. Ford, whose estimates of books and literature in the *New York Herald* are usually worth while. "Some of us stopped writing it, but others carried the good work along to their own profit," writes the veteran critic, "and helped to place on its present firm financial foundation the school of sloppy sentimentality whose popularity is proven beyond dispute by the irrefutable testimony of countless editions." So great is the demand for fiction of this type that Mr. Ford willingly volunteers a few helpful hints for those who wish to manufacture it.

"The title of a good marketable mush book should suggest misfortune of some sort—physical infirmity or extreme destitution preferred—such as 'Little Crooked-Back Mike,' 'Bridget of the Soapsuds' or 'Sally of the Slums.' These characters must bear their misfortunes cheerfully and devote their lives to doing good to others. How they contrive to make a living for themselves with so many calls on their lives and their slender purses

is something that has always puzzled me, but the readers of mush never ask any questions and are ready to believe anything. All that they ask is that the conversation shall be carried on in a dialect that betokens illiteracy. Their hearts cannot be reached by anything uttered in accordance with the rules of syntax.

"It should be remembered that novels of this class are addressed to the mean classes, and it is therefore advisable to introduce a benevolent banker or noble settlement worker to open the liberal purse in behalf of the unfortunate one. Nothing awakens the emotions of a mean man more quickly or surely than the spectacle of money passing from clean hands to dirty ones. Tears will unbidden start



PORTRAIT OF A GREAT ENGLISH NOVELIST

This is how Herbert George Wells appears to England's most talented caricaturist, Joseph Simpson. Wells's new novel "The Research Magnificent" is an excellent potpourri of "Don Quixote," "The Pilgrim's Progress" and the usual H. G. Wells's stuff—well spiced by that inevitable ingredient in fiction—sex.

of the facts of existence. Benham's ideal—and evidently Mr. Wells's—is something quite above this. "We'd be the happy swine our senses make us," exclaims Benham to his friend Prothero, "if we didn't know all the time that there was something else to live for, something far more important. And different. Absolutely different and contradictory. So different that it cuts right across all these considerations. It won't fit. . . . I don't know what this other thing is; it's what I want to talk about with you. But I know that it is; in all my bones. . . . You know. . . . It demands control, it

from the eyes of him whose mother is in the almshouse when the noble banker hands over the money for the surgical operation that is to straighten the crooked back or restore sight to the blind or graft a new leg on a stunted body. Such a one is also deeply moved when Aurora Mush, the 'Angel' of some unpleasant locality—the alley or the slum or the tenement—who has given up fashionable society in order to become an amateur almoner, takes the crippled newsboy or the poor washerwoman to her Fifth avenue home in her own automobile. The fact that things of this sort seldom happen in real life does not in the least disturb the enjoyment of the readers of these highly imaginative novels, nor are they disturbed by the knowledge that the settlement worker generally has her face instead of her back turned toward fashionable society.

"New England has a school of mush distinctively her own, built around idealized yokels whose commonplace sayings evoke a chorus of admiration because of their 'quaint philosophy.' Were Charles Darwin or John Stuart Mill to repeat a familiar proverb not a ripple would appear on the surface of the great deep pool of American thought. But let Uncle Silas, clad in overalls and wearing hay in his whiskers, exclaim: 'I've allers reckoned, Jerusy, when I see the rain afallin' that we'd likely hev a reglar daownpour,' and his utterance is hailed as an outburst of 'cheery optimism,' the most effective trick in the publishing bag and one certain to stir the pool to its utmost depth."

The Birthday of a Poet.
THE sixty-second birthday of James Whitcomb Riley was celebrated throughout Indiana on the seventh of October. Not only in the Hoosier State but throughout the country tributes were paid to the American poet. Riley's birthday, according to the *New York Evening Post*, is becoming the occasion of an annual sentimental journey for all of Hoosierdom in Indiana and out. Even the homage heaped upon the aged poet of Provence, Frederic Mistral, notes the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, "represents a very pallid thing compared with the honors Indiana and Indianapolis are showering on the writer, who, no matter how 'Hoosier' he may be in the accidents of local inspiration, belongs to the whole country." All the schools devoted a day to his verse. Four hundred guests from nearly every State gathered to honor "Indiana's most beloved citizen" at his birthday banquet. William Allen White from Kansas, Dr. John H. Finley and Col. George Harvey from New York, and Ellery Sedgwick from Boston, as well as the foremost litterateurs of Indiana took part in this celebration. The *Indianapolis News* summed up the significance of this event on the poet's birthday:

"The occasion is, as we all know, a remarkable one. We are to celebrate the birthday of a poet, and—it is to be hoped—pay a tribute to the greatest of all arts, namely poetry. Mr. Riley never held

office, is not a captain of industry, a great traveler, scholar or inventor—much less a warrior. He has to his credit none of those achievements which we usually think of as necessary to the winning of publicity or notoriety. He is 'only' a poet—and yet men are giving a dinner in his honor! And there is not a city, town or village in Indiana that will not to-day be thinking of him.

"It was written of a certain people that 'they had no poet, and they died.' This can not be said of the people of this happy State. Not only they, but their common life will live through the poetry of him who is honored to-day. 'What's poetry,' a great poet asks, 'except a power that makes?' If this question receives the intended and indicated answer the art as well as the artist must have a place in our thoughts. And that is specially true in this case, since Mr. Riley is known to most people only through his work."

Arthur Machen and "The Bowmen of Mons."

FIFTY thousand copies of Arthur Machen's fantastic story of the war, "The Bowmen," were sold the day after the publication of this story in England, and the demand still keeps well ahead of the supply. So writes the London literary correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*. This sensational tale was a purely imaginative and imaginary sketch of how St. George and the old Agincourt bowmen appeared during the great retirement from Mons and fought with the British troops against the German hordes. But this tale was swiftly converted by the credulous British public into a miraculous fact. It was spread broadcast as "war news" in widely diversified versions. In many of these oral versions, the bowmen became shining angels. Finally it was circulated as the authentic statement from the lips of many of the indefinite soldiers who, it was claimed, had witnessed the phenomenon. Newspapers published letters on the subject. Ministers preached about it. The story was reprinted in many periodicals throughout Great Britain. Such ready faith has been put in this clever bit of fiction that even Mr. Machen's protestations have scarcely been of avail in dispelling belief in the actuality of the modern miracle. To quote the *Transcript* correspondent:

"All this Machen unfolds in a very interesting preface to his book. Nevertheless, he says—and nobody who knows him will need to be told this—that he is no disbeliever in miracles. They are mistaken, he says, who suppose 'that I think miracles in Judaea credible, but miracles in France or Flanders incredible. I hold no such absurdities. But I confess, very frankly, that I credit none of the 'Angels of Mons' legends, partly because I see, or think I see, their derivation from my own idle fiction, but chiefly because I have so far not received one jot or tittle of evidence that should dispose me to belief.' He confesses that

he was heartily disappointed with 'The Bowmen' when he had written it.

"I thought it—and still think it—an indifferent piece of work. However, I have tried to write for these thirty-five long years, and if I have not become practised in letters I am at least a past master in the Lodge of Disappointment."

"I can understand the public being fascinated by 'The Bowmen'; it is a little masterpiece of its kind, despite the author's opinion; but Machen was always a great artist in the short story, and what I cannot understand is why this same public has not been more susceptible to the power and the charm of the finer and bigger work in the other books he has published during these thirty-five years he has been practising in letters."

Mr. Machen informs us in a postscript to his little book, which has just been published by Putnam, that Miss Phyllis Campbell has contributed an article to the *Occult Review* on "The Angelic Leaders," declaring: "Everybody has seen them who fought through from Mons to Ypres; they all agree on them individually, and have no doubt at all as to the final issue of their interferences." We reprint "The Bowmen" on another page.

Harold Begbie on the Side of the Angels.

ALL the rumors that have got afloat concerning the appearance of angels to assist the British soldiers at Mons are attributed by Mr. Machen to the imaginary incident of his story. Mr. Harold Begbie's story "On the Side of the Angels" (Hodder & Stoughton) is a refutation of this explanation. Mr. Begbie produces the evidence of soldiers who went through the retreat and actually saw the miraculous vision. The *Transcript* correspondent explains further:

"Machen has never denied that spirits do exist and may sometimes manifest themselves; he merely says that he has sifted the stories of those angelic apparitions and found no first-hand proof for any of them. Therefore he takes it that they are more or less unconscious perversions of his published fantasy. Begbie supplies first-hand evidence of the stories about the angels, and urges that they and Machen's ghostly bowmen have no relationship; the angels are simple facts and not an offshoot from Machen's fiction. Such coincidences have happened before. Long ago, James Payne wrote a novel, and at the end got rid of a lot of objectionable characters by sending them on a visit to a volcanic island in the Pacific, and whilst they were staying there the island suddenly collapsed and vanished beneath the sea with all its inhabitants. Whilst the critics were protesting against the wild improbability of such a finale, the newspapers came out with a sensational account of how a volcanic island had just been abruptly swallowed with its population by the waters of the Pacific, and Payne triumphantly called attention to it and claimed that nature had plagiarized the events from his book."

"WHICH, IN YOUR OPINION, ARE THE SIX BEST NOVELS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE?"

FUTILE, but fruitful of discussion and dissension, has been the selection of the six greatest novels in the English language by twenty-eight English and American authors, essayed at the request of the *New York Times*. "Which, in your opinion, are the six best novels in the English language?" To this simple question, the greatest diversity of opinion was expressed by the most popular and industrious novelists of England and America. The novelists who responded were the following:

James Lane Allen, Gertrude Atherton, Eleanor Atkinson, Leona Dalrymple, John Galsworthy, W. L. George, Susan Glaspell, Cosmo Hamilton, James O. Hannay ("George Birmingham"), Henry Sydnor Harrison, Rupert Hughes, St. John G. Irvine, Owen Johnson, Edwin Lefèvre, William J. Locke, Compton Mackenzie, Samuel Merwin, Meredith Nicholson, Kathleen Norris, Harvey J. O'Higgins, Oliver Onions, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Eden Phillpotts, Gene Stratton Porter, Frank H. Spearman, Booth Tarkington, Honoré Willsie, Harry Leon Wilson.

The symposium established conclusively the overwhelming popularity of "Vanity Fair" and "Tom Jones" among the modern novelists of England and America. Next in popularity, but lagging quite in the distance, we find Charles Dickens's "David Copperfield" and Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" was the fifth in popularity. A decision for the sixth best could not be determined. Sir Walter Scott, Laurence Sterne, R. D. Blackmore and Thomas Hardy, to each of whom the novel meant a radically different thing, are bracketed together as the authors of alternatives of equal popularity.

The results of this literary referendum, with the number of votes received by each novel (indicated in parentheses), and the year of publication, are thus summarized:

- "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray, 1846. (14)
- "Tom Jones," by Henry Fielding, 1749. (11)
- "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens, 1850. (7)
- "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1850. (7)
- "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel Defoe, 1710. (6)
- "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott, 1820. (4)
- "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore, 1869. (4)
- "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy, 1891. (4)
- "Tristram Shandy," by Laurence Sterne, 1759. (4)

At least four of the novelists—Eden Phillpotts, Harry Leon Wilson, Booth Tarkington and Henry Sydnor Harrison—refused to participate in what the *Louisville Herald* terms, perhaps unjustly, a "spineless discussion." In answer to the *Times* question Eden Phillpotts wrote:

"Frankly, I know of no six novels that I could set above all others. Some manifest supreme qualities in one direction, some in another; some possess splendors of heart and some of head; some excel in profound knowledge of human nature; some make their appeal on grounds of exalted idealism and cosmic sympathy rather than in truth to nature as we know it. . . . The adventures of a soul among masterpieces must always depend upon the soul, and while training and painstaking study key taste to concert pitch and raise all standards, they cannot banish predilection and native bent."

Harry Leon Wilson, author of the popular "Ruggles of Red Gap," was even more emphatic, declaring that "there are not 'six best novels' in the English language. . . . Only the pettiest of pedants, I take it, would dare with academic compasses to establish the supremacy of any six." *The Independent* is disappointed at the mediocrity and conventionality of most of the answers. Speaking of the resultant list, it remarks: "The list is just such a one as would be prepared by an undergraduate of our most orthodox of colleges, who had never read a book outside of the required list of 'English Lit. I.'"

"It is indeed distressing to see what a poor opinion these novelists have of one another and of their contemporaries no less highly esteemed by the public. There is not a living author among the nine except Hardy, and he is seventy-five years old. No first-class novel, it appears, has been written in the last twenty-four years, notwithstanding that during this period more novels have been written and published and read than ever before in the history of the world. One would conclude from this that teaching everybody to read and giving courses of instruction in schools and colleges all over the land on the art of writing and on the choice of good books has been the ruin of literature. According to this consensus of opinion of those whom we have ignorantly regarded as good writers, the art of novel writing was best at its birth and has been running down ever since until now it produces nothing worth mentioning. The average date of publication of the nine best novels is 1817. This is—if true—a sad state of affairs. Let's hope that it isn't and that all the best literature is not confined to 'Everyman's Library.'"

There is one feature of the selection

of the "six best novels" that may arouse skepticism, according to the *Indianapolis News*. "Not one of the twenty-eight named one of his own products. That is not natural. It begets suspicion. It calls into question the sincerity of the list. To have made it more human, less uncannily self-abjuring, would have proved more convincing. Balance was needed. George Bernard Shaw should have had a vote."

Hardly less interesting than the selection of the six greatest novels are the lists of those masterpieces which received less than four votes—especially the list of slightly known and unknown masterpieces that received but one vote out of a possible twenty-eight. For instance, the following books received three votes each:

"Adam Bede," by George Eliot; "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade; "Henry Esmond," by William Makepeace Thackeray; "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett.

The list of novels receiving only two votes each is even more diversified:

"Clarissa Harlowe," by Samuel Richardson; "The Egoist," by George Meredith; "Emma," by Jane Austen; "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie; "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens; "The Rise of Silas Lapham," by William Dean Howells; "Romola," by George Eliot; "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens; "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler; "Westward Ho!" by Charles Kingsley.

The list of novels receiving but a single vote is even more interesting. Who has read "Handley Cross," by R. S. Surtees, selected by Oliver Onions, or "When Valmont Came to Pontiac," by Sir Gilbert Parker? Why did Hardy's "Jude the Obscure" receive but one vote? If "Anna Karenina" is included, why is not Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment"? Here is the provoking list of books receiving one vote each:

"Anna Karenina," by Leo Tolstoy; "The Awakening of Helena Richie," by Margaret Deland; "Barchester Towers," by Anthony Trollope; "Bleak House," by Charles Dickens; "A Certain Rich Man," by William Allen White; "The Damnation of Theron Ware," by Harold Frederic; "Diana of the Crossways," by George Meredith; "E," by Julian Hinckley; "Fraternity," by John Galsworthy; "The Grandissimes," by G. W. Cable; "The Guarded Flame," by W. B. Maxwell; "Handley Cross," by R. S. Surtees; "The Heart of Midlothian," by Sir Walter Scott; "The History of Mr. Polly," by H. G. Wells; "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain; "John Inglesant," by J. H.

Shorthouse; "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë; "Jude the Obscure," by Thomas Hardy; "Lavengro," by George Borrow; "A Man of Property," by John Galsworthy; "Mansfield Park," by Jane Austen; "March Hares," by Harold Frederic; "Middlemarch," by George Eliot; "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot; "Moll Flanders," by Daniel Defoe; "Monsieur Beaucaire," by Booth Tarkington; "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins; "Nicholas Nickleby," by Charles Dickens; "Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens; "Our Mutual Friend," by Charles Dickens; "Pendennis," by William Makepeace Thackeray; "Peter Ibbetson," by George du Maurier; "A Portrait of a Lady," by Henry James; "The Return of the Native," by Thomas Hardy; "Rob Roy," by Sir Walter Scott; "Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie; "Sir Charles Grandison," by Samuel Richardson; "Sons and Lovers," by D. H. Laurence; "The Spy," by James Fenimore Cooper; "The Story of an African Farm," by Olive Schreiner; "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain; "Tono Bungay," by H. G. Wells; "Trilby," by George du Maurier; "Under Western Eyes," by Joseph Conrad; "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith; "The Wreckers," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "What Maisie Knew," by

Henry James; "When Valmont Came to Pontiak," by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Then there are the novels that were not included at all by any one of these twenty-eight celebrities and near-celebrities. "The good old school," as the Louisville *Herald* points out in an editorial, "Jane Austen, the Brontës, Peacock, Beaconsfield—have no friends. There is only one vote for 'Lavengro' and no more for 'Pendennis' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' Of a truth, there is no accounting for tastes." The same writer dares to insist upon one of his favorites for the list, a book that is apparently well worth reading, tho comparatively unknown:

"Perhaps the oddest book in English literature, a book that presents itself as biography and is demonstrably the wildest fiction. We plump for 'The Life of John Bunyan,' and will not be denied. Of his author, Hazlitt wrote, 'the soul of Rabelais passed in John Amory,' which, inasmuch as his name was Thomas and there is little that is Rabelaisian about him, is not a miracle of accuracy. Yet has it elements of truth."

"The book's a tonic from start to finish. It has scholarship and no style and is true in the same way that the 'Arabian Nights' are true. True to life, that is."

Floyd Dell, formerly literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*, publishes in *The New Review* a dialog suggesting a list of "six best novels" that departs radically from the accepted standards. Several of the books he mentions are translations. Mr. Dell's list includes Stendhal's "The Red and the Black," H. G. Wells's "The History of Mr. Polly," Fielding's "Tom Jones," Balzac's "Cousin Pons," J. D. Beresford's "Jacob Stahl" trilogy ("The Early History of Jacob Stahl," "A Candidate for Truth," "The Invisible Event"), Gustave Frenssen's "Holyland," and Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." It is to be questioned whether all the books of this list conform to the requirement of the *Times*'s symposium. It is rather a choice of the best novels of any and all languages. Among the translated masterpieces, included in the various lists, we miss Cervantes' "Don Quixote."

THE ICONOCLASTIC OPINIONS OF M. MARCEL DUCHAMPS CONCERNING ART AND AMERICA

THE painting entitled "The Nude Descending a Staircase" was the storm center of most of the discussion of modern tendencies in Art, when the American public was aroused out of its artistic lethargy by the Armory Exhibition of International Art in New York several years ago. The author of that audacious challenge, a young Frenchman, Marcel Duchamps, has recently arrived in America with an iconoclastic but thoroly inspiring message for us. Interviewed in the New York *Tribune*, M. Duchamps confessed that he knew of no other city in the world that he would rather be in for the next two years than New York.

"The capitals of the Old World have labored for hundreds of years to find that which constitutes good taste and one may say that they have found the zenith thereof. But why do people not understand how much of a bore this is? In Paris, for instance, everything is perfectly blended and in perfect harmony—never in a whole day does one see anything the tiniest bit out of place. But here—from the very instant one lands one realizes that here is a people yearning, searching, trying to find something.

"If only America would realize that the art of Europe is finished—dead—and that America is the country of the art of the future, instead of trying to base everything she does on European traditions! And yet in spite of it, try as she

will, she gets beyond these traditions, even in dimension alone.

"Look at the sky-scrappers! Has Europe anything to show more beautiful than these? I have been trying to get a studio in one of their highest turrets, but unfortunately I find people are not permitted to live in them.

"Why this adoration for classic art? It is as old-fashioned as the superstitions of the religions, and the reverence given to it is mere stupidity.

"And this fetish of 'ideals'? There is no such thing. Every single factor of life should stand on its own individual merit."

In an interview published in *Arts and Decoration*, M. Duchamps also points out the great possibilities for American art and the necessity for the American artist to find himself not in following European standards but in the creation of new ones. The artist declares:

"The American character contains the elements of an extraordinary art. Your life is cold and scientific. Perhaps you are too young in art. The traditions weigh too heavily upon you, turn you into a sort of religious fanaticism, as little yourself as possible.

"In architecture the Florentine palaces here have disappeared with the advent of the sky-scraper and the call of utility that means. Assuredly the Plaza Hotel, with its innumerable windows voraciously taking in light, is more beautiful than the Gothic Woolworth Building; but I like the immensity of the latter.

"New York itself is a work of art, a complete work of art. Its growth is harmonious, like the growth of ripples that comes on the water when a stone has been thrown into it. And I believe that the idea of demolishing old buildings, old souvenirs, is fine. It is in line with that so much misunderstood manifesto issued by the Italian Futurists which demanded, in symbol only, however, that it was taken literally, the destruction of the museums and libraries. *The dead should not be permitted to be so much stronger than the living. We must learn to forget the past, to live our own lives in our own time.*"

According to Alfred Kreyborg, writing in the Boston *Transcript*, Marcel Duchamps considers American architecture "the only architecture." He regrets passionately the influence of European culture. Those who have been abroad, those "higher up," bring back pernicious influences. Mr. Kreyborg describes the French artist as "a tall, slender, athletic-looking individual of twenty-eight." He is not at the front with his two brothers Villon, Jacques Villon, also artists of the ultra-modern school, because of a weak heart. Concerning the ideals of this painter of movement, Mr. Kreyborg writes:

"His taste in the arts is, as has been intimated, severely pure. 'Pure' is his favorite monosyllable. He enjoys Wagner and Richard Strauss, but they do not exist in his deeper life; Bach, Beethoven

and the latest European god, Stravinsky, do. He can illustrate on the piano with one stiff dramatic finger the themes of 'Sacre du Printemps,' which that *enfant terrible* of the ballet, Nijinsky, is to bring to America this fall. This ballet is the only work that interests him in the whole modern theater repertory. The music, the *mise en scène* and dances, those emotions in gesture and posture made clear for the first time by Nijinsky, have no counterpart in his admiration. Stravinsky stands higher in his belief than does his favorite painter, Seurat, the forerunner of Cézanne. This radical of radicals, Duchamps, confesses his primal indebtedness to Cézanne, but acknowledges a greater love for Seurat, an artist little known in this country, whose work can be seen only at rare intervals even in France. Most of it is hidden in private collections.

"Duchamps expressed the reason of his preference for Seurat: 'I like Seurat better because he saw deeper and more prophetically into concrete objects and their nature than did Cézanne. Cézanne, as it were, tastes the fruit which Seurat slashes open with precision.' Stravinsky passed 'beyond Seurat'; because of the, happy accident of living in a later and more enlightened age. The great Russian is influenced by 'cubism,' so-called, but he is not 'cubism.' Duchamps scorns the word; it is merely a convenience for designating a certain group of artists in point of time as opposed to other groups. He hates the word; it is a discordant note in any conversation with him. A man is a man; an artist is an artist; if you can catalog him under an ism he is no longer man or artist. Duchamps' rancor on this subject recalls the pernicious influence exerted by Roger Frye when he termed Cézanne the founder of 'Post-impressionism.' The word does not pass in French artists' vocabularies."

"Why do Americans make a god of Rodin?" asks Marcel Duchamps, severe in his criticism of "official" art, which he describes as "antediluvian." He is energetic in his proclivity for smashing idols in the art world. Thus, according to *Arts and Decoration*:

"Rembrandt never could have expressed all the thoughts found in his work. In the religious age he was the great religious painter, another epoch discovered in him a profound psychologist, another a poet, still another, the last one, a master craftsman. This may prove that people give more to pictures than they take from them. Certainly no man can be a profound psychologist and a great religious preacher at once. Rembrandt dipped his pictures in a solution of sentiment. If

they are good, they are good despite that....

"Velasquez, like Constantin Meunier, is the type of great man. You feel that he asks you to stand by and admire his greatness, his dexterity, his grandeur; and he is terrifically suave. That is not so true of Rodin, who is more subtle and thus better able to fool us. His drawings may last for twenty years; but next to those of Cézanne they are impossible. Rodin is always sensuous, a materialist, an animal, if you will. Cézanne reaches much higher.

"Sargent, Simon, Blanche, Cottet, Bernard are impossible. They trade upon antiquity. The prolific Besnard is an especially disgusting parasite. Maurice Denis is a little better. But he goes to

he could not fully conserve in his pictures. Remove all the evidence of the influence of traditions upon the work of Gustave Moreau and you will find that he is the most isolated figure of his epoch. There is a great sympathy between the work of Redon and Moreau in refinement of color and sensitiveness.

"Redon is one of the sources to which Matisse has gone consciously or not. Matisse's color has not the solidity of Cézanne's, but it cannot be viewed from the same angle. There is nothing that you can take hold of in Matisse's color, not in the old sense of quality in color. It is transparent, thin, perhaps, but when you have left his pictures you will see that they have taken hold of you."

Concerning Picasso and the so-called "cubists"—cubism is a word more familiar to America than to continental Europeans, evidently — M. Duchamps corrects several current fallacies.

"Greco is the root of Picasso. They call Picasso the leader of the cubists, but he is not a cubist strictly speaking. He is a cubist to-day—something else to-morrow. The only real cubists to-day are Gleizes and Metzinger.

"But that word cubism means nothing at all—it might just as well, for the sense it contains, have been policarpist. An ironical remark of Matisse's gave birth to it. Now we have a lot of little cubists—monkeys following the motion of the leader without comprehension of their significance. Their favorite word is discipline. It means everything to them and nothing.

"Daumier was good in a caricatural way, selected by himself to be sure; but his irony was not so profound as Goya's. The spirit of Daumier is revived in the Greek cartoonist Gallinis, who has lately done some very interesting themes in the manner of the cubists.

"Gauguin is an impressionist and a romanticist—a great force—Baudelairean, exotic, a traveler, gathering romances out of vague or rare or uncivilized or little known countries."

M. Duchamps is not the only champion of the "modern" movement in art who has chosen New York as the battlefield of revolutionary art. Picabia, Gleizes, and other ultra-moderns have transferred their activities to America.

In striking contrast to the stagnation in European galleries occasioned by the war, the critic of the New York *Sun* points out, an unexpected prosperity has illuminated the American art world.



Photograph by Pach Bros.

Courtesy of *Vanity Fair*

HE IS TRYING TO WAKE US UP

Marcel Duchamps, who painted that notorious nude coming downstairs, is of the opinion that America may conquer the world of art; but we must learn to forget the past and stop worshipping the dead in matters artistic and esthetic. We must, the brilliant young Frenchman declares, create new values in art—values scientific and not sentimental.

mass and going feels that he must reflect the fact in his work. And so in the twentieth century we have what may be called neo-Catholicism in art. I do not believe that art should have anything in common with definite theories that are apart from it. That is too much like propaganda. I like Bouguereau better than any of these men, he is so much more honestly an Academician. The others pose as revolutionary and their puny little souls cannot know what revolution means. They must have taken their definition out of the dictionary.

"Whistler has a living personality that

THE PASSING OF REMY DE GOURMONT: HIS PLACE IN MODERN LITERATURE

THE finest of living critics, to use the characterization of Havelock Ellis, died in Paris on September twenty-eighth; but the overburdened cables brought to America only a brief dispatch concerning the passing of Remy de Gourmont. His fame had never spread upon these shores. Except for a few essays about him contributed to some of the lesser known magazines and Arthur Ransome's translation, "A Night in the Luxembourg" (Luce), Remy de Gourmont's work has been practically unknown in this country. "For the man in the street, he is caviar," James Huneker wrote in "The Pathos of Distance." Nevertheless as a literary critic of the first standing, presiding over the editorial destinies of the finest review in the French language, the *Mercure de France*, Remy de Gourmont has been looked up to by many as the leader of French criticism. The scope of his survey of French literature and life has been an extraordinary one, covering all periods of the past, as William Aspenwall Bradley recently pointed out in *The International*, as well as every significant manifestation of the present.

"It makes little difference to his regular readers—those who have come to regard him as one of their standbys in contemporary literature and to look forward to a new volume by him as an event—whether, writing of 'Le Roman de Tristan et Iseult,' he offers a textual interpretation which elicits the praise of such a specialist on this subject as M. Joseph Bédier, who is the subject of his particular criticism, or whether he is holding out a cordial hand of recognition to the latest group of women writers who have produced works that justify the entrance of their sex into contemporary literature. Whatever his theme, his treatment of it is always charming, graceful, peculiarly to the point, and serves to show to what a superior level it is possible for the man of broad sympathies and of genuine culture to elevate even the journalism of literature."

Remy de Gourmont was born on the fourth of April, 1858, in the Château de la Motte, in the province of Orne. He received his early education at the University of Caen, not coming to Paris until 1883, at the age of twenty-five. There he became attached in a minor capacity to the Bibliothèque Nationale. In those years he lived largely alone, holding himself aloof from his young contemporaries in the literary field. His time was devoted exclusively to scholarly pursuits. He spent practically nine years in the great French library, thus laying the foundations of an erudition that extended into many diverse fields.

It was not until 1889 that he began to take creative literature seriously. Then, at the age of 31, as Mr. Huneker informs us, he took his first book, "Stratagems," to Karl Joris Huysmans with the request that it might be dedicated to him. The famous realist, then connected with the Ministry of the Interior, consented, and the two became fast friends, meeting every afternoon at the Café Caron to drink Holland bitters and to discuss modern literature.

In his "Souvenirs du Symbolisme," Gourmont has recounted the beginnings of the now much advertized movement in poetry—*vers libre*. In 1886, he discovered in the galleries of the Odeon a small weekly, *La Vague*, containing the work of Jules La Fargue, Gustave Kahn, and the Greco-French poet Jean Moreas. Mr. Bradley translates:

"As I turned, I felt the little esthetic thrill and that exquisite impression of novelty which has so many charms for youth. It seems to me that I dreamed even more than I read. The Luxembourg was pink with budding April as I crossed it toward the rue d'Arras, thinking much more of the new literature, which coincided for me with the renewal of things, than of the business which called me to that side of Paris. All I had written until then inspired me with a sudden profound disgust. I thought also with bitterness of the little journal to which, innocent *Baudelaire*, I had sent verses from the obscurity of a provincial college, and I said to myself that, if I had persevered, I would have been able to write in one of these exciting little reviews, and participate directly in the joys of which I had just had a glimpse. I arrived at this goal eventually, for my literary orientation found itself, in less than an hour, radically modified, and, four years later, I published 'Théodat' in the *Revue Indépendante*."

Remy de Gourmont was, however, to become more prominent as a critic of life and letters than as a Symbolist poet, tho he did become in later years the Symbolist critic *par excellence*, as Mr. Bradley points out in *The International*. His first novel, "Sixtine," was published in 1890. His first literary study, which revealed the skilled Latinist, "Le latin mystique," appeared in 1892; while his first poetical attempt to be published was the dramatic poem "Théodat," which did not appear until 1894. Since that time, literary studies, poems, philosophic novels and psychological essays have followed in rapid succession. Remy de Gourmont has acted not only as editor of the *Mercure* but has been one of its administrators as well, and he was connected in addition with the *Dépêche de Toulouse*, a correspondent of *La Na-*

cion of Buenos Ayres, and director of the *Revue des Idées*.

In the art of criticism, Remy de Gourmont was the foremost champion of a process he termed "the dissociation of ideas." Arthur Ransome elucidates this method of criticism in his essay of Gourmont in the following fashion: "The dissociation of ideas is a method of thought that separates the ideas put into double harness by tradition, just as the chemist turns water into hydrogen and oxygen, with which, severally, he can make other compounds. . . . Nothing needs a more awakened intelligence than to weaken the bonds of such ideas by separating the words that bind them."

In the matter of style and the literary use of words, something of the same method should be pursued. Gourmont declared that whatever is deeply thought is well written. Superficial thought produces a stereotyped use of words. The *cliché*—the rubberstamp—is the assassin of style. "Every well-written novel seems immoral," was one of Gourmont's paradoxes. Discussing Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," he defended this statement brilliantly. He pointed out that Flaubert—whom he termed the French Homer—and every other profoundly original writer, by avoiding the commonplace phrase, the familiar counter, by skilfully choosing each word and by moulding his language to a personal rhythm, imparts such novelty to his descriptions that the reader seems to himself to be assisting for the first time at a scene which, nevertheless, may be exactly the same scene described in nearly all novels. Hence the inevitable shock.

In "The Pathos of Distance," James Huneker characterizes Remy de Gourmont as an aristocratic radical, more sincere than Anatole France, less egotistical than Maurice Barrès. "He sits in an ivory tower, but on the ground floor, from which he may saunter forth and rub elbows with life."

Remy de Gourmont's contribution to French literature includes five volumes of "Literary Promenades," "The Culture of Ideas," five volumes of dialogs on contemporary topics, "The Problem of Style," and "Esthetics of the French Language"; several volumes of poetry; and the following novels: "The Horses of Diomedes" (a translation of which appeared in the London *Egoist*), "A Virginal Heart," "Colors," "Magic Stories," "A Night in the Luxembourg," "From a Far-away Country," "The Pilgrim of Silence," "Sixtine" and "The Dream of a Woman." One of his last contributions was a volume of Eulogistic Essays on contemporary Belgian literature.

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

WHO shall say that the poets are never appreciated until they are in their graves? Give ear to a few interesting facts that have emerged within the last few weeks.

By an official decree the State of Indiana has set aside a day to be kept as a holiday each year and to be known as "Riley Day" in honor of James Whitcomb Riley. "When," asks the *N. Y. Times*, "has a poet, living or dead, native of empire, kingdom or republic, had anything like that happen to him?" In addition, the Secretary of the Interior, at Washington, writes to the superintendents of schools in all the states suggesting that Mr. Riley's birthday anniversary be celebrated in the schools of the nation by the recital of one or more of his poems. In New York City the Macmillan publishing house announces that it begins this fall a series of "Modern Poets," to be bound in limp leather and to include John Masefield, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Thomas Walsh, John G. Neihardt, Alfred Noyes, W. W. Gibson, Lincoln Colcord and others. We think we are violating no confidence in saying that one of these—Masters, author of the "Spoon River Anthology"—has seen his work go into its seventh edition in considerably less than a year from the date of publication. Another of the new poets—Robert Frost, author of "North of Boston"—has seen his volume, published on this side by Henry Holt, selling at the rate of nearly one thousand copies a month for the first four months, the sales gathering additional speed with each month.

We think *CURRENT OPINION* is entitled to a fair share of credit for the increasing recognition given to the living poets in this country. This department, started eleven years ago, has brought to the attention of half a million readers month after month many a poem and many a new poet, whose way has been made smoother and swifter in consequence. It was here that the first suggestion was made for the organization of the Poetry Society of America. It was here that Robert Frost received his first recognition in America. It was in this magazine that the work of Vachel Lindsay was first featured. It was here that Sara Teasdale's work was first given a national circulation. And there are others.

Dana Burnet is one of the newest of the poets to appear in the dignity of a bound volume. His work, "Poems," is published by Harpers, and while it is not epoch-making, it exhibits a wide range of poetical ideas, metrical skill of high quality and versatility. The poem that marks his highest achievement, in our judgment, is this:

THE BUILDER.

BY DANA BURNET.

AMERICA, thou Builder!
Thou reacher up to God!
Thou, whose tall cities grope with
thrusting spires
into the shining empire of the sky,
Stand now with thy good weapons in thy
hands,
There's a task here for a Builder.

Hark the wind
That moans in from the sea! It hath no
more
The song of proud ships going unafraid
Nor the sweet hum of cities at their mills;
The beat of souls is in it . . . and the
wings
Of wasted dreams, and the great gasp of
Death.

See, there's a flame to eastward! Half
a world
Burns to its naked timbers. Heaven itself
Is stained, and all the dynasty of stars
Which we had built our stone to like a
song
Is blotted by the angry bloodied fires!

They burn! Our brothers' cities! All
those towers
Where History lay cradled and where
Truth
Dwelt in her golden garments like a
Queen,
And Art, her handmaid, brushing from
her robe
The dust of rotted centuries, stood forth
Clear-eyed, a star-smudged palet in her
hand
And God Himself upon her brush's tip—
They burn! Those ancient splendid cities
burn!

What Art is left? What Truth? What
History?
The whole's to build again—and we alone
Are strong to build it! Now, my country,
rise

And take the stone up in thy straining
hands.
To thee of all the nations and the tribes
That e'er have played the game of Destiny
Is given the task to shape the world anew!

Then wake, for dawn is shining on the
stone!
Fling thy tall spires to Heaven like a
song!
Come, lift the world up to the rising sun,
America, thou Builder!

One finds in Mr. Guiterman's new volume, "The Laughing Muse" (Harpers), much more than mere humor. One chuckles and laughs at its cleverness, and the cockles of any heart that is in the right place must be warmed by its geniality. In addition, Mr. Guiterman has a skill in rhyming and a knowledge of verse-forms that are probably unsurpassed by any versifier now living on either side of the sea. For the most part he is content to give us clever satire without any venom in it and rollicking conceits with no banal-

ity in them; but every now and then he strikes fuller and deeper chords that give us the music of real poetry. Such is his opening poem:

FATE, THE JESTER.

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

THE planets are bells on his motley,
He fleers at the stars in their
state,
He banters the suns burning hotly—
The Jester whose nickname is Fate.

The lanterns that kindle their rays with
The comets, are food for his mirth;
But, oh, how he laughs as he plays with
His mad little bauble, the Earth!

He looks on the atomies crowding
The face of our pitiful ball;
His form in the nebulae shrouding,
He chuckles, unnoted of all

The valorous puppets that chatter
Superbly of Little and Great.
A flip of his finger would shatter
The dreams of these "Masters of
Fate"—

He laughs at their strivings and rages
And tosses the murmurant sphere
To howl through the zodiac-stages
That measure the groove of a Year.

He laughs as he trips up the maddest
Who scramble for power and place,
But laughs with the bravest and gladdest—
Fate's comrades, who laugh in his face;

Who laugh at themselves and their
troubles
Whatever the beaker they quaff;
Who, laughing at Vanity's bubbles,
Forget not to love as they laugh;

Who laugh in the teeth of disaster,
Yet hope through the darkness to find
A road past the stars to a Master
Of Fate in the vastness behind.

One of the most interesting things in Berton Braley's "Songs of the Workaday World" (George H. Doran Co.) is the list of periodicals which have published his poems before their collection into book form. This list includes such technical magazines as *The American Machinist*, *Technical World Magazine*, *Power*, *The Edison Monthly* and even the New York City Telephone Directory. Some time ago the newspapers were making much ado over the fact that Alfred Noyes had been able to make a living by writing poetry. Well, Mr. Braley as well as Mr. Guiterman has made a fair living by the same means for a good many years. The best things in Mr. Braley's book, such as "The Telephone Directory" and "To a Photographer," we have already reprinted. Here is another of his poems that is not quite as good as his best:

THE THINKER.

By BERTON BRALEY.

BACK of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who Knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor,
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motors humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the Job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true!

In the *Yale Review* we find a pathetic little pen-picture inspired by the sight of a motion-picture audience:

AT THE PICTURE-SHOW.

By KARLE WILSON BAKER.

SHE sits with eyes intent upon the screen,
A quiet woman with work-hardened hands.
Beside her squirms an eager, shock-head boy;
Upon her lap a little rumpled girl
With petalled cheek and bright, play-roughened hair;
While, bulwark of the little family group,
Her husband looms, with one unconscious arm
Lying along her chair-back. So they come
Often, and for a few cents, more or less,
Slip through the wicket-gate of wonderment
That bounds the beaten paths of everyday.
The Indians and the horses thrill the boy
With dreams of great adventure; the big man
Likes the great bridges, and the curious lore
Of alien folk in other lands; the child
Laughs at the funny way the people die.
And she?

The way the hero's overcoat
Sets to his shoulders; or a lock of hair
Tossed back impatiently; or else a smile,
A visible sigh, an eyebrow lifted, so,—
They touch strange, buried, dispossessed old dreams.

And while her hand plays with the baby's curls
Unthinking, once again she sees the face
That swayed her youth as ocean tides are swayed
Until she broke her heart to save her soul . . .
And fled back to her native town . . . and left
In the gray canyons of the city streets
All the high hopes of youth. . . .

She has picked up
Her life since then, and made a goodly thing
Out of the fragments; that is written plain
Upon the simple page for all to see.
I fancy that she hardly thinks of him
Through all her wholesome days; but when, at night,
They go a-voyaging across the screen,
And suddenly a street-lamp throws a gleam
On a wet pavement . . . a man sits alone
On a park bench . . . or else goes swinging past
With that expression to his overcoat. . . .
She does not pick this player-man, or that,
But all the heroes have some trick of his. . . .

It is a treat always to read Joyce Kilmer's poetry; but if you wish to get the fullest possible joy from it you should first read half a dozen or so of the Imagist poets and then light unexpectedly on one of Kilmer's. Here is one of his latest, from the *Bellman*:

WEALTH.

By JOYCE KILMER.

FROM what old ballad or from what rich frame
Did you descend to glorify the earth?
Was it from Chaucer's singing-book you came?
Or did Watteau's small brushes give you birth?

Nothing more exquisite than that slim hand
Did Raffael or Leonardo trace.
Nor could the poets learn in Fairyland
To write the lyric wonder of your face.
I would possess a store of lovely things
But I am poor and so this may not be;
Yet God who lifts the poor and humbles kings
Sent loveliness itself to dwell with me.

We think that Bliss Carman is "coming back." For a time his poetic inspiration seemed to be failing him; but his more recent lyrics, while not up to his highest level, have had something exquisite in them. This, from *Everybody's*, is not great art, but it is art:

FIREFLIES.

By BLISS CARMAN.

THE fireflies across the dusk
Are flashing signals through the gloom—
Courageous messengers of light
That dare immensities of doom.

About the seeding meadow-grass,
Like busy watchmen in the street,
They come and go, they turn and pass,
To light the paths for Beauty's feet.

Or up they float on viewless wings
To twinkle high among the trees,
And rival with soft glimmerings
The shining of the Pleiades.

The stars that wheel above the hill
Are not more wonderful to see,
Nor the great tasks that they fulfil
More needed in eternity.

Mr. Towne's editorial labors, we are glad to see, can not silence his lyric muse. *Collier's* gives us this:

THE PRISON.

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

IWENT through a crowded city—
A city within my own—
Whose houses were of iron
And terrible gray stone.

I saw each awful doorway
With clanging lock and key,
And faces white behind them,
Most pitiful to me.

There was a patient silence
Within this town of tears,
That told me more than lips could
Of long, bleak, maddening years.

That silence—and those faces!
They haunt me all the while;
Yet why should dead men whisper,
And why should dead men smile?

We like the note of elation and triumph in this little song which we find in the *Bellman*:

A SONG OF LIVING.

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

BECAUSE I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue of the sky.
I have run and leaped with the rain, I have taken the wind to my breast.
My cheek like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I have pressed.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I have kissed young Love on the lips, I have heard his song to the end.
I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a friend.
I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work done well.
I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive out of hell.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.
I give a share of my soul to the world where my course is run.
I know that another shall finish the task I must leave undone.
I know that no flower, no flint, was in vain on the path I trod.
As one looks on a face through a window, through life I have looked on God.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

Probably no writer of our day has done more to arouse a new interest in poetry than has been done by John Masefield. His work is not always pleasant; but there is always a splendor to be found in it and a power that no one else, since Kipling was at his height, has shown. In *Scribner's* we find a noble sonnet sequence from his pen. We reprint the first of the series:

THE END.

By JOHN MASEFIELD.

THREE on the darkened deathbed dies the brain
That flared three several times in
seventy years.
It cannot lift the silly hand again,
Nor speak, nor sing; it neither sees nor
hears.
And muffled mourners put it in the
ground
And then go home, and in the earth it lies
Too dark for vision and too deep for
sound,
The million cells that made a good man
wise.
Yet for a few short years an influence
stirs,
A sense or wraith or essence of him dead,
Which makes insensate things its ministers
To those beloved, his spirit's daily bread.
Then that, too, fades; in book or deed a
spark
Lingers; then that, too, fades; then all is
dark.

The poem below is printed by the *N. Y. Call*, which asks if any of its readers can tell who the author is. The *Call* got it from Professor E. J. Ward, of Wisconsin University, who recited it in one of his lectures, but who says that it came to him in a fragmentary form and he knows neither the title nor the name of the author.

EAST AND WEST.

MEN look to the East for the dawning things,
For the light of a rising sun,
But they look to the West, the
crimson West,
For the things that are done.

For out of the East they have always
come—
The cradle that saw the birth
Of all the heart-warm hopes of men
And all the hopes of earth.

There in the East arose a Christ,
There in the East there gleamed
The dearest dream, the clearest dream,
That ever a prophet dreamed.

And into the waiting West they go
With the dream-child of the East,
And find the hopes we hoped of old
A hundredfold increased.

For there in the East we dreamed the
dream
Of the things we hoped to do,
And here in the West, the crimson West,
The dreams of the East come true.

The worst part of war is not the dying, for we must all die. It is the killing that is the really horrible part of all wars. That is the thought underlying a forcible little poem in the *N. Y. Times*:

TO A FALLEN FOE.

By PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

I SEE you lying there upon the field,
The sunset all that flushes your
young cheeks.
The mist, like groping lips, your
white brow seeks
As if to print the kiss your mother can-
not yield.

You were my foe—I should be glad you
fell
And took to death the peril of your
strength;
But somehow I grow sick at your limp
length
And wonder which of us is nearer hell.

I stilled the music that was in your heart,
I cheated some lass of her starry vow:
I'd give an empire to recall you now,
And in a lone grave gladly act your part.

The following sonnet was printed on the program issued in connection with the reproduction, by Margaret Anglin and others, of a series of Greek plays at one of the California universities. It is all good, but the last line in particular is worthy of Keats:

GREECE RE-ARISEN.

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

GREECE is not dead, however it may
seem!
For on our golden shores she
still survives:
Here is the violet sea, the murmuring
hives
Of green Hymettus, the Parnassian
stream,
And here the whispering Groves of Ac-
ademe:
Here is Olympus, here the Delphian
shrine
Where Lord Apollo pours his lyric wine
And builds in man the glory of a dream.

And here within our dim Olympian glen
The griefs of Hellas stir the world
again—
The crash of Agamemnon's mighty
years,
Medea's madness and Cassandra's cry,
Orestes' vengeance and Electra's tears—
Sorrows that are too beautiful to die.

Sara Teasdale (who always was a singer and now is a Filsinger) may experiment once in a while with vers libre, and we will forgive her. But we never will forgive her if she deserts permanently the traditional lyric forms, which seem at times to have been made especially for her. One could as soon forgive Mary Pickford if she deserted the movies. This, from *Poetry*, is the real thing. It has depth as well as simplicity.

LEAVES.

By SARA TEASDALE.

ONE by one, like leaves from a tree,
All my faiths have forsaken me;
But the stars above my head
Burn in white and delicate red,
And beneath my feet the earth
Brings the sturdy grass to birth.
I who was content to be
But a silken-singing tree,
But a rustle of delight
In the wistful heart of night,
I have lost the leaves that knew
Touch of rain and weight of dew.
Blinded by a leafy crown
I looked neither up nor down—
But the little leaves that die
Have left me room to see the sky;
Now for the first time I know
Stars above and earth below.

The writer of the next poem (in the *Smart Set*) is very fortunate in the selection of poetic themes. She never writes simply because she has the poetic impulse. She waits until the poetic impulse and the poetic idea come together, and the result, as far as we have seen her work, is uniformly excellent.

QUIÉN SABE?

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL.

IN Córdoba within the drowsing Plaza,
Beyond the sleepy, sun-drenched
market-place,
Vacant and bare, denuded of its
statue,
There stands a scarred and mournful
marble base.
The hours are tinkled from the old
Cathedral,
Gray grim against the brilliance of the
sky,
And swooping downward in their clumsy
circles
The ugly, dun-winged buzzards slowly fly.
They light and struggle fiercely for a foot-
hold;
Their quarrels, shrill, discordant, pierce
the air;
The sluggish stream of life within the city
Flows ever onward, calmly unaware.
You ask in vain whose statue used to
stand there,—
A sun-drunk *peón*, dozing out his day,
A grave-eyed priest, a woman with *tor-
illas*,—
The same regretful, velvet "Yo no sé!"
There was a scene here, once, to fit the
setting,
If we could pierce the shrouding of the
years;
There was a day for reverent unveil-
ing . . .
And swelling hearts, and brimming
eyes, and cheers . . .
What patriot, red-blooded, gave it reason?
What martyr marked it with his placid
smile?
Who set the pulses leaping for a season,
And held the lime-light for a little
while?
Who does believe his laurel is immortal?
Who thinks the marble proof against
the years?—

Or dreams the memory of his deed will linger
 When still the hearts, and dried away the tears?
 A fluttered flag, a sudden blare of trumpet,
 A path of flowers, a little burst of song...
 Then withering and fading, and the silence;

Time dims all lustre, and the years are long....
 And now within the hushed and drowsing Plaza,
 Beyond the sleepy, sun-drenched market-place,
 Stained with the years, and weathered with the seasons,

There stands a scarred and mournful marble base.
 Unheeding round its story flows forever
 The lazy current of the dozing town,
 And on it, hurtling in their clumsy circles,
 The ugly, dun-winged buzzards settle down.

THE BOWMEN—A FANTASY OF THE WAR

This story has already, in a few months' time, achieved a remarkable history. Despite the protestations of the author, Arthur Machen, it has been widely accepted in England as a true narrative, and, with many variations, is passed around from hamlet to hamlet by word of mouth and in local periodicals. With half a dozen other stories by the same author it is now published (by Putnams) in book-form (copyrighted) in this country under the title "The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War." We reprint it by special permission.

IT WAS during the Retreat of the Eighty Thousand, and the authority of the Censorship is sufficient excuse for not being more explicit. But it was on the most awful day of that awful time, on the day when ruin and disaster came so near that their shadow fell over London far away; and, without any certain news, the hearts of men failed within them and grew faint; as if the agony of the army in the battlefield had entered into their souls.

On this dreadful day, then, when three hundred thousand men in arms with all their artillery swelled like a flood against the little English company, there was one point above all other points in our battle line that was for a time in awful danger, not merely of defeat, but of utter annihilation. With the permission of the Censorship and of the military expert, this corner may, perhaps, be described as a salient, and if this angle were crushed and broken, then the English force as a whole would be shattered, the Allied left would be turned, and Sedan would inevitably follow.

All the morning the German guns had thundered and shrieked against this corner, and against the thousand or so of men who held it. The men joked at the shells, and found funny names for them, and had bets about them, and greeted them with scraps of music-hall songs. But the shells came on and burst, and tore good Englishmen limb from limb, and tore brother from brother, and as the heat of the day increased so did the fury of that terrific cannonade. There was no help, it seemed. The English artillery was good, but there was not nearly enough of it; it was being steadily battered into scrap iron.

There comes a moment in a storm at sea when people say to one another, "It is at its worst; it can blow no harder," and then there is a blast ten times more fierce than any before it. So it was in these British trenches.

There were no stouter hearts in the whole world than the hearts of these men; but even they were appalled as this seven-times-heated hell of the German cannonade fell upon them and overwhelmed them and destroyed them. And at this very moment they saw from their trenches that a tremendous host was moving against their lines. Five hundred of the thousand remained, and as far as they could see the German infantry was pressing on against them, column upon column, a gray world of men, ten thousand of them, as it appeared afterwards.

There was no hope at all. They shook

hands, some of them. One man improvised a new version of the battle-song "Good-by, good-by to Tipperary," ending with "And we shan't get there." And they all went on firing steadily. The officers pointed out that such an opportunity for high-class fancy shooting might never occur again; the Germans dropped line after line; the Tipperary humorist asked, "What price Sidney Street?" And the few machine guns did their best. But everybody knew it was of no use. The dead gray bodies lay in companies and battalions, as others came on and on and on, and they swarmed and stirred and advanced from beyond and beyond.

"World without end. Amen," said one of the British soldiers with some irrelevance as he took aim and fired. And then he remembered—he says he cannot think why or wherefore—a queer vegetarian restaurant in London where he had once or twice eaten eccentric dishes of cutlets made of lentils and nuts that pretended to be steak. On all the plates in this restaurant there was printed a figure of St. George in blue, with the motto, *Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius*—May St. George be a present help to the English. This soldier happened to know Latin and other useless things, and now, as he fired at his man in the gray advancing mass—three hundred yards away—he uttered the pious vegetarian motto. He went on firing to the end, and at last Bill on his right had to clout him cheerfully over the head to make him stop, pointing out as he did so that the King's ammunition cost money and was not lightly to be wasted in drilling funny patterns into dead Germans.

For as the Latin scholar uttered his invocation he felt something between a shudder and an electric shock pass through his body. The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur; instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice and a shout louder than a thunderpeal crying, "Array, array, array!"

His heart grew hot as a burning coal, it grew cold as ice within him, as it seemed to him that a tumult of voices answered to his summons. He heard, or seemed to hear, thousands shouting: "St. George! St. George!"

"Ha! messire; ha! sweet Saint, grant us good deliverance!"

"St. George for merry England!"

"Harow! Harow! Monseigneur St. George, succour us."

"Ha! St. George! Ha! St. George! a long bow and a strong bow."

"Heaven's Knight, aid us!"

And as the soldier heard these voices he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes, with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout, their cloud of arrows flew singing and tingling through the air towards the German hosts.

The other men in the trench were firing all the while. They had no hope; but they aimed just as if they had been shooting at Bisley.

Suddenly one of them lifted up his voice in the plainest English.

"Gawd help us!" he bellowed to the man next to him, "but we're blooming marvels! Look at those grey... gentlemen, look at them! Dye see them? They're not going down in dozens nor in 'undreds; it's thousands, it is. Look! look! there's a regiment gone while I'm talking to ye."

"Shut it!" the other soldier bellowed, taking aim, "what are ye gassing about?"

But he gulped with astonishment even as he spoke, for, indeed, the gray men were falling by the thousands. The English could hear the guttural scream of the German officers, the crackle of their revolvers as they shot the reluctant; and still line after line crashed to the earth.

All the while the Latin-bred soldier heard the cry:

"Harow! Harow! Monseigneur, dear saint, quick to our aid! St. George help us!"

"High Chevalier, defend us!"

The singing arrows fled so swift and thick that they darkened the air; the heathen horde melted from before them.

"More machine guns!" Bill yelled to Tom.

"Don't hear them," Tom yelled back. "But, thank God, anyway; they've got it in the neck."

In fact, there were ten thousand dead German soldiers left before that salient of the English army, and consequently there was no Sedan. In Germany, a country ruled by scientific principles, the Great General Staff decided that the contemptible English must have employed shells containing an unknown gas of a poisonous nature, as no wounds were discernible on the bodies of the dead German soldiers. But the man who knew what nuts tasted like when they called themselves steak knew also that St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English.

THE BUSINESS WORLD

AGNES C. LAUT, Department Editor

FLOATING THE NEW INTERNATIONAL LOAN—AN INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE LEADING COMMISSIONERS

AMERICANS have the reputation of being the shrewdest commercial experts in the world to-day, just as the English have for a century held first place as the keenest diplomats at the world's council board. Whenever these two have come in contact, Uncle Sam has invariably carried off what is colloquially known in the street as "the plunk." John Bull has scored what meant gains in the diplomatic game. Uncle Sam has won the trade advantage. John Bull has succeeded in some new alinement of policies or treaties that gave him commanding power; and the floating of the great International Loan has been a triumph for both.

Sentimental considerations may as well be left out. If you admit sentimental arguments, you have one side shouting about the loan as "blood money" to prolong the war; and you have the other side answering that, if England did not fight this battle for freedom, the United States would have to.

Sentiment had nothing to do with the loan. It was purely a necessity of trade. This country is selling from a billion and a half to two billion dollars' worth more than she is buying a year, and has to take pay either in gold or credit. The United States does not want more gold, for idle gold in the banks is interest lost on money. England does not want to part with all her gold, for that depresses exchange; and, when exchange goes against pound sterling, the buying power of the pound is so much less. When exchange went heavily against Italy in August, Italy cancelled her contracts for wheat in Chicago, and wheat fell from 3 to 7 cents a bushel to the American farmer. When it was announced that the loan had been arranged and exchange began to resume normal, wheat rose automatically 3 to 5 cents.

How the Loan Will Finally be Paid

TWO questions occur here: If England does not want to part with gold and the United States does not want to load up with surplus gold, how shall the debt ultimately be paid?

As the balance of exchange was maintained before the war—by sales of exports to the United States. To-

day, owing to war demands, this country is selling twice as much abroad as normal. Also owing to the war, the United States is buying from abroad half as much as normal. Owing to the reduced output of factories and the blockade on all ocean commerce from Europe, only half as many exports as usual are coming from Europe. When the abnormal buying by Europe ceases with the end of the war, and the usual volume of exports comes from Europe to the United States, those exports to the United States and gold from Europe will ultimately pay the debts.

How Exchange Affects Prices

THE other question comes up in various forms, but it usually frames up in this shape: When Europe is desperate to buy from the United States—when Europe, indeed, must have American exports—how could falling exchange diminish American sales?

That question takes for granted there is no other source of supply for the Allies except the United States. This is not true. If falling exchange caused the cancellation of orders for wheat, where else could the Allies obtain wheat? From Argentine, from Canada, from Australia, from India, from Russia by way of Vladivostock. England's importations of wheat run yearly from 200 to 300 million bushels. This year Canada alone could supply 200 million bushels. India and Argentine could easily make up the rest. So of meat and forage and leather and motors and manufactured clothing. If exchange raised the price of these beyond reason to the Allies, the Allies could cancel American contracts and buy from the British colonies, from Argentine, from Japan. Of all the United States' vast volume of exports to the warring nations, only two classes could not be supplied by other neutral countries—chemicals and munitions; and for these the Allies have ample and more than ample gold, if Uncle Sam wants payment in gold.

It is a mistake to call the financial arrangement a War Loan at all. It is not a War Loan, tho it is the result of the war. It is primarily a Trade Credit, which gives Uncle Sam a first lien on the markets of Europe.

Facts as to Trade Credit

WHILE sentimental arguments may be dismissed as aside from the subject, two or three facts should be kept clearly in mind: Banks with pro-German sympathies are protesting against the loan. Unless they also protest against the German war bonds now being advertised in every leading financial journal in the United States, their protest must be regarded as sheer inspired propaganda. To be logically and sincerely neutral, American financiers must either subscribe for both classes of loans or repudiate both. James J. Hill was a good example of this, and the episode is typical of the man's broad gauge.

James J. Hill was originally a Canadian. He came to New York and advocated the big Trade Credit to the Allies. He advocated it not because he had once been a British subject but because he wanted to see the wheat of the American Northwest sold to the Allies. With a billion-bushel wheat crop and a surplus for export of 450 million bushels, if the wheat were not sold to the Allies it would drop to 30 cents, or be fed to hogs—which spelt ruin for the farmers of Mr. Hill's lines. One might note a comical commentary of fate here. Mr. Hill was among those a few years ago who predicted that within ten years the United States would not be raising enough wheat to feed the home population; but human power has risen to the peak of the great demand. The United States has this year raised enough to feed the home population at the rate of six bushels per head and to feed Great Britain and France at the rate of five and a half bushels per head.

So Mr. Hill advocated the Trade Credit of half a billion to the Allies; but perfectly logically, when he returned to St. Paul, the bank with which his railroad is associated at once announced a large subscription to the German Loan.

If it is neutral to subscribe for the paper of the warring nations at all, then Mr. Hill sets an example of neutrality.

Another striking fact about the Loan is—that it marks the passing of back-door diplomacy. Every step of the

Loan negotiations has been conducted in the white glare of publicity. The public were not admitted, for that would have led to confusion; but at every step of proceedings when conclusions were decided, the facts were immediately given to the public either over responsible signatures or by direct communication to the press.

Secret back-stair international trickery gave place to an open game played above board in full view of the public; and the public has responded by the biggest and most instantaneous subscription to a loan ever known in American finance. The playing of an open game has in itself been a bigger triumph than the amount of the Loan put over.

If the war lasts, it may be taken for granted that this Loan or Trade Credit is the first of many.

We may deprecate the fact or we may welcome it; but the fact remains—if Uncle Sam is to be the big seller to the world's markets, he must also be the big banker to the world's markets.

The days of American isolation are passed forever in history.

No truculent senator can ever again say—"What have we to do with Abroad?"

The pocket nerves of Europe henceforth connect up in the gray matter of Uncle Sam's banking brains.

Another point: the country whose credits dominate the world must have army and navy to enforce protection of those credits; and that is bound to give—in fact to force on Uncle Sam in future years—the power of life or death, of Peace or War, at the world's council boards.

Points in Doubt

At the same time a great many questions are troubling the average American citizen about details of this loan; and to settle these doubts, I asked a leading member of the Foreign Finance Commission about some of the things concerning which the general public has been up in the air during the last few weeks.

"Supposing the war lasts a great many years till every nation in Europe is down to the point of financial exhaustion, what security will the American investor have for these joint British and French notes?"

"The guarantee, jointly and severally, of the governments of France and England; and, since the South Sea Bubble, England has never repudiated a public debt and, since the French Revolution, France has never repudiated a public debt. Before the paper which these investors buy could become worthless, both the British Empire and the French Republic would have to go bankrupt. Can you conceive of that?"

Security

I COULDN'T conceive of it, but I answered that I knew a great many people who could.

"Very well—then: the yearly gold production of the British Empire alone is sixty million pounds. That is, two years gold mining in the British Empire would pay the capital of this loan. The gold production of two years and a half would pay both capital and interest.

"Or take the investment income of Great Britain alone, not the Empire: it is 12,500 million dollars a year. That is, one-twenty-fifth of Great Britain's yearly investment income would pay the capital of this Trade Credit.

"The interest on this loan we'll say is something over twenty-five million dollars a year, to be paid to the investors of the United States. The investors of Great Britain yearly draw dividends on foreign railroads to the extent of 150 million dollars a year. They draw from foreign Government securities, in interest, 175 million dollars a year. The interest which British investors draw on rail, government and industrial securities (non-British) amounts to 450 million dollars a year. That is, the interest we are paying on this Trade Credit will at its highest equal only one-fifteenth the interest we as a people are receiving on foreign investments."

And there the Commissioner showed me tables on British Consols from the Napoleonic War to the present war. At no time did the consols go below 50 or above 113. At 113 they yielded 2.41 per cent. At fifty and a quarter they yielded 5.97 per cent. If the present notes are offered at 98 to 96—as proposed—they will yield almost 6 per cent.

Why Not American Stocks as Security

WHAT was the objection to putting up American securities dollar for dollar as collateral on those British and French government notes?" I asked.

It will be recalled that was the form in which the loan was first outlined.

"The objection was three-fold:

"First, if we had suddenly thrown two or three billion dollars of American securities—say your railroad stocks—on the market, that would have caused a decline here.

"Second, our British investors do not want to let go of American securities. They consider them of the best.

"And, third, we do not consider these notes a loan. We consider them a credit established to prevent the confusion in exchange. Figure this out in wheat."

I did; and it figured out somewhat

this fashion: Suppose exchange drops as it had dropped a few weeks ago so that for \$1 worth of wheat England would have to pay \$1.15 or \$1.25. The wheat would be costing England \$1.25. If wheat in America were worth \$1, then England would buy in the American country where she would have to pay only \$1—say in Argentine, where her credit would be accepted, or in Canada, where the interest payments on obligations to England would balance the exchange.

The Case of Munitions

WILL the Trade Credit cover munitions?" I asked.

"Of course! That was considered very carefully. How could you prevent it? There was no use putting the subterfuge up to the public that it wouldn't cover munitions. We must have munitions and more and more munitions. The United States does not want more gold. Factories with us, with the exception of munition factories, are too short of hands to turn out goods enough to pay for all we are buying. If we can't pay for your munition exports in return exports from England, and the United States does not want more gold, what is the use of pretending this Credit will not cover munitions? What is to hinder the munition man going out in the open market and taking these notes, which are at a high rate of interest, in exchange for contracts? To pretend the Credit would not cover munitions would have been a foolish subterfuge."

Why Put in the Hands of the Bankers

WHY has all the buying been centered in New York? The independent manufacturer was willing to accept 25 per cent. cash and give England or France a credit of ten years. Why was it necessary to center this great international exchange in New York banks at all? You know the complaints. What was the argument on the side of the Allies? Why not save the rake-off on commissions going to the banks and give the benefit of that commission to the trade?"

I did not ask that question because I did not know the truth; but I wanted to hear the answer of a financial representative of the British Government. To outsiders, the question may seem innocent. To those who know, it is fraught with the bitterest sentiment concerning war orders, of which enemies to the Allies have made the most. The charges have been made and re-iterated that outsiders could not get a look-in on war orders; that the banks favored subsidiary interests; that they even blocked independent contractors for a rake-off; that they formed subsidiary companies to reap

the profits of war orders; that they caused delays in contracts, which independents might have filled but which were reserved for "favored friends." These charges have never been openly made so they could be met, but they have gone all over the country subterraneously with a finger on the lip.

The charges have had just enough truth in them to be damaging. The banks undoubtedly favored their subsidiary interests and they have undoubtedly formed subsidiary companies to reap the profit of war orders. If you look into a dozen recent combinations and re-alignments, you will find that; but the point is—and it ought to be shouted from the house-top—the orders have been so much greater than the possible supply that I cannot find record of a single independent company wanting a war contract and with bona fide facilities to fill it which has not more than it can do. If any independent contractor wanting war orders and possessing a plant to fill them has been side-tracked, I should like to have the proofs and I would publish them.

As to graft, before the banks took hold of the buying it was appalling. It was worse: it was criminal. I don't think I am beside the mark when I say that France bought a million dollars of goods, and paid for them, which have never reached France. On the other hand, since the banks took hold of the buying there has not been a single instance of graft proved. I have not

heard a single instance of graft or skulduggery charged.

The Answer

HERE is the answer of the British Government's representative to the question:

"Before War buying was placed in definite responsible managerial hands, whom we could hold to account and to whom we could be held to account, affairs were simply chaotic. That is the only way to describe the situation—absolute chaos. We centered affairs in New York because this is the center of American commercial life. We chose the largest, most responsible, best known and soundest banks of New York. They know the local situation. We did not. Then we let them appoint their heads of buying departments, who knew where what we wanted was obtainable. Our inspectors could check orders.

"As to why we did not deal directly with the independent manufacturer and place our notes directly in his hands—that, too, was a delicate matter of credit and exchange. Suppose we had and paid him 25 per cent. The demands were so enormous he would be enlarging his plant." (Whole towns have sprung up around war order plants in the South.) "He would need ready money. He would discount our notes on the open market in many small amounts. That is not good for credit. It is disturbing. It fluctuates

with every wind." (He did not say that it might have become stock jobbing and market thimble-rigging manipulated by enemies to hurt the credit; but the inference was left.) "Inasmuch as these notes are backed by the strongest guarantee ever given to any investment, we deemed it wiser to place them through the big stable banks in the permanent investor's hands."

Will It Involve Uncle Sam in War?

AND now the question arises, having launched the great International Trade Credit, which may be the forerunner of many such credits, will such loans be likely to involve Uncle Sam in the War? German money interests in the railroad to Persia were indirectly a contributory cause to the Great War. Will Uncle Sam's Trade Credit involve him in the European mix-up?

Who can answer? I only know that the biggest financiers of America think not; and for this reason: both sides to the Great War need money and munitions and supplies more than they need men. Each can obtain more help from Uncle Sam by keeping him out of the scrap.

Rather does the loan seem to make for peace; for if the day comes when the war brings both sides to the verge of financial ruin, it is up to Uncle Sam, holding the purse strings, to say "Stop"; and to enforce the stop.

THE MARKETING OF MILK—HOW FARMERS ARE DRIVEN OUT OF BUSINESS AND THE COST OF LIVING IS FORCED UP

AT THE very period when there were 350,000 people unemployed in the city of New York alone, farmers paying the highest wages for labor ever known were at their wits' end last winter for help.

Why?

It had been disputed that there were as many as 100,000 people out of work in New York; but when the city authorities and the insurance people took a census, the total of unemployed adults for the winter came to more than 357,000. Yet farm people were hampered for lack of help.

Why this amazing discrepancy of too many workers in industrial centers and too few in farming circles?

For ten years the very atmosphere has been filled with "back-to-the-land" rallies. Yet when you discount kid-glove, agricultural college hot-air with a few facts, the trend is still from farm to factory, from country to city, from open field to cave-life of city flats and

tenements. In spite of "back-to-the-land" rallies, in spite of more agricultural education than ever before in the world, in spite of more money spent on improving agriculture, in spite of banker and baker and candlestick-maker, editor, teacher and preacher giving advice without price to farmers, in spite of every factor making in favor of the farm—high prices for produce, the use of machinery, rural telephone, the motor, good roads—the trend is still from country to city.

Why?

Leaving the Farm for the City—Why?

ASKED an agricultural expert this question once and he began to talk twaddle, up in the air about the whole trend being to the operation of big units—50,000-acre farms, where overhead expenses would be kept down—and, of course, the little fellow squeezed out would squeal. He had

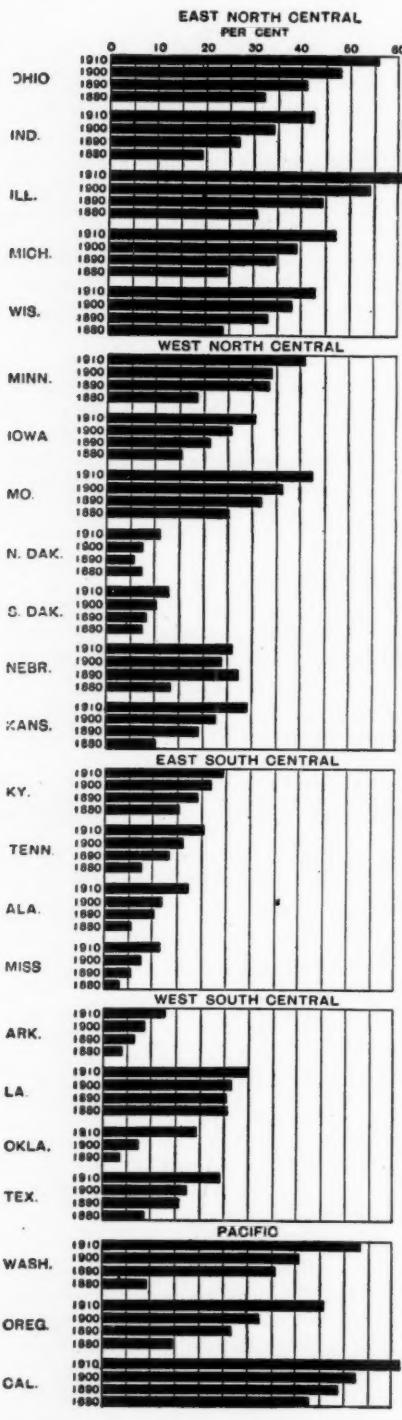
always squealed. The farmer was always grumbling.

Gentlemen—smile! It recalls the question of the late great editor of the Kansas City *Star*. "Are we educating farmers; or are we educating a lot of incompetent kid-glove gentry to talk twaddle to farmers?" And there is an untold story there of the Foot and Mouth Disease which has been carefully kept out of the press.

Nor is the movement purely American, owing to industrial development. Great Britain has come to the appalling proportion of 77 people dwelling in cities and towns for 23 dwelling on the land. France and Germany for ten years have evinced the same lop-sided slant to preponderance in the town. The United States has see-sawed down almost to 50 by 50. It was 46 per cent. in the city, 54 per cent. in the country in 1910; and only the great migration of settlers to farm lands in the West saved the United States from coming

to the wrong proportions of densely packed European lands. In 1890, only 30 per cent. of Americans dwelt in cities and towns. By 1900, 36 per cent. had changed from country to city. By 1910, the proportion was 46 per cent.; and by 1915 the preponderance was still swaying to the wrong side.

Why?



DRIFT OF POPULATION FROM FARMS TO CITIES

This and the succeeding diagram show the changes from rural to urban population in each state of the Union during the last four decades. The diagrams are based on United States census figures and are made by government experts in Washington.

The Decrease in Farming Population of the United States

WHEN you examine individual States, it becomes apparent what is happening to the native-born American farmer. In Iowa, the banner farming section of the Mississippi, only nine out of ninety-nine sections covered by the census report an increase in farming population. In Missouri, there is a decrease in farming population. In Rhode Island, 96 per cent. of the people are urban; in New York 75 per cent.; in Massachusetts, 93 per cent.; in Connecticut 89 per cent.; in Pennsylvania, 61 per cent. In fact, it may be set down that the only increase in rural population has been West of the Mississippi.

If the very base of all national prosperity is the farm, why is all this? Why do people shun the most prosperous and independent of all vocations? It is as natural for man to desire the firm footing of the land under him as it is for his body to be laid in God's Acre in the end.

Every man is a born vested-righter. He believes in owning his own skin. He believes in owning air to breathe, water to drink, soil to give him food in return for labor. When you have said that, you have no more than said that a man has a right to live. Then why this amazing spectacle of bartering away the right to live for the permission from some other man for the right to live? For that is just about what exchange from farm to factory means.

Why the Exodus Still Continues from the Country to the City

WHEN things go wrong, "search the woman"; so the agricultural department sent out a searcher. That is, it sent out a series of searching letters to the farm woman of every section of the country. Why didn't she like her job? That was the gist of it. Why didn't she keep on her job and keep her boys and girls on it? Why did she chuck her job and migrate to town the first chance, like a convict getting over a prison wall? And the answers came back in a chorus of wails—"lonely"—"isolated"—"long hours"—"no vacation"—"only one hat in eight years"—"I would sooner go hungry half the time than go back to the farm"—"too much grinding and not enough grist"—"a hired man's work without his wages"—"making soap and ketchup and I never do 'ketch up'"—"tired of being called Rubes and Hayseeds"—"tired of being advised to death by men who don't know a cow from a goat or a mule from a mooley cow"—"want something more than just work for board"—"tired of being a country hotel keeper without pay"—"don't make the wages of a hired girl."

Wanted: Bigger Cash Returns

BUT, when you boil down all these answers from the farm women, they come to this:

"Overwork, underpay."

"I don't belong to the I-won't-works, but I would like a little pay."

"The whole problem is to make income equal outgo."

"A little more money, a little less worry."

"Poverty is the word that causes the exodus."

"A little money to grease the wheels is what the average farm woman wants."

"Put it in two words—drudgery and economy."

"It isn't lack of brains; it's lack of funds."

"Lack of money causes the failures."

"When farming is profitable as other vocations, people will stay on the land."

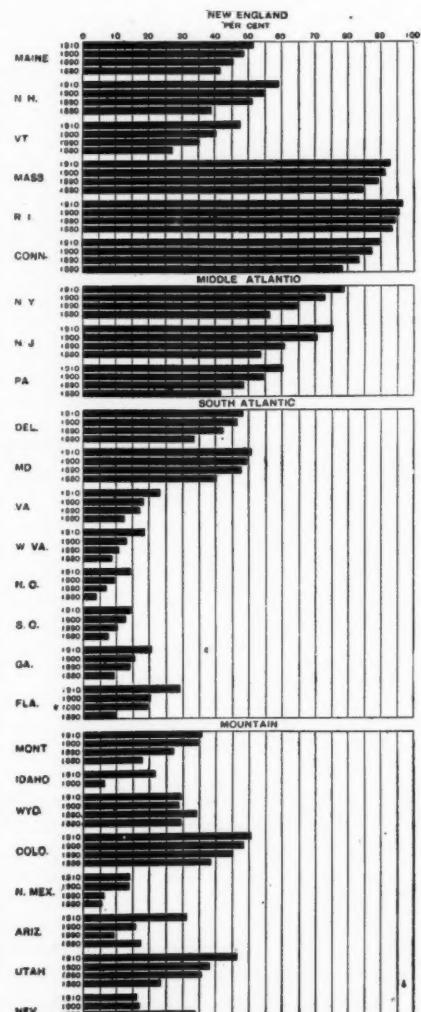
"Tho we have \$15,000 invested we have to work thirteen hours a day to make a living."

"A better living will do more than all the 'back-to-the-land' talk."

"Husbands are generous; but they simply cannot make enough money now"—please note the "NOW"—"give farm wives the advantages of city wives."

Why "NOW"?

Is not the price of everything the farmer sells higher than for a century? No—my friend—it isn't; and that is just the rub! What he sells is lower in some cases and only 20 to 30



DRIFT OF POPULATION FROM FARMS TO CITIES

In all but two states (Nevada and Wyoming) the line of urban population is longer for 1910 than for any preceding decade, the New Mexico shows that the proportion there has been almost stationary for the last two decades.



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per cent. higher in other cases; while all he pays for—clothes, machinery, horses, cows, feed, lumber, labor, masonry, land, building—is from 1,000 to 100 per cent. higher. Feed used to be \$10 per ton; it is now \$28-\$35. Lumber used to be \$15 to \$20 per thousand feet; it is now \$28-\$65. Masonry used to cost \$2 per day. It now costs \$4.50 to \$8. Horses were \$125 to \$200; they are now \$200 to \$275. Cows were \$50 each; they are now \$70 to \$100. Hired help used to cost \$10 per month. To-day it is \$35, \$37 and \$40 a month with house, fuel, milk, fruit and vegetables free. These are the prices I have on my own bills for three years.

A Question of Net Profits

FARMING is primarily the science of making both ends meet, with something over; and it is the something over that determines whether the man stays on the land. Is the farmer who has \$10,000 to \$15,000 invested in his plant expecting too much when he looks for returns over and above his living, exceeding the wages of a hotel porter or a restaurant waiter or a very average stenographer? Yet in the South, tabulated reports show that many farmers have net returns not exceeding \$275 per year, and in the East not exceeding \$450 per year.

"I was born and brought up in this country," said a lawyer, who makes his pickings from foreclosed mortgages in the dairy country, "and I'll bet of all the farmers delivering milk at — station, not a dozen make two per cent. on the investment of their capital."

These are not my sentiments. They are his, and I must confess I was so shocked by any man who makes a living out of a community acting the part of depreciator that I at once countered by asking: "Then, why do you stay in such a country? My only objection to your country is the curse of whiskey with the hired help, and the worse curse of such perpetual knockers as yourself." He responded almost viciously: "I stay for the same reason as flies swarm round a honey pot." I felt like answering: "And for the same reason as crows come to car-

riots." And it is here with a flourish of her tail that the dairy cow comes in. In fact, if we are to believe the theorists, the dairy cow is the first act and the middle act and the last act of every fertile and successful farm. The dairy cow has been pictured as "the mortgage lifter," "the silk dress buyer," "the banker lady" and "the motor car creator" of successful farms in the richest agricultural states. In diver-

sified farming, the dairy cow has been played up as the star. If in your dreams of "back-to-the-land," which all we urban dwellers have after a full-town dinner—if in your dreams you see a festive cow come dancing the tango across the hardwood floor of your castle-in-the-air, with a switch of her tail, more graceful than the dancing master's bow to his partner, know according to theory you are foreordained, destined and elect to wallow in the fat of the land on that future farm of yours!

The Exodus in each Section

I DO not say this in irony. It is a fact. I swear by the cow. She is my own particular friend; but I would call your attention to these facts:

There is no exodus from country to city in the wheat country of the West.

There is no exodus from country to city in the ranch country of the West.

There is no exodus from country to city in the fruit country of the West.

There is almost no exodus from country to city in the cotton country of the South.

In the wheat country, the proportion of city people to country people is 35 per cent. for Montana; and 20 per cent. for Idaho; and 40 per cent. for Minnesota; and 10 per cent. for Dakota; and 27 per cent. for Kansas; 25 per cent. for Texas. In the ranch country the proportion of city people is 30 per cent. for Wyoming, 10 per cent. for New Mexico, 11 per cent. for South Dakota. In the fruit country the proportion stands 20 per cent. for Idaho, 45 per cent. for Utah, 40 to 50 per cent. for the Middle West, 30 to 40 per cent. for the Northwest. In the cotton country the proportion stands 20 to 30 per cent. for Texas and Oklahoma, 10 to 15 per cent. for Arkansas, 15 to 20 per cent. for Alabama and Mississippi, and 15 to 20 per cent. for the South Eastern States.

Why the Farmer's Returns have not gone up

THESE are not arguments. They are facts, tabulated by the Census Bureau; and the obvious explanation is that factory centers have grown faster than farm centers in New England and the Middle West, where the wrong slant is most apparent. To this the farmer answers: "The bigger the centers, the better should be my market for dairy products. Instead of which, behold the fact, not argument! The price of milk has gone up to the consumer from 5 and 6 cents a quart to 9 and 10 cents. The price of milk has gone down to the farmer from 4.4 a quart in 1909 and 4.3 in 1910 (the exact figures taken from my books) to



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2.8 and 3.4, the schedule rate in 1915. We'll suppose I sell 10 cans of milk a day. That is roughly 400 quarts. The difference in the price paid in 1909 and that paid in 1915 means \$4 a day in milk returns, or \$120 a month, or \$1,440 a year—enough to wipe out the profits on the average farm, or to put the sub-average farm in a hole."

The farmer who talked to me was not a hypothetical gentleman. He was a man with one of the finest sanitary milk plants in New York, Connecticut, or Massachusetts. He was a man who has easily spent \$7,000 on his milk plant, \$15,000 on his land, and \$2,000 for such extra sanitary precautions as running water, ice house, ventilation, wash room, cement flooring, sealed ceilings and walls to eliminate dust,

extra windows for light, tiles to drain the barnyard, lime to disinfect. I should say that his house easily cost \$10,000; not that his house has anything to do with the milk, but I want to make it clear that he was not a sub-average failure with a grouch. Also that house was built by a predecessor farmer who made his money out of dairy products after the Civil War. At the rate this man's profits are shrinking from him he could not build such a house in a lifetime.

The Farmer's Side of the Argument

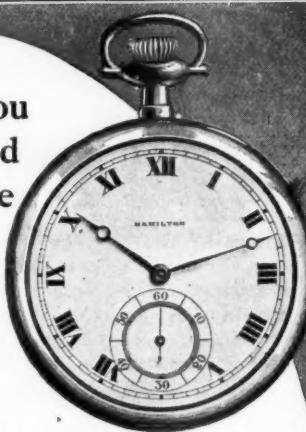
WHY," he asked, "don't you writers give the farmers' side of the argument? We are not all fools. If we make money at farming, we stay at it. If we don't, we quit;

and any man with brains demands something more than a mere living out of the capital investment of \$15,000 to \$25,000, which any first-class milk plant must have. You can talk your head off about 'back-to-the-land' movements, or write your head off about abandoned farms. It isn't a matter of theory and science at all. Any educated practised farmer can give aces and spades to theorists on this subject. The whole question is one of economics and not hot-air. *When we make money we stick, when we don't we quit. That's the whole question of keeping the people on the land.* You go round and get the big farmers, not the scrubs and drunks, to show you their books on the difference this new system of buying milk by butter fat instead of by quantity means. It takes an average farmer with small capital at least 15 years to work up a perfect herd of big yielding Holsteins, to weed out the deadheads, to breed up the big yielders, and year after year, by perfecting the sires and getting better and better sires, to develop a better herd. We were told the Holstein was the whole show. We were told to work for 10,000 pounds of milk a year from each cow. Most of us do better than that. We worked and bred for quantity. Then the different fads and frills came—ice to keep the percentage of bacteria low. We put in ice houses, running water, windows, sealed walls, cement floors, appliances to make the barn clean as a hospital clinic. We were offered premiums, bonuses, prizes, for this sort of thing. We accepted the odds and worked up to the highest requirements of the score card. And now comes the switch. After we have taken 20 years to build up Holstein herds that are record breakers, the buyers get together and by a gentleman's understanding they agree to pay for milk according to butter fat. You go round and find what that means to farmers. Get the farmers' side of the argument. The Jersey and the Guernsey are the good yielders of butter fat. Is our work in building up Holstein herds to go for nothing? Are we to contaminate our thoroughbred herds by mixing in Jerseys and Guernseys to increase the cream? Not much! We'll go out of business first and milk will be jacked up another cent to the consumers; and that consumer will squeal; and a lot more of kid-glove advice will be given to the fool farmer."

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Types of Kid Glove Advice

AND, sure enough, that day when I picked up a leading paper, the governor of one of the leading dairy States had uttered these words: "The situation has become serious. The milk output has decreased in the

An Unusual Trip

BY W. W. WASHBURN

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friend on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying.

The other day while making a hurried trip west I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful exception it was! The fact is, I cannot help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train than I met my old friend Hollister of Kansas City. I had not seen Hollister for years. Way back in 1890 we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the state of Missouri made us financially and in every other way very shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed that he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age), I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has re-created me in body and mind, and made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak, and when

at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awake to a greater and greater appreciation of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case, he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said, "It was a red letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience as well as from others of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, for I am getting along in years, and have, mistakenly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again, I indeed became interested and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which, by the way, is 1393 Aeolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also, am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

When I met Hollister on the train it was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of CURRENT OPINION. Let this be a wonderful day for you. Get in touch with Swoboda, and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to anyone for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and unique theory of the body and mind,

and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to everyone as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing.

What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems to be too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which everyone should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.



INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS

Recent observations have called attention to the fact that seven men out of every ten who weigh less than 150 pounds and who are more than 5 feet 10 inches tall have active tuberculosis in some degree. This only emphasizes the conclusions at which keen observers have arrived—that tuberculosis is much more prevalent than the human race is willing to admit. Hundreds of physicians have tuberculosis and do not suspect it. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the average layman does not know what is the cause of his languidness, depression or nervousness?

It is fortunate, however, that physicians at last are learning that the body makes its own antitoxins and serums for the express purpose of destroying germs of all character which enter or invade the organism. Physicians are learning that the body is a self-maintaining institution and that its ability to maintain itself depends upon the discipline the cells receive in harmony with the physiological limits of each individual organism. Discipline creates reactions and increases the molecular action. This means the production of greater energy and greater efficiency, mental and physiological.

The address of Alois P. Swoboda is 1393 Aeolian Bldg., New York, N. Y.
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past few years." Surprising—isn't it? —that the fool-farmer should go out of the milk business when he is paid 2 cents less a quart and the consumer is charged 2 cents more a quart? On the milk supplied New York city alone this skin game yields \$40,000 profits a day more to the milk companies and adds \$40,000 more expense a day to the city consumers; and one of the milk companies pays on the showing of its own banker 48 per cent. dividends on watered stock. What's the fool farmer grumbling about anyway?

But let us revert to the kid-glove advice of this governor:

"At least 5,000 cows a year are killed or sold in this State and not replaced. The State will have to regulate this matter, or take full control, as farmers have in the past for years been unable to dispose of their products profitably, while the price of good milk to consumers is 10 to 25 per cent. higher a quart."

So that's the rub, is it? Farmers can't sell at a profit.

Yet I read in a leading agricultural journal the amazing statement by an expert that the reason for the low price of milk to the farmers this last summer was too much milk. What does the governor of Massachusetts say? He says: "During the past hot spell the consumption of milk and cream possibly has never been equalled at this season of the year in New England. This has been especially true in Boston and vicinity. *Enough fresh wholesome milk could not be obtained at any price to supply the demand.* I was calling at a milk plant office in Boston a few days ago, and during my stay our conversation was continually interrupted by telephone calls for milk, all of which had to be turned down, as the day's available supply was long before exhausted." This illustrates the situation as it has existed, and, while it will not be as bad for the next few weeks, yet a shortage is apt to exist to some extent for a while yet unless a price is offered that will encourage the buying in of fresh cows in various cases to meet the abnormal demand.

(Exact details of the farmers' side of the argument and the milk companies' side of the argument will be given in the next number.)

WHY THE SHORTAGE IN DYES INTERESTS YOU

To the layman it is a bit of a puzzle, why all this national and international bother should be going on about dyes, when the United States really imports less than fifteen million dollars' worth of dyes a year. Fifteen millions would barely amount to the by-products of some big factories. Fifteen millions would not equal the personal yearly income of some big fac-

tory men. Why have dyes suddenly loomed big in the public eye?

Not because of this small yearly value, but because the shortage and consequent increasing prices will add 10 to 15 cents a yard to blue suiting, blue denims, black cloth, colored paper—wall paper, for instance—black leather upholstery. Because the shortage will add to the cost of painting your house, of using ink privately and on print paper, of keeping your household in socks and stockings, of upholstering your furniture, of placing rugs on your floors (especially the cheaper class of rugs, for the oriental rug uses vegetable dyes). As President Stone of the Aniline Dye and Chemical Company declared last fall, when the war broke out, if some arrangement were not made, the United States would have to wear altogether whites and blacks. Your silks and satins and delicately tinted lawns will be replaced by whites and blacks.

COLORS and the oils that go in the making of colors have increased from 45 cents to \$12 a gallon for one oil, from 20 cents to \$3 a pound for such blacks as are used in hosiery, from 15 cents to \$1 a pound for such blues and indigos as appear in denims, from 30 cents a pound to \$1.45 for such garnets as you see in silks, from 14 cents to \$2.29 for such blacks as you see in men's suiting. It is true that color composes only a fraction of one per cent. of the first cost of an article. The point is that that fraction of one per cent. is the king-pin of the situation in many articles. If you will multiply the 15 cents a yard by the number of backs that wear blue suits, or the fraction of a cent a yard by the number of bipeds that wear black stockings, you will have an idea what a shortage of fifteen million dollars' worth of dyes means when you work it out in figures of a ninety-million population. You can hardly put your hand on an article you are wearing or on a piece of furniture in your house that is not affected by the shortage of dyes.

But increased cost to the wearer is not the worst industrially. In factories using dyes—textile arts, paper houses, leather manufactures, silk and satin paint plants, harness shops, tanneries, implement houses—are two million workers, whose living directly depends on a full supply of dyes. Five thousand factories in the United States representing two million dollars of capital must have dyes, or shut up shop. Since the war broke out, these factories have been running five and four and three days a week. Lancaster mills at time of writing are on four-days time. Some of the silk mills are on five-days time.



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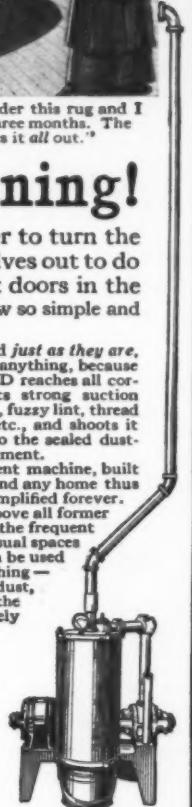
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HOW comes it that the United States has become so dependent on Europe for dyes?

The story is a long and intricate one. Since about '93, the United States has manufactured only 20 per cent. of the dyes required in this country. The balance of dyes required have come from Europe—the most from Germany. Just about the time the tariff makers of the United States discriminated against U. S. dye manufacturers, Germany began perfecting wonderful inventions and combinations of coal tar colors. When the United States had perfected about 200 colors, Germany had perfected 900 colors and tints. Owing to the difference in wages, it costs the German manufacturer only 40 per cent. as much to produce dyes as it cost the American manufacturer. If anyone wants the figures on this, they can be obtained by writing to President Stone, the leading authority on dyes in the United States. The consequence was that American dye factories dwindled down to five, employing perhaps in all five thousand people, and the German dye industry increased to 50,000 workers, with five times that number making a living in the dye towns. It was cheaper for even the American factory to import raw material and refine this into dyes than to manufacture directly from the coal; so that of the five American factories, three really worked dependent on Germany for intermediate products.

This term "intermediates," of which there are 300, needs an explanation. As was well known to our grandmothers, the vegetable dyes had soft beautiful colors; but the colors were hard to make "fast." Mordants had to be used to give them a grip fast and fixed, impervious to rain and sunshine. Besides, the number of vegetable dyes was limited to half a dozen. Then came the invention of the aniline dyes, from coal distillation by great heat and great pressure. The coal was reduced to coal tar. The coal tar was distilled by more heat and great pressure to the "intermediates." I forget how many cases of distillation under different pressure there were—some 300, I think; but there resulted the basic oils for colors. These oils treated to certain chemicals went out in pastes and salts as colors. As stated, the United States had about 200, Germany 900; and the American color men before the war were largely dependent on Germany for the intermediate oils.

THE superiority of the aniline dyes to the vegetable colors was threefold: First, they didn't need the same trouble with mordants to make them "fast"; second, they could

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be handled much more easily—fewer involved processes for the factory; third, they gave a brilliancy and variety of tints impossible from vegetable colors. It was as if the sunlight imprisoned in the coal for a billion centuries were liberated by the distillation into all the tints and flashes of sunlight decomposed by the spectrum analysis of clouds. Aniline dyes are exactly the tints you see in a beautiful changing sunset when rain clouds on the horizon play the part of a spectrum analysis splitting white light into its component parts and combining it in a multitude of shifting tints to the angle of the sinking sun.

Now please remember the oils distilled as "intermediates." Unfortunately many of these oils are the most important constituents of munition explosives. When the war broke out two things happened. Germany wanted those oils for her own explosives. Great powder and chemical companies in the United States, which had formerly supplied the oils to the American dye works, also wanted those chemicals for explosives. The result was that some of the oils jumped in price from 45 cents a gallon to \$12.

THE next trouble came with the announcement of the marine blockade. Germany wanted cotton. She refused to ship dyes to the United States unless the United States shipped cotton to Germany. Dyes were to be used as a crowbar to pry open the British blockade against cotton.

The immediate result to the United States was the shortage of dyes. The other result was that all the U. S. dye factories at once prepared to double their output. Big factories in the United States which had coking ovens and chemical departments, like the U. S. Steel, the Du Pont Powder, the Edison works, Standard Oil, began to prepare ovens to distil the intermediates; but here the snag came in again. The need was so urgent for explosives and the price paid so high that the by-products of coal tar were immediately snapped up for explosives, leaving the dye works still as short as ever.

Also, simultaneously with the shortage, began great talk of new processes with million-dollar bonds to float these processes; and because of the real shortage of dyes, the press unconsciously loaned itself as "barker" and "tooter" to the new promoters. I examined some of these so-called new colors from new processes. They were a pathetic joke. Aniline dyes soaked in rains for ten years couldn't beat them; and before investors buy stocks in such ventures, I should advise them to go out and see the new



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plants and to see the new colors. Newspaper hot air will not build up a dye industry; but it may kill a dying industry if the stock promoters go fishing for suckers.

HERE, then, is the status as to dues:

Existing factories have increased their plants. New factories are ready to embark in the industry. One factory has added \$500,000 worth of equipment to its plant. Another has increased its buildings from one to five. America has all the coking coal necessary for a dye industry; but it is a dangerous and complicated piece of business. The first experience one factory had was an explosion that injured a dozen men. Suppose American manufacturers put in the capital and machinery and experts to produce

their own dyes direct from the coal! When the war is over, to regain the lost market, will Germany "dump" cheap dyes to break in by force? That is the restraining factor with the American dye men to-day; and Germany has its agents busy with the textile factories now. The American dye men do not want a tariff wall; but they do want an anti-dumping law to exclude manipulation of the American market. It is said the President and the Secretary of Commerce are considering the matter for the next session of Congress.

"THE MAN WHO BOSSED JOHNSON"

[This is a sort of business parable that is so pat and edifying that it ought to rival "The Message to Garcia" in popularity. We do not know the name of the writer, but it

is published and distributed by the Sheldon School, Chicago.]

A WAY back in—well, never mind, it's a good while ago—I was a red-headed kid in a machine shop, and I guess I was pretty bumptious. I was about eighteen and had nearly served my time and wanted a foremanship worse than I wanted anything else in the world. You laugh at my wanting to be a foreman before I'd finished my time, but if the truth was known that's about the ideal of every cub at that age. They don't say so—I didn't then—but that's about it, and it's a good, legitimate ambition.

We had a traveler who sold about all the product of the shop, and it was currently reported that he had graduated from the shop and was getting three thousand a year and doing just as he pleased. Every time he came in from the road he would come out in the shop, give cigars to the foreman and super, and shake hands with every man and boy in the shop. Then he would go around again with the old man, discussing the work and looking after the details of his orders, and what he said always went with the old man. You'd think that he owned the shop and the old man was super, if you didn't know.

Well, I looked on Van as a prince. When I got tired of imagining myself as foreman I would sometimes wonder if I would ever earn as much as Van, \$3,000 a year! And I was getting \$1.60 per day. Three thousand dollars was untold wealth to me.

One morning I was in a fearful temper, discontented with myself and the world. Some of the men had sprung some old gags that morning, and I had bit on all of them. Naturally, that hadn't helped any. Van came up behind me, and blew a cloud of smoke, making me cough. I picked up a wrench, but when I saw it was Van I dropped it and laughed: nobody could get mad at Van.

WELL, Reddy," he said, "when are you going to be foreman?"

Then he sat down and drew me out. Finally he said: "You can be foreman, either of this place or some other, just as soon as you've had sufficient practice in bossing men. Everybody wants foremen and superintendents and salesmen, and all you've got to do is to start in and practice as you did on the lathe and planer."

"How can I practice? I'm only a cub here; everybody tells me what to do, and I've got to do it. They can practice on me all right—most of them are doing it good and plenty. How am I going to get anyone to practice on?"

"Well, Reddy, there's one man whom you can practice on; that's Johnson."



Calling Mary

Do you shout through the hell, race up and down stairs, wear out your body and nerves? Or do you have an Inter-phone in your bedroom by which you can talk to the servant in the kitchen—give orders and instructions in a way that saves your time and energy and that of the maid?

Western Electric Inter-phones

can be quickly and easily installed in any home—old or new. The illustration shows a connection between bedroom and kitchen. Such a set costs only \$15 and can be purchased at your local electrical store, or direct from us.

Send us the \$15 and we will ship a two-station outfit by parcel post with full directions for installing. Sets can be had to connect as many rooms as desired, also for communication between buildings, such as house and garage.

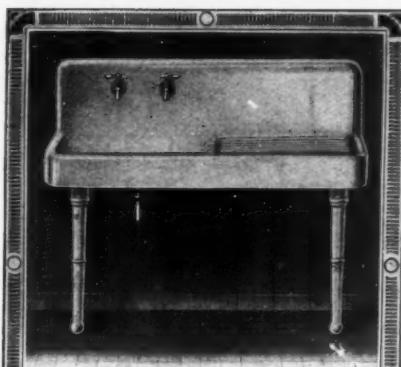
Write for our illustrated booklet, "The Way of Convenience." Ask for booklet No. 31-AB.



WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York	Atlanta	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Kansas City	Denver	San Francisco
Buffalo	Richmond	Cleveland	Milwaukee	St. Louis	Salt Lake City	Oakland
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SEND 10¢ IN STAMPS FOR NEW GAME "GOING TO MARKET"



How does your Kitchen Sink compare with this "Standard" one-piece, white enameled, absolutely sanitary sink?

The sanitary equipment of your kitchen is a matter of great importance. The room in which your food is prepared should be immaculately clean and sanitary. If your present kitchen sink is not up to the minute from a sanitary standpoint ask your Plumber to quote you his price to install a modern "Standard" Sink. You will not be obligated by doing this and we believe you will find his estimate below your expectations.

"Standard" Sinks are made in a variety of patterns to suit every kitchen. A full line can be seen in all "Standard" Showrooms. Illustrated booklet on request.

See your Plumber about your sink NOW.

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Makers of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

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"Standard" Showrooms

New York	35-37 W. 31st St.
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St. Louis	100-102 N. Fourth St.
Cleveland	4409 Euclid Avenue
Cincinnati	633 Walnut St.
Toledo	311-321 Erie St.
Erie	128-130 West Twelfth St.
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Nashville	315-317 Tenth Ave. S.
New Orleans	846-866 Baronne St.
Houston	Cor. Preston & Smith Sts.
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Hamilton, Can.	20 Jackson St. W.
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Kan. City (Office)	W. Reserve Bank Bldg.

VISIT A "Standard" SHOWROOM

BOOKS

Consult the BOOK SHOP department on page X.

"Me?"

"No, not you, but Johnson. Every man has two pretty distinct personalities in the one body. One is energetic, ambitious, likes to do right and get along—that's you. The other is careless, shiftless, lazy and fond of a good time—that's Johnson."

"Now, what you've got to do is to learn to boss Johnson, and you'll find it will take a lot of practice. When you get so that you can boss Johnson successfully—keep him right up to the mark all the time and keep him good-natured about it—then, and not till then, you'll have the skill and practice to boss more than one man. Now, there's the man for you to practice on."

"Will you do it? Shake! I feel sorry for Johnson, for he'll have to stand it. I'm going to be around here for a week, and I'll start you right. I'll tell you what to do, and you can tell Johnson just as the old man gives his orders to the super, and you get them from the super. That completes the chain and makes it a working agreement."

WELL, I was just boy enough so that the idea tickled me. Van would come around and say, "Reddy, tell Johnson to do this, and keep after him; see that he does it."

In the course of a week I began to like the game. I also found out a lot of things I had never suspected. As Reddy, the foreman, I used to jack myself up as Johnson, the workman, and, according to Reddy, Johnson was a good deal of a slob. Van went on the road, and I kept after Johnson night and day. I ordered him to bed and ordered him up. I checked up on his work, and I made him study. As Reddy, the foreman, I thought less of myself as Johnson, the workman, until my opinion of Johnson was at a pretty low ebb. I noticed that the old man was watching me a good deal, and I began to be afraid that Johnson would get fired, so Reddy drove Johnson harder than ever.

One night I went to a show, and before the curtain rose I heard two people talking in front of me. One had been away, and he said: "How's Reddy Johnson doing?" "Fine," said the other; "he's assistant foreman at the shops now, in charge of the erecting, with from three to ten men under him all the time."

I heard no more of the play. Was I foreman? When did I become foreman? How long had I been foreman? When the new wing was put up six months before, I was put to work in it with some helpers, and my wages had been raised then.

Yes, I had been foreman for six months, and was so busy bossing John-

Now Comes the Day's Reward—



Home Billiards!

With the smooth balls glistening in the early lamplight on the cheerful green cloth—with lessons learned, business done and a good meal stowed away—all hands are eager for a rousing round of carom or pocket billiards on the Brunswick "Baby Grand."

One chance shot—a droll remark—a hair's breadth hit—any of these may decide tonight's victory!

No wonder billiards unlocks a flow of mirth. This game puts new blood into hard-worked men—and keeps boys home at last!

Superb Brunswick "Baby Grand"

"Grand," "Convertibles" and

"Quick Demountables," \$27 Up

Brunswick Home Carom and Pocket Billiard Tables, made of beautiful woods, appeal to the expert as well as the novice because they are scientifically built. Accurate angles, quick-acting Monarch cushions and fast ever-level bed. So don't confuse them with toys or flimsy contraptions.

Every Brunswick is a real man's table, though made in sizes to fit in any home.

Free Trial, Then 10c. a Day

You take no risk, for we let you test any Brunswick in your own home 30 days free!

Then pay us only a small amount monthly—as little as 10 cents a day. Our prices are low because we're making home tables for thousands—now \$27 upward.

Playing Outfit Given

Hand-tapered Cues, Balls, Rack, Markers, Spirit Level, Cue-Clamps, expert book of 49 games, etc.—a complete high-class Playing Outfit included free with any Brunswick.

Now see these handsome tables in actual colors and get full details in our famous book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." The coupon or a postal brings it free, postpaid! Send today.

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Dept. 18W, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free postpaid your color-book
"Billiards—The Home Magnet" and tell about your free trial offer.

Name

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SELECTED Farm Mortgages Netting 6%

in amounts from \$500 to \$12,500 ranging between 25% and 40% of the present value of the land alone. These mortgages are secured by operating farms located in thriving and highly productive sections where values are moderate and are steadily advancing.

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OLDEST AND STILL THE BEST INVESTMENT

The most remunerative of safe, conservative investments are our

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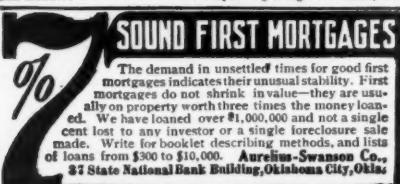
Note margin of safety in this safe offering: No. 4500, \$2000—Due Dec. 25, 1931. Secure for this loan is 320 acres in a first class farming community, within 7 or 9 miles of two good towns. Entire tract tillable; 200 acres under plow. Value \$6000. Write for booklet "K" and current list.

E. J. LANDER & CO.
Grand Forks, North Dakota
Established 1883
Capital and Surplus \$400,000



Oregon Washington Idaho Farm Mortgages

Afford the safest possible investment. Pacific Northwest farms do produce more per acre. 6% These sound securities (farm value 3 for 1) net you 6%. Write for List MORTGAGE COMPANY and Booklet CRONAN 904-9 Spalding Bldg. Portland, Ore.



SOUND FIRST MORTGAGES

The demand in unsettled times for good first mortgages indicates their unusual stability. First mortgages do not shrink in value—they are usually on property worth three times the money loaned. We have loaned over \$1,000,000 and not a single cent lost to any investor or a single foreclosure sale made. Write for booklet describing methods, and lists of loans from \$300 to \$10,000. Aurelius-Swanson Co., 27 State National Bank Building, Oklahoma City, Okla.



"Forest Home" Sausage

A most delicious southern product made on the farm, old time receipt

5 POUND BOX \$1.50 PREPAID

Forest Home Whole Wheat or Graham Flour

Forest Home Water Ground Corn Meal

Forest Home Virginia Hams

Write for booklet and price list, Dept. A.

FOREST HOME FARM

Purcellville, Virginia

son I hadn't noticed it. Had to have outsiders tell me about it.

SIX months later I was offered a superintendency of another factory at about double the wages, and the firm advised me to take it, saying that I could come back if I didn't make good. That aroused all the fight in me, and I made good. I think every red-headed man is sensitive to insinuations.

I kept on bossing Johnson until I made a salesman out of him. Now I own some works myself. I am as far ahead of Van's \$3,000 a year as I was behind it when I started. I haven't had a salary for twenty years. In my own works I have got a number of kids that have started to practice on themselves till they are able to hold a foreman's job, and there are some others scattered around getting experience that I'll get back when I want them.

The scheme is working as well with them as it did with me. You see, it's fundamental. It starts the boy right and gives him the idea of self-control from the beginning. That's all that makes the difference between the proprietor and the employee: one can boss himself; the other can't. It's an old idea. The Bible says, "He that is master of himself is greater than he that taketh a city."

Shear Nonsense

Speaking of Conan Doyle.

An Englishman, serving his country as attaché to the British Embassy at Washington, says that Sir Arthur has more than once been sought out by persons desirous of consulting him about thefts.

To one such woman, *Harper's Weekly* reports that Sir Arthur good-naturedly said, "My detective powers are quite at your service."

"Frequent and mysterious thefts," said the woman, "have been occurring at my house for a long time. There disappeared last week a motor-horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding-boot, a dictionary, and a half-dozen tin plates."

"The case is perfectly clear," said Sir Arthur; "you keep a goat."

The Growth of a Story.

The familiar evolution of a tale of personal adventure is set forth by the *Sacred Heart Review* anew:

"Have you ever heard Jimkins relate about the time he got half way up Mont Blanc with one of his little nephews and no guide?" asked one man of another.

"How long ago did he tell you about it?" was the evasive reply.

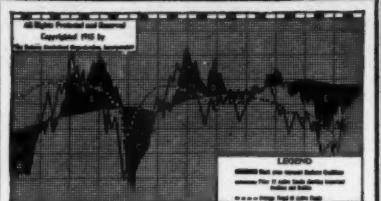
"Last March, when he'd just got home," said the first man.

"Well," said the other, "in eight months since then he has climbed the rest of the way, succored a fainting guide, and sustained a snow storm on the summit, resuscitated two benumbed strangers on the way down, and guided the entire party to the foot, where a group of frantic relatives was waiting."

An Emergency Bible.

Mr. Tompkins was obliged to stop overnight at a small country hotel, relates the *Western Christian Advocate*. He was shown

(Continued on page 370.)



In What to Invest

Babson clients are kept constantly informed on the proper securities to buy. Our advisory department also cautions them against what not to buy.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write to Department B-7 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Statistical Building Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.

The BOOK SHOP department in CURRENT OPINION is conducted for your convenience. See page X, then write us about your requirements.



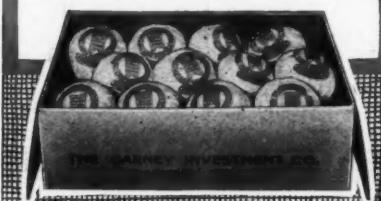
Real Parson Brown Oranges Now Are Ripe In Florida

That you can't find ripe Florida Oranges in the markets at this season does not indicate that there are none. Only a few varieties are yet ripe enough to eat. Carney Parson Brown Oranges and Carney

Grapefruit, grown on James Lake Weir, in Direct Carney, the North part of the Groves citrus belt, are early. To Your Home est to mature. Special selections from the Carney groves are now ready for shipment direct to consumers who want better than ordinary fruit. Three dozen extra select oranges, or one dozen superfine grapefruit, or assorted package oranges and grapefruit, prepaid to any address east of Colorado, for \$1.50.

Booklet with each order or free on application.

The Carney Investment Co.
505 Citizens Bank Building, Tampa, Florida



\$500,000,000 ANGLO-FRENCH FIVE YEAR 5% EXTERNAL LOAN

THE JOINT AND SEVERAL OBLIGATION OF THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

DATED OCTOBER 15, 1915 DUE OCTOBER 15, 1920 INTEREST PAYABLE APRIL 15 AND OCTOBER 15

Both principal and interest payable in New York City in United States gold coin, without deduction for any present or future British or French taxes

Coupon bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000, which may be registered as to principal. Registered bonds in denominations of \$1,000, \$10,000 and \$50,000 and authorized multiples. Coupon and registered bonds interchangeable.

Convertible, at the option of the holder, on any date not later than April 15, 1920, or (provided that notice be given not later than April 15, 1920) at maturity, par for par, into 15-25 Year Joint and Several 4 1/2 per cent. Bonds of the Governments of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the French Republic. Such 4 1/2 per cent. bonds will be payable, principal and interest, in United States gold coin, in New York City, free from deduction for any present or future British or French taxes, will mature October 15, 1940, but will be redeemable, at par and accrued interest, in whole or in part, on any interest date not earlier than October 15, 1930, upon three months notice.

A large amount of these bonds have already been withdrawn for investment, we, whose names appear below, offer, on behalf of a country-wide group of institutions and bankers, the unsold balance, subject to prior sale and change in price.

PRICE 98 AND INTEREST, YIELDING NEARLY 5 1/2 PER CENT.

Application will be made to list these bonds on the New York Stock Exchange.

Temporary bonds will be ready for delivery on or about October 29th, exchangeable for the definitive bonds when prepared.

ALABAMA

Anniston, First National Bank of Anniston

CALIFORNIA

Birmingham, First National Bank Otto Marx & Co.

Los Angeles, E. H. Rollins & Sons

San Francisco, E. H. Rollins & Sons N. W. Halsey & Co.

COLORADO

Denver, Boettcher, Porter & Co.

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport, Connecticut National Bank First Bridgeport National Bank

Bridgeport Trust Co.

Hincks Bros. & Co.

Hartford, First National Bank Hartford-Aetna National Bank

Phoenix National Bank Connecticut Trust and Safe Deposit Co.

State Bank & Trust Co.

Harris, Peabody & Co.

Kissel, Kinnicutt & Co.

Lee, Higginson & Co.

Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler

Rhoades & Co.

New Haven, First National Bank New Haven Bank, N. B. A.

Second National Bank

The Chas. W. Scranton Co.

White, Weld & Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington, Munsey Trust Co.

W. B. Hibbs & Co.

GEORGIA

Atlanta, Trust Company of Georgia

Robinson-Humphrey-Wardlaw Co.

Macon, Hillyer Bond & Mortgage Co.

ILLINOIS

Chicago, Allerton, Greene & King

Breed, Elliott & Harrison

C. F. Childs & Co.

Curtis & Sanger

Hornblower & Weeks

Francis J. Thompson

Kean, Taylor & Co.

Kissel, Kinnicutt & Co.

Lee, Higginson & Co.

Montgomery, Clothier & Tyler

Wm. A. Read & Co.

William Salomon & Co.

Spencer Trask & Co.

Stone & Webster

White, Weld & Co.

INDIANA

Evansville, Henning Chambers & Co.

James C. Wilson & Co.

KENTUCKY

Louisville, United States Trust Co.

Henning Chambers & Co.

James C. Wilson & Co.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans, Hibernia Bank & Trust Co.

Interstate Trust & Banking Co.

MARYLAND

Baltimore, Citizens National Bank

Merchants-Mechanics National Bank

National Bank of Commerce

Baltimore Trust Co.

Mercantile Trust & Deposit Co.

Alexander Brown & Sons

Robert Garrett & Sons

Townsend Scott & Son

MAINE

Augusta, Granite National Bank

Augusta Trust Co.

Bangor, First National Bank

Kennebunkport Trust Co.

Merrill Trust Co.

Portland, Canal National Bank

Casco National Bank

First National Bank

Portland National Bank

Fidelity Trust Co.

Forrest City Trust Co.

Mercantile Trust Co.

Union Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

United States Trust Co.

Maynard S. Bird & Co.

H. M. Payson & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Attleboro, Attleboro Trust Co.

Boston, Fourth-Atlantic National Bank

Second National Bank

Boston Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

Commonwealth Trust Company

New England Trust Company

BOSTON—Continued

Baker, Ayling & Co.

Blake Bros. & Co.

Blodget & Co.

Wm. P. Bonbright & Co., Inc.

Bond & Goodwin

Brown Brothers & Co.

Curtis & Sanger

R. L. Day & Co.

Estabrook & Co.

Halsbury, Stone & Co.

N. W. Harris & Co.

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Paine, Webster & Co.

Wm. A. Read & Co.

E. H. Rollins & Sons

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Tucker, Anthony & Co.

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H. C. Walnwright & Co.

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FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Mercantile National Bank

Chase & Stafford

F. O. Dodge

G. M. Haffards & Co.

FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

Safety Fund National Bank

HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

Merchants' National Bank

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James M. Abbott & Co., Inc.

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS

Essex Trust Co.

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

First National Bank

Mechanics National Bank

Merchants National Bank

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

First National Bank

Merchants National Bank

Ocean National Bank

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Agricultural National Bank

Pittsfield National Bank

F. C. Peach

Salem, Naumkeag Trust Co.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Union Trust Co.

W. C. Simons

H. H. Skinner

Tifft Brothers & Co.

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Machinists National Bank

BANK

MICHIGAN

Detroit, First and Old Detroit National Bank

Wm. P. Bonbright & Co., Inc.

Grand Rapids, Old National Bank

Michigan Trust Co.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Minneapolis, First & Security National Bank

Northwestern National Bank

Scandinavian-American National Bank

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

First National Bank

NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL BANK

MISSOURI

St. Louis, A. G. Edwards & Sons

Francis Bros. & Co.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Concord, Mechanics National Bank

Dover, Strafford National Bank

Alonzo Elliott & Co.

Shontell & Varick

NEW JERSEY

Newark, J. S. Rippel

NEW YORK

Albany, First National Bank

New York State National Bank

Union Trust Co.

Harris, Forbes & Co.

Spencer Trask & Co.

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Bank of Buffalo

Ford & Enos

Harris, Forbes & Co.

White, Weld & Co.

NEW YORK CITY

First National Bank

Bank of America

Bank of New York

Chase National Bank

Chemical National Bank

First National Bank

Fourth Street National Bank

Franklin National Bank

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Commercial Trust Co.

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BOSTON—Continued

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Merchants National Bank

NEW YORK CITY

J. P. Morgan & Co.

American Exchange National Bank

Bank of America

Bank of New York

Chemical National Bank

Chase National Bank

First National Bank

I'm the only man who can sell these 10¢ Cigars for 5¢

When I first began to buy rare Havanas for my own personal use they cost more. But soon all my friends wanted to order with me.

Before I knew it, my hobby as a fancier of fine cigars grew into a business. One man told another, "Today 12,000 men in every state rely on me to divide up with them. So I'm using 2,000,000 cigars a year. Such volume means a great saving to all of us.

Not Sold at Stores

If you bought my cigars at a store—paid the dealer's profit, salesman's salary and expenses—you would pay \$10 per hundred. But by joining me in this co-operative plan you can get them for only \$5.00 per hundred—\$2.50 for 50. You not only save 50 per cent, but you get a cigar of unmatched quality—mild and sweet, not heavy and strong.

For forty years I've smoked cigars made solely from the choicest tobaccos grown in the Vuelta district in Cuba. I've never been able to find any flavor or aroma so delightful. Certainly not in ready-made cigars.

First Five Free

I want you to try five of my private J. R. W. panetels. It's my treat. Merely send 10c toward packing and shipping expenses. If you like them you'll order more, but please use your business letter head or enclose your business card. (57)

J. Rogers Warner

988 Lockwood Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.



to his room by the one boy the place afforded, a colored lad.

"I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire," commented Mr. Tompkins as he surveyed the room; "but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent place?"

"Dat am intended fo' use, sah," replied the boy, "in case de fire am too far advanced fo' yo' to make yo' escape, sah."

The Cautious Reporter.

"My boy," said the editor of the Billsville *Bugle* to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved facts—otherwise you are very apt to get us into libel-suits. Do not say, 'the cashier who stole the funds'; say, 'the cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all now, and—ah—turn in a stickful about that Second Ward Social last night." *Puck* is responsible for this alleged inside newspaper story.

Owing to the influx of visitors it was late in the afternoon before the genial editor of *The Bugle* caught a glimpse of the great family daily. Half-way down the social columns his eyes lit on the following cautious paragraph: "It is rumored that a card-party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the Second Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 10:30 in the evening. It is alleged that the affair was a social function given to the ladies of the Second Ward Cinch Club, and that, with the exception of Mrs. James Bilwiger, who says she comes from Leavitt Junction, none but members were present. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and wafers alone were served as refreshments. The Smith woman claims to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'Honest Shoe Man' of 315 East State Street."

Shortly afterward a whirling mass, claiming to be a reporter on *The Bugle*, flew fifteen feet into the street, and landed with what bystanders assert was a dull, sickening thud.

You Never Can Tell by the Brogue.

The chauffeur's few utterances were given in a broad brogue, according to *The Continent*.

"It's easy to see that your people came from Ireland," remarked his patron, who was a knowing chap.

"No, sir; ye are very badly mistaken," replied Pat.

"What?" said the man. "Didn't they come from Ireland?"

"No, sir, they're there yet."

A Perfectly Lovely Telegram.

She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter, says *The Youth's Companion*. As the clerk came forward to meet her he remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something important. I wanted to underscore 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words and said:

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that! It will please Arthur ever so much."

Firm in the Doctrine.

A minister was discussing with an illiterate member of his flock, in an orthodox church located by *The Christian Register* in Georgia, religious topics of various interest. The member said that even the best were none too good in this vale of sin and tribulation. "You believe, then," interposed the preacher, "in the doctrine of total depravity?" "Yes, I do," responded the member, "that is—er—where it's lived up to."

Reversed English.

An English professor, traveling through the hills, noted various quaint expressions. For instance, *The Truth Seeker* reports that

You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should



You can, I know you can, because I have reduced 32,000 women and have built up that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.

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Dept. 6 624 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

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after a long ride the professor sought provisions at a mountain hut.

"What d' yo'-all want?" called out a woman.

"Madam," said the professor, "can we get corn bread here? We'd like to buy some of you."

"Corn bread? Corn bread did yo' say?" Then she chuckled to herself, and her manner grew amiable. "Why, if corn bread's all yo' want, come right in, for that's just what I hain't got nothing else on hand but."

Not So Green a Witness After All.

At a recent trial, the *Western Christian Advocate* notes that one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the prosecution paused and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed:

"Mr. Killins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

Scotch Advice.

The Reverend John McNeill, the Scotch preacher, who has been conducting revival meetings in San Francisco of late, says *The Argonaut*, is never at a loss for an answer. Once in his career, a smart young man, thinking to perplex him, sent up the following note, requesting a public reply: "Dear Mr. McNeill—If you are seeking to enlighten young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife." Mr. McNeill read the note, and then, amid breathless silence, said: "I love young men—inquiring for truth especially—and should like to give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation inquiring after other men's wives."

How Could the Bishop Tell?

The absent-mindedness of talented people has been a source of joy to lesser folk from time out of mind. The forgetfulness of one of the South's most brilliant bishops does much to promote the gaiety of his friends. The following story of him has lately come to light in the pages of *Harper's Monthly*.

The bishop, it seems, was traveling, and when the conductor appeared for his ticket it was not to be found. One pocket after another of the episcopal garb was searched in vain, the bishop all the while keeping up little ejaculations of concern.

"Why, this is very serious!" he murmured. "I'm sure I bought a ticket. I must have bought a ticket. Why, I always buy a ticket! Dear me, this is very serious!"

At length the conductor, wishing to be helpful, said, "Well, don't trouble, Bishop; just tell me where you're going and we can fix it up."

"But, my dear friend!" cried the bishop, earnestly, "that is just the trouble! Without my ticket how am I to know where I'm going?"

Those Unexpected Child Answers.

Where the bright children get their answers to questions from their elders is an unsolved mystery, but they provide a never failing source of current humor. Here are three samples, the first from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

"What bright eyes you have," said the visitor to five-year-old Tommy. "You must get plenty of sleep."

"Yes'm," he answered. "My mamma makes me go to bed every night at eight o'clock."

"That's to keep you healthy," said the visitor.

"No, it isn't," replied the youngster. "It's so she can mend my clothes."

Lucille, according to the *Truth Seeker*, was a carefully brought up little girl of five,

and she returned in high glee from her first party. "I was a good girl," she announced, "an' I talked nice all the time."

"Did you remember to say something nice to Mrs. Applegate just before leaving?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, I did," responded Lucille, "I smiled at her and said, 'I enjoyed myself very much, Mrs. Applegate. I had lots more to eat than I 'spect to have.'"

Pearson's Magazine finds that a new sidelight on the intricate workings of the child mind came the other day to certain schoolmaster. He was putting his class through a series of general questions on Natural History, and in the course of the examination he asked his pupils to tell him which animal is satisfied with least nourishment. "The moth!" promptly responded a small boy, radiating confidence. "The moth?" repeated the teacher. "Now I wonder why you should choose the moth?" "Please, sir, because it eats nothing but holes!"

Her Possession Under the Table.

During dinner the other evening in a certain Brooklyn household, says *Harper's Monthly*, the eight-year-old girl child suddenly interrupted the conversation in this wise:

"Dad, you and mother can't guess what I have under the table."

Then, after the manner of parents who like to please their children, they guessed all kinds of things, but without success. So they said, "We give it up. Tell us."

Whereupon the kiddie, drawing her face up in a grimace, replied: "A stomach-ache."

Remarkable Death Certificates.

The chief statistician of the state of Wisconsin made some peculiar discoveries in examining death certificates. On the authority of the *Embalmer's Monthly*, one report is this: "Went to bed feeling well, but woke up dead." Another says: "Do not know the cause of death, but patient fully recovered from last illness." A third reported: "Last illness caused by chronic rheumatism, but was cured before death." Still another: "Deceased never had been fatally sick." And this: "Died suddenly; nothing serious."

Little Tommy's Need of Money.

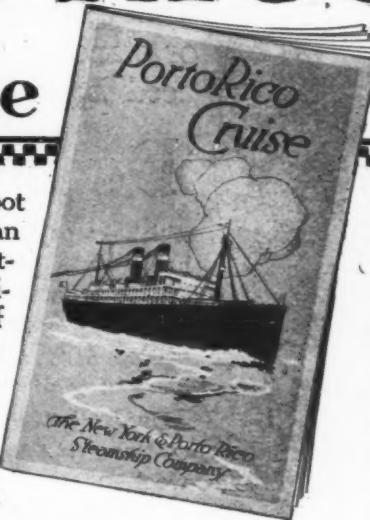
Little Tommy had a very pretty sister. Pretty sister had a very devoted admirer. One evening, proceeds the *San Francisco Star*, when the devoted admirer was sitting in the parlor waiting for sister to appear he was approached by little Tommy.

"Say, Mr. Smith," rather pointedly queried the youngster, "do you love sister Jenny?"

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"Why, Tommy!" was the amazed response of the blushing Mr. Smith. "Why do you ask me a question like that?"

"Because," was the quick rejoinder of the youngster, "she said last night that she would give \$5 to know, and I need the money."

What the Bride Wore.

"The bride and groom presented a regal spectacle," reports the Rushville (Mo.) *News*, "never equalled since the proud Cleopatra sailed down the perfumed, lotus-bearing Nile in her gilded pageant to meet Marc Antony, while all the world stood agape at the unheard triumph. To describe the bride's costume beggars the English language; and imagination fails faint and feeble before the Herculean task. She was gorgeously arrayed in a calico house dress, and a pair of lace curtains floated like a dream about her figure."

Chautauqua Quarantine.

Among the stories floating about on the Chautauqua Circuit the San Francisco *Argonaut* catches this one from a little mountain town of the South where a Chautauqua

meeting was held last summer for the first time.

The fact was advertized for some distance round the town, but the older negroes especially did not understand what it was all about. Across the front of the little hotel of the village was flung a yellow banner bearing the one word, "Chautauqua." Up to this hotel one day drove an old negro in a one-horse wagon containing a few vegetables, which he hoped to sell to the proprietor, as he had done on former occasions. But when he saw the banner with its ominous word he was seized with fright and would not go into the building, or even get out of his wagon. When the proprietor appeared, the old fellow inquired nervously, "Whut disease is you-all quarantined foh, boss?"

Filipino Justice.

An American officer who has seen service in the Philippines gives the following illustration of Filipino judicial acumen, recorded by *Tidbits*:

"An American came home one day just in time to see a thief in the act of climbing out of the window with the better part of

the American's wardrobe. He gave chase so earnestly that the thief was finally obliged to drop the clothing so that he might run the faster. He soon disappeared from sight. The American gathered up his belongings. Just then along came a native policeman, who proceeded to put the American under arrest, since he seemed to be acting in a suspicious manner.

"To the local magistrate, before whom he was haled, the American told his story, very plainly and emphatically. When he had concluded, the Filipino judge said: 'You are dismissed, but you may leave your clothes here.'

"'Why?' demanded the American.

"'For this reason,' answered the magistrate, with the air of a sage, 'that it is still uncertain whether you speak the truth. When the thief returns to identify these clothes as the ones he stole, you may have them.'

His Presidential Chance.

The teacher of a night school in Chicago, the *New York Times* says, was endeavoring to instill in the minds of some of the discouraged pupils some notions of ambition.

"Do you know," he asked of a seedy looking boy of twenty, "do you know that every lad in this country has a chance to be President?"

"Is that so?" asked the seedy one, reflectively. Then he added:

"Say, I'll sell my chance for ten cents."

She Was Under Oath.

You never can tell what a feminine witness will do for her counsel when she actually gets on the witness stand. The *New York Sun* tells this tale:

LAWYER (to timid young woman): Have you ever appeared as witness in a suit before?

YOUNG WOMAN (blushing): Y-yes, sir, of course.

LAWYER: Please state to the jury just what suit it was.

YOUNG WOMAN (with more confidence): It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue, and hat to match—

JUDGE (rapping violently): Order in the court!

Why She Didn't Sleep.

They gave the lady the only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath adjoining. The next morning, reports *Harper's Magazine*, when the guest was ready to leave, the clerk asked: "Well, did you have a good night's rest, madam?"

"No, I didn't," rejoined the lady, emphatically. "I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only way to it was through my room."

One on the Portly Ex-President.

Former President Taft tells this on himself, according to *Everybody's*:

"There is a lad of my acquaintance in New Haven," said Mr. Taft, "who used to bite his nails. 'See here,' said his nurse to him one day, 'if you keep biting your nails like that, do you know what will happen to you?'

"'No,' said the youngster. 'What?'

"'You'll swell up like a balloon and burst.'

The boy believed his nurse. He stopped biting his nails at once. About a month after the discontinuance of his habit he encountered me at luncheon. He surveyed me with stern disapproval. Then he walked over and said to me accusingly:

"'You bite your nails!'"

The Money Lure.

The attention of a taxi-driver was called to a purse lying on the floor of his car. He carefully looked around and then remarked confidentially to the *N. Y. Evening Post Saturday Magazine* man:

"Well, sir, when business is bad I sometimes put it there and leave my door open. The purse is empty, of course, but you have no idea what a number of people jump in for a short drive. I've had five within the last hour, sir."



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